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THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

SUGGESTIONS RESPECTING THE PLAN OF A
LONDON.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

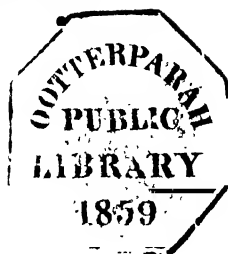
(Continued from Vol. XIII. p. 419.)

IN compliance with the wishes of several persons, whose favour towards the proposed new establishment for education in London it was thought expedient to conciliate, the projectors of a Metropolitan University agreed to alter its title to that of a College.

It is expressly understood; however, that not the slightest intention of altering the nature or extent of the establishment is implied in this change of name. It is still intended to be a place of as universal education, as means can be found to make it.

In two papers which I have published on this subject, I have endeavoured to shew the desirableness of the scheme, and to answer the principal objections that have been urged against it. The arguments at first mainly adduced by its opposers were, the alleged unhealthiness and immorality of London. But on the first of those points I am ready to shew that the salubrity of London, which has doubled within these last hundred years, is superior to that of most of the large English towns; and I quoted the decided opinion of a secretary to one of the life-insurance offices, whose opinion would be admitted by any impartial person, to be *decisive* on the subject, that on the score of healthiness, there can be no objection to London being a place of universal education for youth.

As to the arguments about London immorality, I repeat my challenge to any man, to shew that the virtue of youth can be reckoned safer, when they congregate in large numbers, removed from home, in places where they must necessarily have opportunities of unchecked conviviality and conversation, than when they live under domestic influence and parental authority. I will not, however, repeat my arguments on this subject; for as far as I can judge of general belief, it is by no means adverse to London being the place of a college. The manifestations of popular favour for our scheme are distinct and numerous; and if the great experiment of its practicability should even fail for the present, we may safely predict that it will be resumed by another generation. In the mean time, I am at a loss to perceive, in all that has been thrown out against us, any thing more than harmless and contemptible personalities, or reasonings that may be easily answered. One objection has been recently renewed, which was formerly put, and formerly refuted, namely, that there is no necessity for a new place of education, because the learned professions are already sufficiently well taught. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that this were the case, is there not still a large mass of the middling ranks of society, who



have nothing to do with the learned professions, except to pay or employ them, and yet who would wish to give their sons a liberal education? And let this class of persons answer for themselves, whether they possess in London any cheap, convenient, and multifarious place of liberal instruction. Instruction is palpably never efficient without examination; so that, in spite of all its literary institutions, the metropolis is without a proper place of general education; and its inhabitants, even including his majesty's ministers, exchange expressions of surprise that this should be the case in the wealthiest city of the world.

Without reference, therefore, to the learned professions, London requires a place of combined and liberal instruction. But the alleged fact, that the learned professions are so well taught in London as to supersede all ideas of improving professional education, is rather gratuitously assumed. How happens it that so many London physicians go to Edinburgh and other places for instruction in the healing art? I have been assured by London physicians of the first authority, that while surgery is superlatively taught in London, medical knowledge is, with some few exceptions, taught with no such success and celebrity. Yet the London physicians are confessedly famous, and the hospitals afford a wider field of experience than is any where else to be found. The medical lectures in the metropolis are inferior to the surgical, I think, on this account: that a London surgeon in first-rate employment gains considerable sums, at once, by important operations, and can, therefore, spare some time to lecture, though his practice be extensive. But a London physician has to travel considerable distances for single fees, and it is not worth his while to retain a lectureship after he is fully employed in practice. Thus, it is only whilst he is comparatively young, and before he has acquired his highest experience, that a physician, here, condescends to be a teacher of medicine. This is not the case at Edinburgh, where it is so much more difficult to make large incomes by medical practice, that the best physician finds it worth his while to continue in a lecturing professorship, though it should yield him but some hundreds a-year. In London it would require some thousands to remunerate a man of high medical fame, for continuing to teach medicine. Who can wonder, then, that the number of superior teachers in medicine is so few, and so utterly disproportioned to the magnitude of London, and to its demand for medical instruction? The matter of astonishment is, that we have even a few distinguished medical lecturers.

Now, if first-rate London physicians were so remunerated for teaching, as to make it worth their while to sacrifice a portion of their practice, there would instantly arise a school of medicine in the metropolis, that would annihilate the rivalry of all other medical schools. It might be hazardous to assert, that the incorporating medical chairs in the proposed College would immediately accomplish so desirable an event. But it would certainly tend to do so. It is evident that the establishment of new medical professorships would increase competition in that species of teaching, and that the very novelty of their appointment would give an *ictus* to public attention likely to be favourable to the cause of science. It is proper on this subject that the projectors of the College scheme should give a clear assurance to the public of their having no idea of introducing medical

instruction, for the purpose of reducing its price to students. Their main object is to make it better, and not cheaper. When we spoke of thirty pounds a year, as likely to cover all the expenses (exclusive of his maintenance) of a student at the proposed College, the calculation had no intended reference to the expenses of medical education, which could by no possibility be reduced to so small a sum. It could not well enter into our plan to make the medical chairs vie in cheapness of instruction with the terms of existing lecturers; for we should do nothing without eminent men, and consequently without men who would require to be highly paid. But if the new establishment could be so contrived as to attract multitudes of students, by its combined facilities of instruction, the same fees which are at present paid by medical and surgical students would create very large incomes to professors---and many scientific men, whose lecturing is now a speculation at their own hazard, and attended with many drawbacks of expense, would derive very serious advantages by being transferred to chairs where their lecture-rooms and apparatus would cost them nothing.

To diffuse medical instruction, and to excite the warmest possible zeal for its cultivation, is an object of peculiar importance in this metropolis. For though it be true that surgeons and physicians contrive to get themselves well educated for London practice, it is a certain and serious fact, if I may rely on the information of many men eminent in the vocation to which I allude, that the education of surgeon-apothecaries is in general still destitute of many advantages which it ought to possess. The surgeon-apothecary begins his course with an apprenticeship of five years, during the greater part of which his time is spent in pharmaceutical manipulations, such as the boiling of salves, the shaking of bottles, and the rolling of pills, which he generally finds himself able to perform in six months, as neatly and expeditiously as at the end of six years. At all events, a year is notoriously sufficient to accomplish any pupil in the manual part of his business. That he spends the other four years of his apprenticeship so much more generally in drudgery than in making scientific acquirements, is certainly owing, in the first instance, to the system of apprenticeship itself, which makes it the master's interest rather to employ him servilely, than to give him leisure for scientific pursuits. But supposing apprenticeships to be put upon a better footing, the facilities of medical education would still require to be extended.

I understand that more liberal and creditable wishes, with regard to the education of their apprentices, now begin to prevail among the surgeon-apothecaries. It must be noticed, that liberal views on this subject cannot justly be expected from masters, unless they be indemnified, by high apprenticeship premiums, and by a full payment of the board of their apprentices, for giving them time and means to study whilst they are under indentures. If pupils are bound under illiberal terms, it is perfectly natural that masters should try to make the most of their services, and keep them at manual drudgery. But people are now opening their eyes to the serious importance of those popular practitioners being well educated, and their education must come in time to be put on a better footing. It will be stipulated, if apprenticeships be necessary, that the apprentice shall have leisure to study

after he has learnt the art of bolus and pill-making; the masters will get higher premiums, and the pupils will be earlier initiated in science,—so that both parties will be gainers.

When the intended surgeon-apothecary has finished his apprenticeship, he generally walks the hospitals; and these furnish a field of pathological observation, which has no parallel in the world for instructive variety. But it stands to reason, that if his education has been hitherto more mechanical than mental, the student can derive but comparatively little advantage from his new place of study; nay, I am informed, that the fashionable rage for surgical, in preference to medical instruction, makes the hospital itself of less use to the novice than it ought to be. He appears at the hospital, he mingles with the students, hears their talk, learns their opinion, and imbibes their spirit; he finds that practical anatomy and operative surgery, that dissections on the living and the dead, are the favourite topics of discourse, and that the opportunities for witnessing and performing them are constantly desired and sought. As a natural consequence, he determines to cultivate anatomy and surgery, not indeed to the exclusion of other studies, but more diligently, in a tenfold degree; and accordingly, without one thought of the physicians who attend the hospital, and of what they may be doing there, he enters himself a pupil of the more popular surgeon. That a very large majority of the students in the London hospitals are surgeons' pupils, and that very few are physicians' pupils, is a fact which cannot be controverted, and may be easily confirmed.

Now the business of a surgeon-apothecary is to be either a surgeon or physician, as occasion may require; but, in point of fact, he is much more frequently called upon to act as a physician. In London, the general practitioner is very rarely indeed called upon to act as a surgeon, and both in town and country the great majority of practice ought to be medical more than surgical. A surgical operation is, after all, but too often a confession of the blindness and weakness of the healing science, the highest exaltation of which is to prevent the necessity of operations, and to save man without appeasing the demon disease by the sacrifice of blood. Here we have proof positive, however, that the majority who frequent the London hospitals, including all the intended general practitioners, are trained rather to be surgeons than physicians, although it is as physicians that their services are mostly to be required.

Physiology and the practice of medicine are confessedly less diligently and perfectly taught in London than surgery. This fact is a disadvantage to London, but, if properly explained, is not the slightest reproach to its physicians. Nobody can doubt how well the most experienced of them would teach, if they had a temptation to be teachers; but in this respect they are not like the great surgeons, and have no motive to sacrifice any portion of their lucrative practice.

I have letters before me from several medical men, of whose ability, and intention to give me sound opinions on this subject, it is not easy for me to doubt, who concur in recommending that a medical school should form a part of the new College. It is an error to suppose that the opening of such a school would be detrimental to lecturers, who at present make teaching a private speculation; for it is obvious that the most popular of these would be immediately invited to the College

chairs. And should the scheme succeed so as to include two thousand subscribers, it is lowering no man's reputation to say, that his being invited to lecture by the election of so large a body of his fellow citizens, would be a public acknowledgment of his merit, likely to make his students more numerous than they would otherwise be.

It has been objected to our scheme, that it would tend to increase the number of candidates in the learned professions, which are already overstocked. I beg to give this point a patient discussion; and to inquire, first of all, on what grounds it is assumed that a new college would over-increase competition in law, physic, and divinity. It could only do so by increasing the diffusion of knowledge. But those who object to a college on this account are acting inconsistently, if they have not been opposers of every improvement in education which has taken place in our own times. If improvement is to be stopped, because it may injure particular callings, the Bell and Lancaster system of teaching ought never to have been adopted; for surely the business of the poor amanuensis and banker's clerk must be now sadly impoverished by overstocked competition, when every pauper can be instructed in writing and cyphering. Is not the monopoly of horn-book erudition, once enjoyed by the village schoolmistress, also encroached upon by the establishment of national schools on the new system of tuition, which the aged dame has great difficulty to learn, whilst every urchin of ten years old is becoming her rival in learning? Now if education is to be discountenanced for the protection of this or that vocation against over-competition, society owes its protecting interference quite as much to the humble school-keeper or copyist, as to the lawyer, and priest, and physician.

But the evil of particular professions being overstocked, is one which has a natural tendency to cure itself; and the more education is diffused, and the great body of the people enlightened, the more readily will common sense direct men to abandon overstocked professions, and, laying their pride and prejudices aside, to embrace industrious vocations where the competition is less intense. There was a time when proud families, though very poor, thought themselves degraded by their sons entering into trade. Better notions now prevail, and, as long as England is a country, trade and commerce will be the main highway for the bulk of her middling classes to enter into wealth and competence. The profession of the law, nevertheless, receives a great many superfluous pupils, who prefer it solely from an aristocratic liking for its gentility. Many men enter on the profession, who, prone as men are to overrate their own abilities, know themselves quite well enough, to be conscious that their prospects of rising to legal honours and emoluments is a forlorn hope. Yet they prefer this forlorn hope to businesses which bring humbler associations to the mind with regard to precedence in society. This is, at least, one great cause of the profession of the law being overstocked; and connected with this aristocratic predilection, there may be also a more pardonable pride, in a young man choosing a profession that may lead him, more than an unlearned vocation, into intellectual companionship and society. But if a college is to favour the general diffusion of knowledge, it will certainly tend to emancipate men's minds from a great deal of the false pride which prevails on the score of professional dignity. Looking at much of its business, the law is one of the meanest

and most servile vocations that a man can follow—a vocation of hireable zeal—of eloquence to let, indifferently, for the purposes of justice and chicanery—a profession tending to give apathy, sophistry, and contractedness to the human mind. On the other hand, the increase of commerce, and of the intercourse of civilized nations, must continue to give new importance every day to the mercantile character; and in proportion as manufactures flourish, the successful manufacturer will cease to be a plodding and mechanical speculator, and will derive his success from scientific improvements and inventions. Perhaps the knowledge either becoming or requisite in a finished mercantile man is really more liberal, though less technical, than what goes to constitute a mere lawyer. The knowledge of foreign languages—of domestic and foreign statistics—and of political economy, ought to enter fully into the education of a British merchant of superior grade; and the manufactures of England have been the most important springs of national glory in the arts and sciences. As to the literature of taste and imagination, there is no reason why a merchant or manufacturer should not have as much time and leisure to addict himself to it, as the lawyer or any other professional man; and, in fact, there may be seen in that part of our community which lives by trade, a general fondness for polite literature, distinctly marked by the books which fill their libraries, and by the literary institutions which they support. The establishment of a college would promote the literary and scientific character of all that portion of the community—it would raise their respectability—it would occasion the young man, who is choosing his vocation for life, to anticipate no illiterate companionship, if he should go from his college to a counting-house—it would dissipate many prejudices about the comparative *gentility* of professions; and, instead of tending to overstock the profession of the law, would rather tend to diminish the number of its candidates.

Again, let us ask, how the establishment of a London college, including medical classes, would tend to overstock the business of the healing art. It lies with the faculty, and the Surgeons' College, and the Apothecaries' Hall, to limit the numbers of the three kinds of practitioners, by debarring incompetent candidates from being physicians, surgeons, or apothecaries. As it is not proposed that the new college should have the power of conferring medical degrees, the liminary power of the above examining bodies would not be in the least degree invalidated by its establishment. From what has been said, it is also evident that it is not the cheapening of London medical education, but the rendering it better, that is the main effect likely to result from a college. That amelioration will depend on the possibility of classes being collected in such numbers, as to make the payment of the same fees which are now paid, amount to sums that will offer a temptation to popular physicians to relax their lucrative practice for professorships. Whilst this object is contemplated, the idea of reducing the expense of medical education in London is out of the question, and thus nobody needs to apprehend a rush of new candidates from low life into the medical profession. On the contrary, the more multifariously the branches of medical knowledge are taught, the higher will the standard of common medical education be raised; and, consequently, the students unable to support the expense of numerous classes, will be driven to

abandon the vocation. At the same time, a College school of medicine, by enforcing discipline, attendance, and examination, would place the habits and attainments of medical students more immediately under the public eye: it would expose and discourage the lazy and frivolous; ignorance and empiricism would be discountenanced, and genius and industry would be called forth.

I shall now proceed to say something of the plan of education, which I humbly conceive to be most advisable for this establishment.

It seems to be agreed upon by the friends of the scheme, that it shall include examination, and such a system of discipline, as, consistently with mildness and liberality, may secure the regular attendance of students, and prevent disgraceful neglect of instruction. The College, it is understood, will consist of three departments; a department of Literature, another of Science, and a third of Arts. A Chancellor and Vice-chancellor will form the superiors of the establishment; and a committee, elected by the shareholders, will act as visitors and as a board of general control.

To the Literary department will belong the classes for Ancient and Modern Languages, Belles Lettres, History and Antiquities.

On the propriety of the Learned languages being taught in a great place of Metropolitan Education, I hold it unnecessary to enter into any long argument; for I think, if we appeal to the public at large, we shall find their opinion decidedly in favour of classical education. At the same time men only conditionally admit the advantages to be derived from it. If a man has leisure to accomplish himself in ancient literature, nobody denies the refinement and pleasantness of the accomplishment; all that people doubt is, whether its advantages compensate, to a man who must economize time in his education, for the heavy sacrifice of so many years as are commonly bestowed on learning Greek and Latin. A previous question, however, may well be surmised, namely, whether all the sacrifice of time commonly allotted to classical learning, be absolutely requisite to acquire it? Milton did not think so, and he is practical as well as high authority on the subject. He taught his pupils to read the classics, as his biographers inform us, with astonishing rapidity. Dr. Johnson ridicules their assertion, because, as he says, nobody can be taught faster than he can learn. But this objection either means nothing, or means that all modes of teaching are the same. It is therefore the language of mere sophistry; for every body can be taught faster by a proper method, than he can learn by an improper one. Locke also had an idea, that languages might be learnt by shorter processes than are generally used; and Mr. Hamilton has founded a system of teaching, which, I think, needs only to be examined to banish all doubt from every reasonable mind, that the labour of learning languages may be exceedingly abridged. The value of Hamilton's system consists in the kind of lessons that are given to pupils; the beauty of the Bell and Lancaster system lies in the contrivance of teaching any lesson to a large as well as a small number of pupils. Both of these improvements may therefore be easily united in any forthcoming plan of public education.

With such improvements in the art of tuition within our reach, it would be absurd to abandon the hope of imparting classical education to youth in a much shorter time than that in which it is now imparted.

The very existence of a college, where teaching would be kept up during ten months of the year, would ensure to a youth as long a space of classical study in two years, as he now possesses at the University during three years, the time allotted for his acquiring a degree of master of arts.

The cheap and easy acquisition of living languages would, I humbly apprehend, be one, and not the least, of the advantages to be derived from the proposed College. I may be told, indeed, that there are both public and private teachers of these languages to be had, on easy terms, in the metropolis. The Oriental languages, so important for the numerous youth who are to pursue their fortunes in India, are taught, I am aware, even gratis, by the learned Dr. Gilchrist, to whom all who are interested in our Indian empire are indebted for having thrown a new light upon the study of the Hindoostanee tongue, and for having divided its court language from its vulgar dialects, by the most masterly research and the clearest grammatical illustration. I may be told, perhaps, that while there is such a teacher in London, and while he is largely attended, there is no need of erecting a chair in the new establishment for the same branch of instruction. But I contend, that it would be highly beneficial for the establishment, if Dr. Gilchrist could be induced to deliver his instructions within its precincts; and that his students would also derive an advantage from pursuing their studies in a place where they would find other classes open for their attendance, without loss of time, or the trouble of walking across a street from his class. And a young man preparing to go to India may very well be supposed to require several accomplishments, in addition to his oriental acquirements. As to the European living languages, there are, no doubt, multitudes in London who teach them both privately and in classes. And if a college were erected, the immediate consequence would be, that a swarm of teachers of French, Italian, &c. would establish themselves in its vicinity, for the sake of picking up private pupils, or forming classes. There would, of course, be both good and bad candidates for the stray custom of the college, and some would be likely to offer very cheap terms; but whether they would teach well or ill, either on cheap or on dear terms, would be very much a matter of chance. But by making professorships for those languages, you might put it beyond a doubt that the youth would have excellent as well as cheap teachers; for you would evidently sooner get a superior master to accept of a college chair, than to come and teach in the neighbourhood upon private speculation. The elected and appointed professor would draw a large class, and could teach, therefore, on lower terms than the private teacher. But I have heard it alleged, that the modern languages cannot be taught to large classes so well as to small ones, or to private pupils. I am confident that this is not the fact, and that the Bell and Lancaster system of teaching has practically demonstrated its being quite as easy to teach a language to hundreds of scholars at once, as to a small number. Dr. Russell, of the Charter-house, illustrates this fact in tuition, with regard to Greek, which he teaches on the Bell and Lancaster plan. I have heard Dr. Russell's scholars, who had been only two years at Greek, translate Thucydides, the most difficult of classical historians, at sight, (if I am not mistaken) or, at all events, with very slight preparation; and he assured me that in a room

where there is nothing to prevent the teacher from seeing the whole of his pupils at once, it is as easy to teach effectively three hundred scholars, as to teach thirty.

About the practicability of instructing a large class, as well as a small one, in any language living or dead, I conceive it is superfluous, after what we have seen of the Bell and Lancaster system, to entertain a doubt; and an undeniable benefit resulting from a large class is to make tuition proportionably cheap. It can scarcely be conceived that any competent private teacher could give fifty lessons at a lower rate than four pounds a year. But a professor in the supposed College, if he drew some two hundred pupils to his class, might give them two hundred and forty lessons, or ten months' tuition in the year for the same price. You would, moreover, insure the likelihood of an able teacher; and it should be remembered, that several languages could be taught successively in the same class-room of a college; so that a few additional professors would not augment the expense of building it.

I have heard it suggested, that it would be better for a youth to be sent abroad at once for the acquisition of modern languages, than to learn them at home. But it should be recollected that many circumstances may make it utterly inadvisable, or impossible, for a young man to be sent abroad. Branches of education which he cannot learn so well out of England, must be abandoned. A youth must be intrusted to foreigners, among whom you know not what acquaintances or morals he may pick up; and before he could visit France for the sake of French, Germany for German, and Italy for Italian, an expense would be incurred, obviously much beyond that of paying a few pounds, a year, for acquiring each of these languages at home. Besides, the advantages of travelling at a ripe age, when the mind has strength and information sufficient to select and enter into all the proper objects of curiosity, are tenfold those of visiting foreign countries in a state of juvenile inexperience. Our intercourse with the Continent is increasing, and the moral benefits of travelling are now open to a large class of society, capable of turning them to good account. It is still, however, a general misfortune of Englishmen when they travel, to find themselves too little acquainted with modern languages.—A false belief of the difficulty of learning them is very prevalent, as well as false doubts of their usefulness. But when Englishmen go abroad, they are apt to pay dearly by their awkwardness for this mistake. I remember finding a German village highly amused with talking of the embarrassment of an Oxford doctor, who had just quitted it before I arrived; and when I heard who the Englishman was, whose ludicrous distress had excited so much mirth, I recognized the name of a scholar highly esteemed in his own University for his Latin verses and erudition.—The schoolmaster of the village had been summoned to decide upon a compact, which had been made by dumb signs between this English doctor and a blacksmith of the place, relative to shoeing the doctor's horses and mending the wheels of his carriage. But the different manner in which the German pedagogue and the English scholar pronounced Latin, had rendered that language of no avail to the former as an interpreter; and the negotiation had become a pantomimic scene of discord and perplexity, when an English party of travellers happened to arrive, among whom there was a girl from a boarding-school, aged fifteen, who by dint of French, which the German schoolmaster, not

the English professor, understood, relieved her learned countryman from his embarrassment.

It is a fact that our boarding-school girls receive an education in many respects more available for the present state of society, than the learning of university graduates.

It consists with the liberal principles of the present age, that the projected College should leave its students free to attend whatever classes, and in whatever succession, they may think fit. There should be no excluding laws, except on the score of infamous character or behaviour. The only exception to this principle which I should think of suggesting, would be, to prevent the establishment degenerating into a mere elementary school, by making a certain slight examination in Latin and Arithmetic requisite to entering the literary and scientific departments. But I barely moot this question; and I am by no means unprepared for its being negatived. In a general view I am aware that exclusions and restrictions are inadvisable. There are some truths, however, in the theory of education, which it is the duty of all the friends of good education to promulgate, though it may be better to recommend them to men's common sense, than to enforce them by arbitrary regulations. I shall here submit some maxims which I conceive to be truths of this nature.

However inexpedient it might be to enact a law for the proposed College, to oblige youth to study this or that branch of instruction earlier than another, yet it would surely be the duty of persons directing a youth's education, to adapt the succession of his studies to the natural progress of the human mind.

Languages are certainly best learnt while the memory is young and impressible, and the classes where they are taught, are therefore to be the first attended. The same thing may be said of those elementary parts of science which require to be committed to memory, as the memory is a faculty earlier ripe than the understanding. By the exercise of the memory, however, I mean not submitting it to that slavish toil which excludes either agreeable tasks for the judgment, or playful amusements for the imagination. Only, as the memory is probably as good at fourteen as at twenty-two, its docility and impressibility ought to be made available in those years, when an equally laborious exercise of the understanding would overburthen the mind, if superadded to the efforts of the memory.

In the same light with languages and with the easier elements of science, we may consider those accomplishments of art which require rather the pliability than the strength of the mental powers. During the earlier course of College study, I should exhort all young men to learn that most useful art *short-hand writing*, an art which, I believe, will one day be studied as universally as common writing, and which will abridge the labour of penmanship to a degree that will materially quicken the intercourse of human thought. In like manner the art of drawing might be learnt early in life, by every person, with great ease and unspeakable advantage: it is a superior species of writing, that may be turned to account without reference to the cultivation of taste or imagination, but simply as an useful power of retaining matter of fact impressions from visible nature.

The understanding, as has been said, ought certainly at no time of

life to be left unemployed : but, until the mind has received a certain full store of impressions through the memory, and until it has been well nourished with facts on which it may reason, I submit, if it be not a bad system of education to plunge the understanding into abstract and metaphysical researches. It is usual at the Scotch universities to encourage no intervening studies between Latin and Greek, and the mysteries of metaphysics. The consequence, I have remarked, was to make striplings, unacquainted with solid facts, employ themselves in straining after shadowy speculations, and in dogmatizing about the most doubtful things, whilst they were ignorant of the most unquestionable truths.

It might be inexpedient, as I have already acknowledged, to enact positive laws for the succession of classes which the students should enter ; but indirect modes might be found of influencing the general course of studies, without interfering with the absolute liberty of the student. You might institute, for instance, such rigid examinations and such valuable prizes in the classes of natural philosophy and political economy and metaphysics, as would exclude persons from rashly entering them till they were fully prepared by mathematics for the study of physics, and by general knowledge for encountering the higher branches of moral science.

In general, perhaps, there would be found little difficulty in persuading persons choosing their own course of study, or shaping it for others, that the acquisition of languages and imitative accomplishments ought to form the first portion of their college studies ; that historical facts, and the parts of science intermediate between its simplest elements and its abstruse researches, should be the next ; and that the science of government, political economy, and metaphysics, should not be brought to exercise the mind till it has extensive knowledge on which it may argue, and a maturity of strength to save it from imbibing theories on gratuitous belief.

SKETCHES OF THE IRISH BAR.

Confessions of a Junior Barrister.

[MR. EDITOR,—The author of the Irish Bar Sketches seems of late to have suspended his labours ; and should he resume them, I question whether it forms any part of his plan to take up the subject upon which I now propose to trouble the public. I trust, therefore, that he will not consider it an act of undue interference with his exclusive rights, if, pending his present silence, I solicit the attention of your readers to the following sketch of myself. It may be vanity on my part, but it does strike my humble judgment that the details I am about to submit, and I shall be candid even against myself, have an interest of their own, which will excuse their publication.]

My father was agent to an extensive absentee property in the south of Ireland. He was a Protestant, and respectably connected. It was even understood in the country, that a kind of Irish relationship subsisted between him and the distant proprietor whose rents he collected. Of this, however, I have some doubts ; for, generally speaking, our aristocracy are extremely averse to trusting their money in the

hands of a poor relation. Besides this, I was more than once invited to dine with a leading member of the family when I was at the Temple, which would hardly have been the case, had he suspected on my part any dormant claim of kindred. Being an eldest son, I was destined from my birth for the Bar. This about thirty years ago was almost a matter of course with our secondary gentry. Among such persons it was at that time an object of great ambition to have "a young counsellor" in the family. In itself it was a respectable thing—for who could tell what the "young counsellor" might not one day be? Then it kept off vexatious claims, and produced a general interested civility in the neighbourhood, under the expectation that whenever any little point of law might arise, the young counsellor's opinion might be had for nothing. Times have somewhat changed in this respect. Yet to this day the young counsellor who passes the law-vacations among his country-friends, finds (at least I have found it so) that the old feeling of reverence for the name is not yet extinct, and that his *dicta* upon the law of trespass and distress for rent are generally deferred to in his own county, unless when it happens to be the assizes'-time.

I passed through my school and college studies with great *éc'at*. At the latter place, particularly towards the close of the course, I dedicated myself to all sorts of composition. I was also a constant speaker in the historical society, where I discovered, with no slight satisfaction, that popular cloquence was decidedly my forte. In the cultivation of this noble art, I adhered to no settled plan. Sometimes, in imitation of the ancients, I composed my address with great care, and delivered it from memory: at others I trusted for words (for I am naturally fluent) to the occasion; but, whether my speech was extemporaneous or prepared, I always spoke on the side of freedom. At this period, and for the two or three years that followed, my mind was filled with almost inconceivable enthusiasm for my future profession. I was about to enter it (I can call my own conscience to witness) from no sordid motives. As to money-matters I was independent; for my father, who was now no more, had left me a profit-rent of 300*l.* a year. No, Mr. Editor,—but I had formed to my youthful fancy, an idea of the honours and duties of an advocate's career, founded upon the purest models of ancient and modern times. I pictured to myself the glorious occasions it would present of redressing private wrongs, of exposing and confounding the artful machinations of injustice; and should the political condition of my country require it, as in all probability it would, of emulating the illustrious men whose cloquence and courage had so often shielded the intended victim against the unconstitutional aggressions of the state. It was with these views, and not from a love of "paltry gold," that I was ambitious to assume the robe. With the confidence of youth and of a temperament not prone to despair, I felt an instinctive conviction that I was not assuming a task above my strength; but, notwithstanding my reliance upon my natural powers, I was indefatigable in aiding them by exercise and study against the occasions that were to render me famous in my generation. Deferring for the present (I was now at the Temple) a regular course of legal reading, I applied myself, with great ardour, to the acquirement of general knowledge. To enlarge my views, I went through the standard works on the theory of government and legislation. To familiarize

my understanding with subtle disquisitions, I plunged into metaphysics; for, as Ben Jonson somewhere says, "he that cannot contract the sight of his mind as well as dilate and disperse it, wanteth a great faculty;" and lest an exclusive adherence to such pursuits should have the effect of damping my popular sympathies, I duly relieved them by the most celebrated productions of imagination in prose and verse. Oratory was, of course, not neglected. I plied at Cicero and Demosthenes. I devoured every treatise on the art of rhetoric that fell in my way. When alone in my lodgings, I declaimed to myself so often and so loudly, that my landlady and her daughters, who sometimes listened through the keyhole, suspected, as I afterwards discovered, that I had lost my wits; but, as I paid my bills regularly, and appeared tolerably rational in other matters, they thought it most prudent to connive at my extravagances. During the last winter of my stay at the Temple, I took an active part, as Gale Jones, to his cost, sometimes found, in the debates of the British Forum, which had just been opened for the final settlement of all disputed points in politics and morals.

Such were the views and qualifications with which I came to the Irish Bar. It may appear somewhat singular, but so it was, that previous to the day of my call, I was never inside an Irish Court of Justice. When at the Temple, I had occasionally attended the proceedings at Westminster Hall, where a common topic of remark among my fellow-students was the vast superiority of our Bar in grace of manner and classical propriety of diction. I had therefore no sooner received the congratulations of my friends on my admission, than I turned into one of the Courts to enjoy a first specimen of the forensic oratory of which I had heard so much. A young barrister of about twelve years standing was on his legs, and vehemently appealing to the court in the following words—"Your Lordships perceive that we stand here as our grandmother's administratrix *de bonis non*, and really, my Lords, it does humbly strike me that it would be a monstrous thing to say, that a party can now come in, in the very teeth of an Act of Parliament, and actually turn us round under colour of hanging us up on the foot of a contract made behind our backs." The Court admitted that the force of the observation was unanswerable, and granted his motion with costs. On inquiry, I found that the counsel was among the most rising men of the Junior Bar.

For the first three or four years little worth recording occurred. I continued my former studies, read, but without much care, a few elementary law-books, picked up a stray scrap of technical learning in the courts and the hall, and was now and then employed by the young attorneys from my own county as conducting counsel in a motion of course. At the outset I was rather mortified at the scantiness of my business, for I had calculated upon starting into immediate notice; but being easy in my circumstances, and finding so many others equally unemployed, I ceased to be impatient. With regard to my fame, however, it was otherwise. I had brought a fair stock of general reputation for ability and acquirement to the bar, but, having done nothing to increase it, I perceived, or fancied I perceived, that the estimation I had been held in was rapidly subsiding. This I could not endure--and as no widows or orphans seemed disposed to claim my protection, I determined upon giving the public a first proof of my powers

as the advocate of a still nobler cause. An aggregate meeting of the Catholics of Ireland was announced, and I prepared a speech to be delivered on their behalf. I communicated my design to no one, not even to O'Connell, who had often urged me to declare myself; but on the appointed day I attended at the place of meeting, Clarendon-street Chapel. The spectacle was imposing. Upon a platform erected before the altar stood O'Connell and his staff. The chair which they surrounded had just been taken by the venerable Lord Fingal, whose presence alone would have conferred dignity upon any assembly. The galleries were thronged with Catholic beauties, looking so softly patriotic, that even Lord Liverpool would have forgiven in them the sin of a divided allegiance. The floor of the chapel was filled almost to suffocation with a miscellaneous populace, breathing from their looks a deep sense of rights withheld, and standing on tiptoe and with ears erect to catch the sounds of comfort or hope which their leaders had to administer. Finding it impracticable to force my way towards the chair, I was obliged to ascend and occupy a place in the gallery. I must confess that I was not sorry for the disappointment; for in the first feeling of awe which the scene inspired, I found that my oratorical courage, which like natural courage "comes and goes," was rapidly "oozing out;"—but as the business and the passions of the day proceeded; as the fire of national emotion lighted every eye, and exploded in simultaneous volleys of applause, all my apprehensions for myself were forgotten. Every fresh round of huzzas that rent the roof rekindled my ambition. I became impatient to be fanned for my own sake by the beautiful white handkerchiefs that waved around me, and stirred my blood like the visionary flags of the fabled Houris inviting the Mahommedan warrior to danger and to glory. O'Connell, who was speaking, spied me in the gallery. He perceived at once that I had a weight of oratory pressing upon my mind, and goodnaturally resolved to quicken the delivery. Without naming me, he made an appeal to me under the character of "a liberal and enlightened young Protestant," which I well understood. This was conclusive, and he had no sooner sat down than I was on my legs. The sensation my unexpected appearance created was immense. I had scarcely said "My Lord, I rise"—when I was stopped short by cheers that lasted for some minutes. It was really delicious music, and was repeated at the close of almost every sentence of my speech. I shall not dwell upon the speech itself, as most of my readers must remember it, for it appeared the next day in the Dublin Journals (the best report was in the Freeman) and was copied into all the London opposition-papers except the Times. It is enough to say that the effect was on the whole tremendous. As soon as I had concluded, a special messenger was despatched to conduct me to the platform. On my arrival there I was covered with praises and congratulations. O'Connell was the warmest in the expression of his admiration;—yet I thought I could read in his eyes that there predominated over that feeling the secret triumph of the partisan, at having contributed to bring over a young deserter from the "enemy's camp. However, he took care that I should not go without my reward. He moved a special resolution of thanks "to his illustrious young friend," whom he described as "one of those rare and felicitous combinations of human excellence, in which the spirit of a Washington is embodied

with the genius of a Grattan." These were his very words, but my modesty was in no way pained at them, for I believed every syllable to be literally true.

I went home in a glorious intoxication of spirits. My success had surpassed my most sanguine expectations. I had now established a character for public speaking, which, independently of the general fame that would ensue, must inevitably lead to my retainer in every important case where the passions were to be moved, and, whenever the Whigs should come in, to a seat in the British Senate.

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After a restless night, in which however, when I did sleep, I contrived to dream, at one time that I was at the head of my profession, at another that I was on the opposition-side of the House of Commons redressing Irish grievances, I sallied forth to the Courts to enjoy the impression which my display of the day before must have made there. On my way my ears were regaled by the cries of the newshawkers, announcing that the morning papers contained "Young Counsellor ——'s grand and elegant speech." "This," thought I, "is genuine fame," and I pushed on with a quickened pace towards the Hall. On my entrance the first person that caught my eye was my friend and fellow-student Dick ——. We had been intimate at College, and inseparable at the Temple. Our tastes and tempers had been alike, and our political opinions the same, except that he sometimes went far beyond me in his abstract enthusiasm for the rights of man. I was surprised, for our eyes met, that he did not rush to tender me his greetings. However I went up to him, and held out my hand in the usual cordial way. He took it, but in a very unusual way. The friendly pressure was no longer there. His countenance, which heretofore had glowed with warmth at my approach, was still and chilling. He made no allusion to my speech, but looking round, as if fearful of being observed, and muttering something about its being "Equity-day in the Exchequer," moved away. This was a modification of "genuine fame," for which I was quite unprepared. In my present elevation of spirits, however, I was rather perplexed than offended at the occurrence. I was willing to suspect that my friend must have found himself suddenly indisposed, or that, in spite of his better feelings, an access of involuntary envy might have overpowered him, or perhaps, poor fellow, some painful subject of a private nature might be pressing upon his mind, so as to cause this strange revolution in his manner. At the time I never adverted to the rumour that there was shortly to be a vacancy for a commissionership of bankrupts, nor had I been aware that his name as a candidate stood first on the Chancellor's list. He was appointed to the place a few days after, and the mystery of his coldness was explained. Yet I must do him the justice to say that he had no sooner attained his object than he shewed symptoms of remorse for having shaken me off. He praised my speech, in a confidential way, to a mutual friend, and I forgave him, for one gets tired of being indignant, and to this day we converse with our old familiarity upon all subjects except the abstract rights of man. In the course of the morning I received many similar manifestations of homage to my genius from others of my Protestant colleagues. The young, who up to that time had sought my society,

now brushed by me as if there was infection in my touch. The seniors, some of whom had occasionally condescended to take my arm in the Hall, and treat me to prosing details of their adventures at the Temple, held themselves sullenly aloof; and if our glances encountered, petrified me with looks of established order. In whatever direction I cast my eyes, I met signs of anger or estrangement, or, what was still less welcome, of pure commiseration. Such were the first fruits of my "grand and elegant speech," which had combined (O'Connell, may Heaven forgive you!) the spirit of a Washington with the genius of a Grattan." I must, however, in fairness state, that I was not utterly "left alone with my glory." - The Catholics certainly crowded round me and extolled me to the skies. One eulogized my simile of the eagle; another swore that the corporation would never recover from the last hit I gave them; a third that my fortune at the Bar was made. I was invited to all their dinner-parties, and as far as "lots" of white soup and Spanish flummery went, had unquestionably no cause to complain. The attorneys both in public and private were loudest in their admiration of my rare qualifications for success in my profession, but though they took every occasion, for weeks and months after, to recur to the splendour of my eloquence, it still somehow happened that not one of them sent me a guinea.

I was beginning to charge the whole body with ingratitude, when I was agreeably induced to change my opinion, at least for a while. One of the most rising among them was an old schoolfellow of mine named Shanahan. He might have been of infinite service to me, but he had never employed me, even in the most trivial matter. We were still, however, on terms of, to me, rather unpleasant familiarity; for he affected in his language and manners a certain waggish slang from which my classical sensibilities revolted. One day as I was going my usual rounds in the Hall, Shanahan, who held a bundle of briefs under his arm, came up and drew me aside towards one of the recesses. "Ned, my boy," said he, for that was his customary style of addressing me, "I just want to tell you that I have a sporting record now at issue, and which I'm to bring down to —— for trial at the next assizes. It's an action against a magistrate and a bible-distributor into the bargain, for the seduction of a farmer's daughter. You are to be in it—I have taken care of that;—and I just want to know if you'd like to state the case, for, if you do, it can be managed." My heart palpitated with gratitude, but it would have been unprofessional to give it utterance; so I simply expressed my readiness to undertake the office. "Consider yourself, then, retained as stating counsel," said he, but without handing me any fee. "All you want is an opportunity of shewing what you can do with a jury, and never was there a finer one than this. It was just such another that first brought that lad there into notice," (pointing to one of the serjeants that rustled by us.) You shall have your instructions in full time to be prepared. Only hit the bible-boy in the way I know you can, and your name will be up on the circuit."

The next day Shanahan called me aside again. In the interval, I had composed a striking exordium and peroration, with several powerful passages of general application, to be interspersed according as the facts should turn out, through the body of the statement. "Ned,"

said the attorney to me as soon as we had reached a part of the Hall where there was no risk of being overheard, "I now want to consult you upon"—here he rather hesitated—"in fact, upon a little case of my own." After a short pause, he proceeded, "You know a young lady from your county, Miss Dickson?"—"Harriet Dickson?"—"The very one."—"Intimately well; she's now in town with her cousins in Harcourt-street; I see her almost every day." She has a very pretty property too, they say, under her father's will, a lease for lives renewable for ever."—"So I have always understood."—"In fact, Ned," he continued, looking somewhat foolish, and in a tone half slang, half sentiment, "I am rather inclined to think—as at present advised—that she has partly gained my affections. Come, come, my boy, no laughing; upon my faith and soul I'm serious—and what's more, I have reason to think that she'll have no objection to my telling her so; but with those devils of cousins at her elbow, there's no getting her into a corner with one's-self for an instant; so what I want you to do for me, Ned, is this—just to throw your eye over a wide-line copy of a little notice to that effect I have been thinking of serving her with." Here he extracted from a mass of law-documents a paper endorsed "Draft letter to Miss D—," and folded up and tied with red tape like the rest. The matter corresponded with the exterior. I contrived, but not without an effort, to preserve my countenance as I perused this singular production, in which sighs and vows were embodied in the language of an affidavit to hold to bail. Amidst the manifold vagaries of Cupid, it was the first time I had seen him exchanging his ordinary dart for an Attorney's office-pen. When I came to the end, he asked if I thought it might be improved. I candidly answered that it would, in my opinion, admit of change and correction. "Then," said he, "I shall be eternally obliged if you'll just do the needful with it. You perceive that I have not been too explicit, for, between ourselves, I have one or two points to ascertain about the state of the property before I think it prudent to commit myself on paper. It would never do, you know, to be brought into court for a breach of promise of marriage; so you'll keep this in view, and before you begin, just cast a glance over the Statute of Frauds." Before I could answer, he was called away to attend a motion.

The office thus flung upon me was not of the most dignified kind, but the seduction-case was too valuable to be risked; so pitting my ambition against my pride, I found the latter soon give way, and on the following day I presented the lover with a declaratory effusion at once so glowing and so cautious, so impassioned as to matters of sentiment, but withal so guarded in point of law, that he did not hesitate to pronounce it a masterpiece of literary composition and forensic skill. He overwhelmed me with thanks, and went home to copy and despatch it. I now came to the most whimsical part of the transaction. With Miss Dickson, as I had stated to her admirer, I was extremely intimate. We had known each other from childhood, and conversed with the familiarity rather of cousins than mere acquaintances. When she was in town, I saw her almost daily, talked to her of myself and my prospects, lectured her on her love of dress, and in return was always at her command for any small service of gallantry or friendship that she might require. The next time I called, I could perceive that I was unusually

welcome. Her cousins were with her, but they quickly retired and left us together. As soon as we were alone, Harriet announced to me "that she had a favour—a very great one indeed—to ask of me." She proceeded, and with infinite command of countenance. "There was a friend of hers—one for whom she was deeply interested—in fact it was—but no—she must not betray a secret—and this friend had the day before received a letter containing something like, but still not exactly a proposition of—in short—of a most interesting nature; and her friend was terribly perplexed how to reply to it, for she was very young and inexperienced, and all that; and she had tried two or three times and had failed—and then she had consulted her (Harriet), and she (Harriet) had also been puzzled—for the letter in question was in fact, as far as it was intelligible, so uncommonly well written both in style and sentiment, that her friend was of course particularly anxious to send a suitable reply—and this was Harriet's own feeling—and she had therefore, taken a copy of it, (omitting names), for the purpose of shewing it to me, and getting me—I was so qualified, and so clever at my pen, and all that sort of thing—just to undertake—if I only *would*, to throw upon paper just the kind of sketch of the kind of answer that ought to be returned." The preface over, she opened her reticule, and handed me a copy of my own composition. I would have declined the task, but every excuse I suggested was overruled. The principal objection—my previous retainer on the other side, I could not in honour reveal; and I was accordingly installed in the rather ludicrous office of conducting counsel to both parties in the suit. I shall not weary the reader with a technical detail of the pleadings, all of which I drew. They proceeded, if I remember right, as far as a *sur-rebutter*—rather an unusual thing in modern practice. Each of the parties throughout the correspondence was charmed with the elegance and correctness of the other's style. Shanahan frequently observed to me, "what a singular thing it was that Miss Dickson was so much cleverer at her pen than her tongue;" and once upon handing me a letter, of which the eloquence was, perhaps, a little too masculine, he protested "that he was almost afraid to go farther in the business, for he suspected that a girl who could express herself so powerfully on paper, would one day or other prove too much for him when she became his wife." But to conclude, Shanahan obtained the lady, and the lease for lives renewable for ever. The seduction-case (as I afterwards discovered), had been compromised the day before he offered me the statement; and from that day to this, though his business increased with his marriage, he never sent me a single brief.

Finding that nothing was to be got by making public speeches, or writing love-letters for attorneys, and having now idled away some valuable years, I began to think of attending sedulously to my profession; and with a view to the regulation of my exertions, lost no opportunity of inquiring into the nature of the particular qualifications by which the men whom I saw eminent or rising around me, had originally outstripped their competitors. In the course of these inquiries I discovered that there was a newly invented method of getting rapidly into business, of which I had never heard before. The secret was communicated to me by a friend, a king's counsel, who is no longer at the Irish bar. When I asked him for his opinion as to the course of study and conduct most advisable to be pursued, and at the same time

sketched the general plan which had presented itself to me, "Has it never struck you," said he, "since you have walked this Hall, that there is a shorter and a far more certain road to professional success?" I professed my ignorance of the particular method to which he alluded. "It requires," he continued, "some peculiar qualifications: have you an ear for music?"—Surprised at the question, I answered that I had. "And a good voice?"—"A tolerable one."—"Then my advice to you is, to take a few lessons in psalm-singing; attend the Bethesda regularly; take a part in the anthem, and the louder the better; turn up as much of the white of your eyes as possible, and in less than six months you'll find business pouring in upon you. You smile, I see, at this advice, but I have never known the plan to fail, except where the party has sung incurably out of tune. Don't you perceive that we are once more becoming an Island of Saints, and that half the business of these Courts passes through their hands. When I came to the bar a man's success depended upon his exertions during the six working-days of the week; but now, he that has the dexterity to turn the sabbath to account, is the surest to prosper—and

Why should not piety be made,
As well as equity, a trade,
And men get money by devotion
As well as making of a motion?"

These hints, though thrown out with an air of jest, made some impression on me, but after reflecting for some time upon the subject, and taking an impartial view of my powers in that way, I despaired of having hypocrisy enough for the speculation---so I gave it up. Nothing, therefore, remaining, but a more direct and laborious scheme, I now planned a course of study in which I made a solemn vow to myself to persevere. Besides attending the courts and taking notes of the proceedings, I studied at home, at an average of eight hours a-day. I never looked into any but a law-book. Even a newspaper I seldom took up. Every thing that could touch my feelings or my imagination I excluded from my thoughts, as inimical to the habits of mind I now was anxious to acquire. My circle of private acquaintances was extensive, but I manfully resisted every invitation to their houses. I had assigned myself a daily task to perform, and to perform it I was determined. I persevered for two years with exemplary courage. Neither the constant, unvarying, unrewarded labours of the day, nor the cheerless solitude of the evenings, could induce me to relax my efforts. I was not, however, insensible to the disheartening change, both physical and moral, that was going on within me. All the generous emotions of my youth, my sympathies with the rights and interests of the human race, my taste for letters, even my social sensibilities, were perceptibly wasting away from want of exercise and from the hostile influence of an exclusive and chilling occupation. It fared still worse with my health: I lost my appetite and rest, and of course, my strength; a deadly pallor overcast my features, black circles formed round my eyes, my cheeks sank in; the tones of my voice became feeble and melancholy; the slightest exercise exhausted me almost to fainting; at night I was tortured by head-aches, palpitations, and frightful dreams; my waking reflections were equally harassing. I now deplored the sinister ambition that had propelled me into a scene for which, in spite of all my self-love, I began to suspect that I was utterly

unfitted. I recalled the bright prospects under which I had entered life, and passed in review the various modes in which I might have turned my resources to honourable and profitable account. The contrast was fraught with anguish and mortification. As I daily returned from the Courts, scarcely able to drag my wearied limbs along, but still attempting to look as alert and cheerful as if my success was certain, I frequently came across some of my college contemporaries. Such meetings always gave me pain. Some of them were rising in the army, others in the church; others, by a well-timed exercise of their talents, were acquiring a fair portion of pecuniary competence and literary fame. They all seemed happy and thriving, contented with themselves and with all around them; while here was I, wearing myself down to a phantom in a dreary and profitless pursuit, the best years of my youth already gone, absolutely gone for nothing, and the prospect overshadowed by a deeper gloom with every step that I advanced. The friends whom I thus met, inquired with good-nature after my concerns; but I had no longer the heart to talk of myself. I broke abruptly from them, and hurried home to picture to my now morbid imagination the forlorn condition of the evening of life to a briefless barrister. How often, at this period, I regretted that I had not chosen the English Bar, as I had more than once been advised. There, if I had not prospered, my want of success would have been comparatively unobserved. In London I should, at the worst, have enjoyed the immunities of obscurity; but here, my failure would be exposed to the most humiliating publicity. Here I was to be doomed, day after day, and year after year, to exhibit myself in places of public resort, and advertise, in my own person, the disappointment of all my hopes.

These gloomy reflections were occasionally relieved by others of a more soothing and philosophic cast. The catastrophe, at the prospect of which I shuddered, it was still in my own power to avert. The sufferings that I endured were, after all, the factitious growth of an unwise ambition. I was still young and independent, and might, by one manly effort, sever myself for ever from the spell that bound me; I might transport myself to some distant scene, and find in tranquillity and letters an asylum from the feverish cares that now bore me down. The thought was full of comfort, and I loved to return to it. I reviewed the different countries in which such a resting-place might best be found, and was not long in making a selection. Switzerland, with her lakes and hills and moral and poetic associations, rose before me: there inhabiting a delightful cottage on the margin of one of her lakes, and emancipated from the conventional inquietudes that now oppressed me, I should find my health and my healthy sympathies revive.

In my present frame of mind the charms of such a philosophic retreat were irresistible. I determined to bid an eternal adieu to denunciations and special contracts, and had already fixed upon the time for executing my project, when an unexpected obstacle interposed. My sole means of support was the profit-rent, of which I have already spoken. The land, out of which it arose, lay in one of the insurrectionary districts; and a letter from my agent in the country announced that not a shilling of it could be collected. In the state of nervous exhaustion to which the "blue books" and the blue devils had reduced me, I had no strength to meet this unexpected blow. To the pangs of disappointed ambition were now added the horrors of sudden and hopeless poverty.

I sank almost without a struggle, and becoming seriously indisposed, was confined to my bed for a week, and for more than a month to the house. When I was able to crawl out, I moved mechanically towards the Courts. On entering the Hall, I met my friend the king's counsel who had formerly advised the Bethesda; he was struck by my altered appearance, inquired with much concern into the particulars of my recent illness, of which he had not heard before, and, urging the importance of change of air, insisted that I should accompany him to pass a short vacation then at hand at his country-house in the vicinity of Dublin. The day after my arrival there, I received a second letter from my agent, containing a remittance, and holding out more encouraging prospects for the future. After this I recovered wonderfully, both in health and spirits. My mind, so agitated of late, was now all at once in a state of the most perfect tranquillity—from which I learned, for the first time, that there is nothing like the excitement of a good practical blow (provided you recover from it) for putting to flight a host of imaginary cares. I could moralise at some length on this subject, but I must hasten to a conclusion. The day before our return to town, my friend had a party of Dublin acquaintances at his house: among the guests was the late Mr. D——, an old attorney in considerable business, and his daughter. In the evening, though it was summer-time, we had a dance. I led out Miss D——; I did so, I seriously declare, without the slightest view to the important consequences that ensued. After the dance, which (I remember it well) was to the favourite and far-famed “Leg-of-Mutton jig,” I took my partner aside, in the usual way, to entertain her. I began by asking if “she was not fond of poetry?”—She demanded, “why I asked the question?”—I said, “because I thought I could perceive it in the expression of her eyes.”—She blushed, “protested I must be flattering her, but admitted that she was.”—I then asked, “if she did not think the Corsair a charming poem?”—She answered, “Oh, yes!”—“And would not *she* like to be living in one of the Grecian islands?”—“Oh, indeed she would.”—“looking upon the blue waters of the Archipelago and the setting sun, associated as they were with rest.”—“How delightful it would be!” exclaimed she.—“And so *refreshing*!” said I. I thus continued till we were summoned to another sett. She separated from me with reluctance, for I could see that she considered my conversation to be the sublimest thing that could be. The effect of the impression I had made soon appeared. Two days after I received a brief in rather an important case from her father's office. I acquitted myself so much to his satisfaction, that he sent me another, and another, and finally installed me as one of his standing counsel for the junior business of his office. The opportunities thus afforded me, brought me by degrees into notice. In the course of time general business began to drop in upon me, and has latterly been increasing into such a steady stream, that I am now inclined to look upon my final success as secure.

I have only to add, that the twelve years I have passed at the Irish Bar have worked a remarkable change in some of my early tastes and opinions. I no longer, for instance, trouble my head about immortal fame; and, such is the force of habit, have brought myself to look upon a neatly folded brief, with a few crisp bank of Ireland notes on the back of it, as beyond all controversy the most picturesque object upon which the human eye can alight.

LONDON LYRICS.

Morning Calls.

AMID the reams of new joint schemes
 With which the press abounds,
 To give us ease, cheap milk and cheese,
 And turn our pence to pounds ;
 No patriot yet has torn the net
 That social life enthrals,
 Denounc'd the crime of killing Time,
 And banish'd Morning Calls.

When, spurning sports, in Rufus' courts,
 Grim Law coil-headed stalks ;
 I wixt three and four when merchants pour
 Round Gresham's murmuring walks ;
 When, with bent knees, our kind M. P.'s
 Give up e'en Tattersall's
 On bills to sit,—'tis surely fit
 We give up Morning Calls.

On clattering feet up Regent-street
 To Portland-place you roam,
 Where Shoulder-tag surveys your nag,
 And answers—"Not at home."
 Thus far you win ; but, if let in,
 The conversation drawls
 Through hum-drum cheeks—what mortal seeks
 Aught else at Morning Calls ?

Your steed, all dust, you heedless trust
 To some lad standing idle ;
 But while you stay he trots away,
 And pawns your girth and bridle.
 Your case you state ; the magistrate
 Cries—"Why not go to stalls ?
 When loungers meet, let horses eat,
 And have *their* Morning Calls."

To say that town is emptier grown,
 That Spanish bonds look glum,
 That Madame Pasta's gone at last,
 And Ma'amselle Garcia's come ;
 To say you fear the atmosphere
 Is grown too hot for balls,
 Is all that they can have to say
 Who meet at Morning Calls.

While Fashion's dames clung round St. James,
 The deed might soon be done ;
 But now when ton's so bulky grown
 She claims all Paddington.
 From Maida-hill to Pentonville,
 The very thought appals,—
 I really will bring in a bill
 To banish Morning Calls !

TO-DAY IN IRELAND.*

There is no literary labour which tends so directly and so effectually to soften national animosities as that of a novelist, whose works will be read by the people whom it is necessary to conciliate. It is one of the happy circumstances attendant on the human condition, that the strongest prejudices wear quickly away, when those who have cherished them meet personally to enjoy the pleasures or transact the business of life. At a distance we see nothing but the great difference of character which provokes our dislike, or the opposition of creed and party which excites our spleen or our contemptuous pity. But when we become acquainted with those who have stood for mere personifications of unpleasant habits or detested dogmas, we discover a thousand points in which they command our sympathy, and vindicate their fellowship with us as men and brothers. Independent even of the moral approbation which their virtues may compel, the mere observance of their indifferent acts awakens that sympathy which man must feel for every thing human; our own individual consciousness of the passages of that journey which all are travelling, gives us an interest in those wayfarers whom we once despised; and, whatever we may still assert of systems and of bodies, we cannot help extending some allowance to those who, like us, eat, drink, laugh, love, and die! Bigotry dissolves no where so soon as at the fire-side, for social intercourse steals away its damnable clauses, or extracts their spirit and leaves them harmless words. And this good work a novelist, endued with graphic power and with kindly disposition, who brings before us the individual traits of the people whom we have estimated only as a whole, in a great measure performs. How large a portion of Englishmen were accustomed to consider the inhabitants of the northern part of the island as mere abstractions of selfishness and pride; as sometimes utterly cold and worldly, and sometimes allowing fanaticism to shed warmth into cunning. But the Author of *Waverley* has written, and the delusion is at end; he has made us know his countrymen, and therefore like them; and has given to Scotland a large empire in the imagination, which may almost make amends for the loss of that political independence which he makes powerful in its dying struggles.

It will be well if other novelists, many of whom will be required to perform the work of this one mighty magician, can do the same good office for Ireland. This is the more desirable, because, in addition to the tangible points of difference, which agitate the senate and stir into activity all the ignorance and bigotry of Englishmen, there is a vast mass of undefined prejudice and lazy dislike of the Irish, which a writer of works of amusement only can remove. Those who curse the ill-fated nation, as a troublesome and disagreeable race, and who would turn with disgust from the massive evidence before Parliament respecting its sufferings, may condescend to be entertained with a well-written novel, and may, perchance, find these pictures more enticing and almost as true. The country also offers rich materials to the skilful painter of passions and manners. Its virtues, its follies, its miseries, and its crimes, are romantic. An excellent police has not banished inci-

* *To-Day in Ireland* : in Three Volumes. small 8vo.

dent even from its highways; nor has civilization yet destroyed the varieties of character, and reduced man to a tame and uninteresting level. Poor in other respects, it is as rich in robberies, murders, secret assemblies, and sudden and terrible catastrophes, as the gentlest reader could wish; and might soon furnish a circulating library with true romance. Then it abounds in singularities of manner, which are rarely devoid of those humanizing and redeeming traits by which a great master always takes occasion to win affection for his personages. There is something superficial, undoubtedly, in the whole character of the people; their passions are violent, rather than earnest; and their intellect wants depth and the power of contemplation;—but for this very reason, they are better adapted to the purposes of a writer, whose business is not with the depths of sentiment or thought, but with the chances and vicissitudes of life, and the curious figures which emboss its surface. Miss Edgeworth and Lady Morgan have made excellent use of the peculiarities of their countrymen; but there remains yet much land to be possessed; and we are glad to welcome the author before us, as one of the most promising labourers in this vast and sparingly cultivated vineyard.

The purpose of our author, as his title imports, is to give sketches of the present condition of Ireland;—and though it is not usually the province of the novelist or the poet (unless he be the laureate) to describe the events of “to-day;” yet Ireland in this, as in many other cases, forms an exception to general rules. The circumstances, though near in point of time and space, are sufficiently distant from common experience to justify the selection of them for such a purpose; though there are some personal allusions which good taste should have spared. We must excuse this, however, from an Irish writer in his first essay, as, among the many excellences of his nation, good taste is not likely to shew itself immediately. We must be satisfied with good feeling, perpetual vivacity, a quick discernment of the niceties of character, and a happy sense of the ridiculous, which are manifested abundantly in these volumes.

The first, the longest, and perhaps the most interesting of these tales, is entitled “The Carders,” and affords a glance at the manners and passions of those fierce and cruel barbarians. There is no attempt to invest the excesses of these bands with the dignity of treason; but their aimless ferocity, their want of moral and even physical courage, and their half-witted cunning, are described by the author with an evident regard to impartiality and truth. His hero, the descendant of a poor but honourable and ancient family, is a lad of high mettle; who is involved by accident in the affairs of the malcontents; forced to take an oath in their midnight cavern to save his life; and afterwards tried for a murder which one of his father’s servants has committed on a spy. There are many picturesque situations in this tale, and some excellent sketches of character, among which O’Rourke, a low schoolmaster, who retains a professional tinge when pledged to the darkest and most desperate designs; Crostwhaite, an Orange curate and Justice of the Peace, who hungers and thirsts after the blood of rebels and the good things of the church; and Mr. Plunket, an amiable and indolent magistrate, on whose claret and virtues we repose from the bustle of the work, will not soon be forgotten. The journey of the schoolmaster to the place of execution, and the trial of young Dillon the hero, who is saved at the moment of conviction by the appearance of the real mur-

derer, are painted with great vividness and breadth of colouring. There is also, of course, a love affair; but, as the newspapers say of causes very important to the parties but not very lively, it is "totally destitute of public interest." We wish our rising novelists would not in this respect imitate the author of *Waverley*.

The second tale, "*Connemara*," is very amusing; but we are sorry to say that its hero is no other than Mr. Martin of Galway, who, under the appellation of Dick M'Loughlin, is painted, like one of the bullocks he befriends, "as large as life, and twice as natural." The author has evidently intended no unkindness, but we object, on principle, to the introduction of real and living persons into works of fiction, which serves to foster the depraved taste for personalities which is the great vice of modern literature. Mr. Martin, to be sure, lives very much for the public; and we dare say that, with the magnanimity which has led him so often to expose his person to be fired at and his humanity to be ridiculed, he will not grudge the readers of this tale a hearty laugh, though his real or supposed peculiarities should contribute to raise it.

"*Old and New Light*" is the least agreeable tale in these volumes. It is intended to exhibit the absurdities of the ultra-evangelical party, and to shew practically the mischief of too violent an interference with the religious prejudices of the peasantry. This is one of the few good designs to which a work of fiction cannot properly contribute; for it is impossible freely to ridicule singularities of doctrine and pretensions to inward feeling without bordering on the profane. Our author has wisely forbore from a vivid description of the sect, and has consequently been duller than he would otherwise have been in his descriptions. To give a factitious interest to this piece, he has introduced Sir Harcourt Lees, under the name of Sir Starcourt Gibbs; but this personality is the less excusable, as, to say the truth, the Rev. Baronet is not in the least amusing.

The last story, called "*The Toole's Warning*," is in another and much better style; and though short, is full of terrific and enchainning interest. It is founded on a wild Irish superstition, which the author has contrived to invest with the air of familiarity, that renders it fearfully real. We will not deprive our readers of the pleasures of curiosity by a broader hint, than that few things have taken stronger hold of our fancy than "the little parlour" in the deserted house, which has been shut up since the last frightful warning was heard there, and is found as it was left, with the dusty and mouldering appliances of comfort, the table set out for a small party, and the cards with which they were playing!

We ought not to take our leave of the author, without acknowledging his entire freedom from the violence and the cant of party, which is as rare as it is pleasant, when Ireland is the theme. He sees fair play between all parties, and is the champion of nothing but human nature in all its variable aspects. There are some extravagances of language sprinkled through his work, which we doubt not will be corrected by time. But, on the whole, his tales abound with incident, situation, and character, and are told in a spirit and manner calculated to excite cordial feelings towards the country in which his scenes are laid, and hearty wishes for his complete success in the walk of literature which he has chosen.

THE INSPIRATION OF TASSO.

(TASSO ! I feel thy phrenzy—yes, 'tis there,
 The beauteous vision hovers in the air.
 She leaves the home the stars conceal from earth,
 Where Pleasure knows no hours and Life no birth ;
 Where angels wake the sphere-accorded quire,
 And borne on golden wings outspeed desire.
 A soften'd glory streams around her head ;
 No trace, no echo leaves her airy tread ;—
 She glides—she sinks : I see thy knee incline,
 And on thy visage melt a glow divine ;
 Thy forehead sinks in worship on thy breast,
 But by thy outstretch'd hands thy joy's exprest :
 Twice dared thy eye those features not behold ;
 But thou canst not thy mental vision fold.
 Into thy heart has smiled that seraph gaze
 Where soothing Pity veil'd the Godhead's blaze.
 Eternal majesty that brow array'd—
 Eternal Love that melting lip display'd ;
 And like sweet music which a dreamer wakes
 At night, when through a cloud the moonlight breaks,
 So steals her voice upon thy ravish'd ear,
 And rapture's spell has disenchanted fear.
 “ The angels' lyres,” she said, “ had ceased to thrill :
 Each front was bow'd, each lip in prayer was still ;
 And o'er their radiant features fell their hair,
 And veil'd their vision from the o'erpowering glare
 Of their Creator's majesty ; when, lo !
 A strain arose, which (but its theme was woe !)
 Had seem'd by seraph drawn ; and though delight
 Stay'd on the parted lip the accents' flight,
 Still would each arching brow and startling eye
 Ask who could sorrow in the abode of joy ?
 And then a moment on each angel-face
 A shade of pity fill'd the glory's place,
 As from a sigh to nought the measure stole,
 When thus spake he who breath'd to sound its soul :—
 “ Descend some seraph to yon vapoury bourne,
 Where half his life in gloom fallen man must mourn ;
 There but alike his kind in form, not mind,
 Tasso, the Minstrel of the Cross, thou'lt find ;
 And as his sorrows charm'd the sons of bliss,
 For once let joy immortals feel be his ;
 And say, 'tis written in futurity—
 Thy chains shall fall ; and those who taunted thee,
 And call'd thee mad, shall crowd thy triumph-train,
 And, kneeling, pray to thee to rear again,
 And lift thee on Ambition's ruin'd throne,
 And proffer thee their consul's faded crown.”
 And thou shalt smile, forgiving, on the swarm,
 Like seraph hovering o'er the gathering storm,

* Every one knows that Tasso expired the day before he was to have been crowned in the capitol ; but it has not been, perhaps, so generally remarked, that his beautiful invocation to Jesus, seems to anticipate this event.

O musa, tu, che di caduchi allori
 Non circondi la fronte in Elicona,
 Ma su nel cielo infra i beati Cori
 E li di stelle immortali aurea corona.

Who knows that soon the ever-changing wave
Will cease at waning of the moon to heave.
And when they throw their arms aloof to hail
Thee victor—sudden, powerless shall fail
Each arm—the smile of Triumph from each visage flee,
Their voices die away inaudibly,
And to thy drooping forehead shall be given
A crown more worth—unperishing—in Heaven.”

TALES OF THE CRUSADERS.*

THERE is, we think, a broader and more essential distinction between this work and those which have preceded it than has appeared in any other series from the same liberal hand. A sort of progressive declension had been remarked by the public; yet inferiority was rather in degree than in kind; and though the great author was sometimes vapid, and at others extravagant, he did not condescend to narrow his general outline, or confess his store of original observation exhausted by applying for aid to the ordinary materials of romance. The tints, indeed, grew fainter; the humour was more strained and fantastical; the pathos was more lachrymose and less profound; and the master-touches more rarely and carelessly thrown in; but still there was simplicity of manner, and boldness of design which we looked for elsewhere in vain. But these tales are written in another and a lower style—more elaborately finished in the minuter parts than some of the author's best works, but with less of the vital spirit that animated and redeemed his worst. For improbable incidents, inconsistent superstitions, and violent catastrophes, experience had prepared us; but we did not expect to find his descriptions, which used to be so clear, obscured by tawdry language; his figures, deteriorated with similes till they are well-nigh hidden; and the interest of his story, broken by perpetual attempts to produce a succession of little effects by petty means. The work is so much more flowery and metaphorical than any of its predecessors, that, but for the announcement, we should have attributed it to a younger hand.

Part of the failure of which we complain may, however, be ascribed to the subject on which the author has wrought. He has, indeed, excelled in reviving, or seeming to revive the manners and the feelings of time long past: in bidding the train of ancient glories, follies and pleasures to pass before us in processional array; and in making us witnesses, and almost partakers of the feasts, the councils, the darings, and the sufferings of the great of old. But the age of the Crusaders is at once too vast and too visionary to be subjected to that process by which he has given reality and present life to distant periods. It is the fairy-land of history, over which a dreamlike glory hovers, and which is sacred to airy fancies. We think not of its persons as beings moulded like ourselves, but as bright abstractions of certain qualities, of which they gave the first examples; and regard

* *Tales of the Crusaders*, by the Author of "*Waverley*," "*Quentin Durward*," &c. In 4 vols.

the world merely as a stage in which they were to exhibit them in all their purity. We are on enchanted ground, into which sympathy scarcely enters, and admiration only is awake. Now our author, at his best, deals with flesh and blood, and surrounds us with the massive and the real. It is true that he weaves into his tale wild and appalling superstitions; but they are such as have not yet lost their hold on the homely imagination, and which yet chill us, because they are mingled with incidents and forms which seem palpable to feeling and to sight. Not so the visions which encircled the cradle of chivalry, and which mock the robust grasp of Scottish power. We care not for them but as the gay creatures of a childish dream, and endure them only when every thing about them is equally impossible, brilliant, and shadowy. For the Knights and the Ladies of their love, we only desire to see them in picturesque attitudes and striking situations, and desire not to investigate feelings which we did not understand when we learned to admire them. The novelist, therefore, who tries to realize them and their adventures, will probably make an unpleasant compromise, divesting the magnificent fiction of half its wonders, and making the remainder look absurd, by dragging them into a light which they cannot sustain.

The first of these tales, indeed, has its scenes on English ground, and the Crusade only glimmers in the distance. From its title "The Betrothed," it may be guessed, by the few who have not read it, to contain the story of some fair one left to be persecuted and tempted at home, while her intended bridegroom is fighting for the Holy Sepulchre. This heroine is Eveline Berenger, the daughter of a noble Norman Knight, who, seated in a border castle of Shropshire, gives up himself and almost all his band to certain slaughter at the hands of the Welsh invaders, to fulfil a drunken boast which he has made to their chief in a season of truce; a piece of folly and injustice which well becomes a tale of the Seven Champions, but which is really provoking when attributed to an old gentleman for whom we had begun to feel a particular regard. The castle is invested, and, of course, we have a minute and lively journal of the siege, which is interesting as all tolerable accounts of sieges are, but is very inferior to its prototype in "Old Mortality." The chief defender is a huge Fleming, called Wilkin Flammock, who is made to produce some of the best effects in the tale, by the contrast of his sturdy fidelity with his mercantile habits, and of his broad portly person with his chivalrous occupations. He has a lovely daughter, by far the most real and charming person in the book, a little warm-hearted and warm-tempered beauty, who, as she attends on Eveline, is often required to enliven a dull scene or complete a pretty picture. The following scene, by night, on the battlements of the castle, in which these ladies are the principal figures, will give a fair specimen of the kind of effect which the author frequently labours to produce. Eveline has just declared to her companion that "this moment is at least hers, to think upon and to mourn her father."

So saying, and overpowered by the long-repressed burst of filial sorrow, she sunk down on the banquette which ran along the inside of the embattled parapet of the platform, and murmuring to herself, "He is gone for ever!" abandoned herself to the extremity of grief. One hand grasped unconsciously

the weapon which she held, and served, at the same time, to prop her forehead, while the tears, by which she was now for the first time relieved, flowed in torrents from her eyes, and her sobs seemed so convulsive, that Rose almost feared her heart was bursting. Her affection and sympathy dictated at once the kindest course which Eveline's condition permitted. Without attempting to control the torrent of grief in its full current, she gently sat her down beside the mourner, and possessing herself of the hand which had sunk motionless by her side, she alternately pressed it to her lips, her bosom, and her brow—now covered it with kisses, now bedewed it with tears, and amid these tokens of the most devoted and humble sympathy, waited a more composed moment to offer her little stock of consolation in such deep silence and stillness, that as the pale light fell upon the two beautiful young women, it seemed rather to shew a group of statuary, the work of some eminent sculptor, than beings whose eyes still wept, and whose hearts still throbbed. At a little distance, the gleaming corslet of the Fleming, and the dark garments of Father Aldrovand, as they lay prostrate on the stone steps, might represent the bodies of those for whom the principal figures were mourning.

This is obviously a picture beneath so great a writer; and, so intent is the writer on the effect, that he actually makes the fat Fleming and priest, who are sleeping in the back-ground, enact dead bodies, as if the real situation were not sufficiently tragic.

The siege is raised by the Constable of Chester, whose nephew, Damian de Lacy, conducts the funeral of the old chief, and falls in love with the daughter. She is betrothed, however, to the uncle, who goes for three years to Palestine, leaving her to the guardianship of his nephew, who dutifully keeps aloof till he is wounded in rescuing her from the Welsh, and tended at her castle. The youth is suspected of treason; but Eveline protects him even against the forces of the king; and the Constable returns to find his territories desolate, and himself a stranger, and to hear that his bride has transferred her affections to his nephew. There is something very touching in this return: the desolation makes one shiver; and the manliness with which the warrior overmasters his sorrows, is noble in itself, and more striking from the loneliness in which he seems to breathe. But the following scenes, in which the Welsh harper, who has attended him through his journey, stabs, in open day, his cousin in his stead, to avenge the slaughter of the British chief,—and in which De Lacy visits Damian in disguise, and finally announces that he has relinquished his claims to the lady in his favour, are too melo-dramatic.

There is, however, a fearful interest about one chapter in the work which we have passed over, where Eveline visits an aged aunt in a vast Saxon mansion, who herself, "an awful woman," compels her to sleep in a chamber devoted to a spectral visitant, who has power over the destinies of the house. Nor must we forget a feminine and fervid scene, where the orphan, in the moment of peril, casts herself before the picture of the Virgin, vowing to place her hand at the disposal of her deliverer, and fancies that she sees the countenance change, the eyes become animated, and return her suppliant entreaties, and the mouth visibly assume a smile of inexpressible sweetness, as assenting to her prayers.

The second Tale has its scene in Palestine, and is full of strange accidents and wonderful disguises, of which we can afford only a few specimens. In the opening, a Scotch Knight, called Sir Kenneth,

meets and combats an Emir, on the banks of the Dead Sea, and afterwards sups with him beside a fountain; and, in the end, one of these is discovered to be the heir to the throne of Scotland, and the other the Sultan Saladin. Sir Kenneth, after an interview with a crazy hermit in a cave, finds his way, among the rocks of Judea, into a chapel, where Edith Plantagenet, niece to the King of England, whom he has loved at humble distance, passes by him, and drops two rosebuds at his feet. Saladin, disguised as a physician, enters the camp of the Crusaders, and cures Richard of England, who lay sick, and works other wonders. The Scottish Prince, disguised as a poor Knight, is sentenced to die for leaving his post, on a hoax of the Queen, and chooses to be executed rather than break a vow by disclosing his rank; but he is saved by the entreaties of Saladin, disguised as the physician, and returned by him blacked all over as a dumb negro, in which disguise he saves the King's life, and obtains his own pardon. Among all these Asiatic wonders, there are many striking pictures which sort ill with them. Most of the scenes in which Richard is introduced, are finely executed, and one or two are extremely vivid. On the whole, much greater power is displayed than in "The Betrothed;" but the general effect is unpleasing. An Arabian tale is, no doubt, a good thing, and a true Scotch novel is still better; but the elements of the two cannot well be harmoniously blended.

But it is not fair to dwell on errors which are easily pointed out, and pass over the excellences of this tale in a sentence. Let our readers then, if perchance they have not skimmed the novel, take the beginning of a scene in which the Queen of Richard sues for the Scotchman's life.

"The monarch was lying on his couch, and at some distance, as awaiting his farther commands, stood a man whose profession it was not difficult to conjecture. He was clothed in a jerkin of red cloth, which reached scanty below the shoulders, leaving the arms bare from about halfway above the elbow, and, as an upper garment, he wore, when about as at present to betake himself to his dreadful office, a coat or tabard without sleeves, something like that of a herald, made of dressed bull's hide, and stained in the front with many a broad spot and speckle of dull crimson. The jerkin, and the tabard over it, reached the knee, and the nether stocks, or covering of the legs, were of the same leather which composed the tabard. A cap of rough shag served to hide the upper part of a visage, which, like that of a screech-owl, seemed desirous to conceal itself from light—the lower part of the face being obscured by a huge red beard, mingling with shaggy hair of the same colour. What features were seen were stern and misanthropical. The man's figure was short, strongly made, with a neck like a bull, very broad shoulders, arms of a great and disproportioned length, a huge square trunk, and thick bandy legs. This truculent official leant on a sword, the blade of which was nearly four feet and a half in length, while the handle of twenty inches, surrounded by a ring of lead plummets to counterpoise the weight of such a blade, rose considerably above the man's head, as he rested his arm upon its hilt, waiting for King Richard's farther directions.

"On the sudden entrance of the ladies, Richard, who was then lying on his couch, with his face towards the entrance, and resting on his elbow as he spoke to his griesly attendant, flung himself hastily, as if displeased and surprised, to the other side, turning his back to the Queen and the females of her train, and drawing around him the covering of his couch, which, by his own choice, or more probably the flattering selection of his chamberlains, consisted of two large lions' skins, dressed in Venice with such admirable skill that they seemed softer than the hide of the deer.

"Berengaria, such as we have described her, knew well—what woman knows not?—her own road to victory. After a hurried glance of undisguised and unaffected terror at the ghastly companion of her husband's secret counsels, she rushed at once to the side of Richard's couch, dropped on her knees, flung her mantle from her shoulders, showing, as they hung down at their full length, her beautiful golden tresses, and while her countenance seemed like a sun bursting through a cloud, yet bearing on its pallid front traces that its splendours have been obscured, she seized upon the right hand of the King, which, as he assumed his wonted posture, had been employed in dragging the covering of his couch, and gradually pulling it to her with a force which was resisted, though but faintly, she possessed herself of that arm, the prop of Christendom, and the dread of Heathenese, and imprisoning its strength in both her little fairy hands, she bent upon it her brow, and united to it her lips.

"What needs this, Berengaria?" said Richard, his head still averted, but his hand remaining under her control.

"Send away that man—his look kills me," muttered Berengaria.

"Begone, sirrah," said Richard, still without looking round—"What wait'st thou for? art thou fit to look on these ladies?"

"Your Highness's pleasure touching the head," said the man.

"Out with thee, dog!" answered Richard—"a Christian burial!"

The man disappeared, after casting a look upon the beautiful Queen, in her deranged dress and natural loveliness, with a smile of admiration more hideous in its expression, than even his usual scowl of cynical hatred against humanity.

"And now, foolish wench, what wishest thou?" said Richard, turning slowly and half reluctantly round to his royal suppliant.

"But it was not in nature for any one, far less an admirer of beauty like Richard, to whom it stood only in the second rank to glory, to look without emotion on the countenance and the tremor of a creature so beautiful as Berengaria, or to feel, without sympathy, that her lips, her brow, were on his hand, and that it was wetted by her tears. By degrees, he turned on her his manly countenance, with the softest expression of which his large full blue eye, which so often gleamed with insufferable light, was capable. Caressing her fair head, and mingling his large fingers in her beautiful and dishevelled locks, he raised and tenderly kissed the cherub countenance which seemed desirous to hide itself in his hand. The robust form, the broad, noble brow, and majestic looks, the naked arm and shoulder, the lions' skins among which he lay, and the fair fragile feminine creature that kneeled by his side, might have served for a model of Hercules reconciling himself, after a quarrel, to his wife Dejanira.

"And, once more, what seeks the lady of my heart in her knight's pavilion, at this early and unwonted hour?"

"Pardon, my most gracious liege, pardon," said the Queen, whose fears began again to unfit her for the duty of intercessor.

"Pardon! for what?" said the King.

"First, for entering your royal presence too boldly and unadvisedly—"

She stopped.

"Thou too boldly!—the sun might as well ask pardon, because his rays entered the windows of some wretch's dungeon. But I was busied with work unfit for thee to witness, my gentle one, and I was unwilling, besides, that thou should'st risk thy precious health where sickness was so lately rife."

"But thou art now well," said the Queen, still delaying the communication which she feared to make.

"Well enough to break a lance on the bold crest of that champion, who shall refuse to acknowledge thee the fairest in Christendom."

"Thou wilt not then refuse me one boon—only one—a poor life?"

"Ha!—proceed," said King Richard, bending his brows.

"This unhappy Scottish knight—" said the Queen.

“ ‘*Speak* not of him, madam,’ said Richard, sternly ; ‘he dies—his doom is fixed.’ ”

The dialogue which follows, is not equal to the picture ; and this superiority of picturesque over characteristic skill is felt throughout the volumes. Our author must regain his highest mood, if he is in earnest in the proposal, put forth in a very idle Introduction, of his intention to write the *Life of Napoleon*.

TO THE FURZE BUSH.

LET Burns and old Chaucer unite
 The praise of the Daisy to sing,—
 Let Wordsworth of Celandine write,
 — And crown her the Queen of the Spring ;
 The Hyacinth’s classical fame
 Let Milton embalm in his verse ;
 Be mine the glad task to proclaim
 The charms of untrumpeted Furze !

Of all other bloom when bereft,
 And Sol wears his wintery screen,
 Thy sunshining blossoms are left
 To light up the common and green.
 O why should they envy the peer
 His perfume of spices and myrrhs,
 When the poorest their senses may cheer
 With incense diffused from the Furze ?

It is bristled with thorns, I confess ;
 But so is the much-flatter’d Rose :
 Is the Sweetbriar lauded the less
 Because amid prickles it grows ?
 ’Twere to cut off an epigram’s point,
 Or disfurnish a knight of his spurs,
 If we foolishly wish’d to disjoint
 Its arms from the lance-bearing Furze.

Ye dabblers in mines, who would clutch
 The wealth which their bowels enfold,
 See Nature, with Midas-like touch,
 Here turns a whole common to gold.
 No niggard is she to the poor,
 But distributes whatever is hers,
 And the wayfaring beggar is sure
 Of a tribute of gold from the Furze.

Ye worldlings ! learn hence to divide
 Your wealth with the children of want,
 Nor scorn, in your fortune and pride,
 To be taught by the commonest plant.
 For if wisdom the wisest may draw
 From things humble, as reason avers ;
 We too may receive Heaven’s law,
 And beneficence learn from the Furze !

LETTERS FROM ROME.—NO. III.

It is peculiarly fortunate for the Romans that their city still continues to attract foreigners; for, were it not for them, the working classes would never see a crown, nor the higher ranks acquire a new idea. Whence comes it, then, that the English, who form the immense majority of the foreigners who visit the "eternal city," are, with a few honourable exceptions, the objects of profound hatred to the people, and of ridicule to the good company of Rome? The two following anecdotes which came under my own observation, may serve to explain the sources and motives of this disposition of the inhabitants of Rome towards the English, who enrich them. There is in a small chapel in the town-house of Velletri a celebrated picture, which I went to see. At the gate I met four English travellers, one of whom, the son of a rich London merchant, spoke Italian fluently. We entered together, and were conducted by the porter through the apartments, and into the little chapel where the picture was to be seen. On quitting the place, the young Englishman, who spoke Italian, gave to the porter, for his companions and himself, a mezzo paolo, about five French sous. The porter, fired with indignation, overwhelmed the whole party with a torrent of imprecations; for in this country such have been the effects of three centuries of despotism, that the people have lost all respect for intermediate rank—they see only the Pope and his power. The Roman people respect a man only according to what he spends or gives. This is their general feeling, with the exception of the respect which they pay to the families of the Borghese, Ghigi, Gabrielli, Falconieri, and one or two others, whose palaces, filled with the wonders of ancient and modern art, are open to the public admiration.—The second anecdote I have to mention took place in the *Piazza d'Espagne*. An Englishman sent a fowling-piece to a gunsmith in the *Piazza d'Espagne* to be repaired. On its being sent back to him, the messenger demanded two crowns for the repairs; the Englishman found the sum exorbitant, got into a passion and refused to pay: the messenger gave him the fowling-piece but retained the ramrod, saying, with that perfect *sang-froid* remarkable in the Romans, and which lasts until they explode into the most violent anger, "that as his master had told him to receive two crowns, he should take back the ram-rod, and that the *Signóre Inglese* might call at his master's shop and bargain with him." The Englishman accordingly went, accompanied by one of his countrymen, to the gunsmith's; a discussion took place, in the course of which the Englishman called the Roman a cheat; the gunsmith retorted by another insulting expression, when the other Englishman struck him with his whip. A young lad of sixteen, employed in the shop, on seeing his father thus maltreated, snatched up a cutlass and stabbed the Englishman in the thigh, who fell bathed in his blood. The young assassin fled. After the death of the Englishman, his countrymen in Rome, who visited at the Duke Torlonia's and a few other houses, gave free course to the most injurious reflections on the Roman character, and this while speaking to Romans in their own houses. Now would an Englishman have permitted himself to act towards an English gunsmith, as this ill-fated traveller did towards the armourer of the *Piazza d'Espagne*? Would an Englishman suffer foreigners at his table to de-

claim in the strongest and most offensive terms against the character of the British nation? Would an Englishman offer a mezzo paolo, or two-pence halfpenny, to the guide who should shew him through Hampton Court? It may be objected to what I have stated, that amongst the immense crowds of English who inundate Italy, there must be some not belonging to the better classes of society. But in the instances above-mentioned this was not the case: both the individual who gave two-pence halfpenny to the porter at Velletri, and those who went to the gunsmith's shop, were wealthy and undoubtedly belonging to the class of gentlemen. The real cause of such conduct is this: Englishmen, for what reason I know not, seem to think that they may act on the Continent, and particularly in Italy, in a manner that they dare not do in London. If you strike one of the lower classes in Florence, he will humble himself the more before you; for Florence, since the time of Cosmo II. has been a thoroughly aristocratic country. If you strike a Frenchman belonging to the working class, should he happen to have served in the army, he will propose a duel to you; as was the case some years ago with the driver of a cabriolet, who, on being struck by a Russian officer, very coolly took the cross of the legion of honour from his pocket, fixed it to his button-hole, and then returned the blow. A meeting with pistols was the consequence, and chance was, at least in this instance, on the side of justice; the insolent aggressor fell. With this single exception you may strike a French workman with impunity. But such is not the case with the Roman; and it is for this trait in their character that I esteem that people. The abominable despotism which has weighed upon them since the fifteenth century (see the Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini) has left them but one virtue—energy. This virtue often assumes the semblance of crime, as in the case of the murder at the gunsmith's in the Piazza d'Espagna. But let any man with a heart ask himself, if, in the total absence of law, when a Roman of the lower classes knows, by daily experience, that it is absolutely useless for him to seek reparation for personal violence exercised towards him by one of the upper classes—let a man ask himself, I repeat, whether he would have wished to have seen the young lad in the gunsmith's shop remain unmoved, while he saw his father maltreated? The vituperation heaped upon the Roman character by the English at Rome, at the time of this murder, redoubled the hatred already felt towards them, and checked the efforts making by many philanthropic Romans to lessen this sentiment. I was present at a discussion on this subject, which took place at the bedside of the learned Chevalier Tambroni, the husband of Canova's mistress. There was a temporary cause that added to the hatred excited by the insolence of the English. Shortly after the election of Pope Leo XII. Cardinal Gonsalvi had retired from public affairs, and had been replaced by Cardinal della Somiglia, an old man of eighty years of age, then an ultra in politics and religion, though a libertine in his youth. Gonsalvi, as is well known, favoured the English in the most extraordinary manner, and even went so far, to the great scandal of Cardinal Pacca and the ultra party, to tolerate in Rome the service of the Protestant church. But with the nomination of Somiglia the scene altogether changed, and the English were no longer the favoured of the minister. Now nothing appears more outrageous to a Roman, nor puts him in a greater

fury, than an act of oppression or insolence, not backed by real power. It produces a sentiment analogous to that felt by the governor of a strongly fortified place, who should be summoned to surrender by the colonel of a single regiment without a battering train. I was not a little amused by the discussion at the Chevalier Tambroni's bedside, as it shewed me that what particularly heightened the choler of the Romans was, that this insolence on the part of the English was displayed under a minister who was inclined to shew them no peculiar favour. This is a very remarkable trait in the moral character of a people, who have been spoiled by four centuries of the most complete despotism that exists in Europe.

The English spend a great deal of money in Rome, but, as they are always fearful of being cheated, their profusion is devoid of grace or magnificence. How different from this was the conduct of M. Demidoff, a rich Russian gentleman, who resided here. He has been often heard to say, "A man like me, who has eight hundred francs a day to spend, should pretend not to notice his being cheated to the amount of a hundred Louis-d'ors a month." M. Demidoff, who has quitted Rome, disgusted by the Ultraism of Leo XII. offered to expend a hundred thousand francs upon the Roman Forum, which sum would have sufficed to clear it of all the unsightly obstructions that now debase it. M. Demidoff and other wealthy Russians were adored at Rome, whilst, thanks to their haggling economy, the English are detested by the Roman people, who nevertheless gain so much by their presence: for the number of rich French or Germans is very few at Rome. All the principal hotels are occupied chiefly by English. The Duke of Devonshire and the late Duchess of Devonshire were the only English residents, as far as I know, in whose favour the Roman people made an exception, when exhaling their hatred against the English. There are at Rome several painters of distinguished talent, such as Messrs. Leopold, Robert, Schnetz, Cornelius, Weiss, &c. &c. An Englishman, whom I could name, went to the *studio* of one of these artists to bargain for a little picture. On asking the price, and being told 40 Louis, he said,—“What time did you take to paint it?”—“Twelve days.”—“Well, sir, I shall give you 144 francs, which is twelve francs a day, and that I consider very good payment.” The artist, humiliated and indignant, turned the picture towards the wall, walked to the other end of the room, and left this closely calculating connoisseur to his own reflections. This anecdote being told that evening at the *Café de l'Académie Française*, drew forth the most severe strictures upon such ridiculous conduct, which was rendered still more remarkable by the contrast then offered in the manners of the Prince Royal of Bavaria, who, though not a very bright sort of personage, treated every one, and particularly artists, with that perfect politeness, taught him by his father, one of the most amiable of men. Before his departure, the Prince Royal addressed some complimentary verses to the German artists then in Rome, which were not without merit, and very superior to what might have been expected from him, judging by his conversation. In Rome public opinion has but one political topic to exercise itself upon—the state of the Pope's health. Inquiries made and satisfied upon this point, the rest of the conversation turns upon painting and music. The value of a picture of Schnetz

or Chauvin is therefore known to within a Louis or two; so that a foreigner, frequenting the society of the Romans, might purchase at a fair price, any picture he took a fancy to from the painters themselves. But these artists, disgusted with the dialogues they had to sustain with English would-be-connoisseurs, an example of which I have given above, refuse at present to treat personally for the sale of their productions, but send them to regular picture-dealers. I have heard Englishmen boasting at the Duke Torlonia's (their banker) of the bargains of pictures they had got for sixty or eighty Louis, which pictures were known, to all the Romans present, to be worth, at the utmost, fifteen or twenty Louis. Every one laughed in his sleeve at these pretended connoisseurs; and, owing to their habitual haughtiness and reserve, no one felt inclined to point out to them the imposition practised by the picture-dealers.—It may be supposed from the foregoing remarks that I hate the English:—far from it. English and French civilization has no warmer admirer than myself. Great Britain and France are, for me, the two first countries in the world. But I cannot patiently witness their undisguised contempt for Italy, which, if Napoleon had reigned over it twenty years longer, would have been at least on a par with them. Englishmen, if they wished to take advantage of it, might find peculiar facilities for entering into Roman society. The handsomest woman in Rome has married an Englishman, the learned Mr. Dodwell. But the Italian, the most nervous and sensitive of beings, is immediately repulsed by that expression of hauteur and mistrust so generally sculptured upon the British countenance. My motive in telling these harsh truths is, that those young Englishmen, under whose observation they may happen to fall before setting out for Italy, should divest themselves of this appearance of disdain and distrust; and above all, that they should avoid giving way there to those excesses of temper, which even in their own country could not be indulged in with impunity. They should recollect that *force* is every thing at Rome. Respect for the aristocracy not being backed there, as in England, by a rigid code of laws, is hollow and of little avail. In Germany or France, if a peasant is insulted by his neighbour he gives him a blow with his fist; in Rome the blow is given with a knife. During Pius the Sixth's reign of twenty-four years there were committed sixteen thousand assassinations, which make nearly two each day. This excited no astonishment, nor did any one seek to prevent its recurrence. Assassination at Rome does not produce the same moral effect or profound horror which accompanies it in the more civilized countries of the North of Europe. However, the wise administration of General Miollis and the French *Gendarmerie* had nearly succeeded in extirpating the custom. The foreigners who flock to this great city, seem either to be ignorant of, or to neglect, the means of amusing themselves. This they might easily find, by cultivating the society of the principal inhabitants, whose conversation is full of fire, genius, passion, and *enjouement*. The English and Russians, on arriving at Rome, find themselves deprived of their accustomed society, and surrounded by new habitudes; and the only recreation they seek for is in the exercise of their admiration, by exploring the ruins of antiquity, and visiting the galleries of sculpture and painting. This *regime*, however, soon palls upon them, and after a few weeks they fall into a state

of profound *ennui*. Scarcely one of them seeks to avoid the dreadful visitation by forming an intimacy with the good society of Rome. And yet this is not a matter of very difficult achievement. Almost every evening the ambassadors of France and Austria, the Prince de Montfort (Jerome Bonaparte), the Princess Borghese, the Duke Torlonia (banker), &c. receive company. It is in these assemblies that foreigners perceive the good company of Rome; I say *perceive*, for it can scarcely be said that there is any intercourse between them. If a foreigner address a Roman, he seldom fails, though in very polite terms, to communicate to him all that has struck him as ridiculous or odious in Rome: so that a Roman, to escape the humiliation attendant upon such unpleasant truths, avoids as much as possible the conversation of foreigners. Owing to the strictness of Roman etiquette, it is only the families of the high noblesse—the Altieri, Gabrielli, Falconieri, &c. that are met with in the circles above alluded to. What is called the *Cetto di Mezzo*, the wealthy *bourgeoisie*, is not admitted into them. This is unfortunate for foreigners, for the *Cetto di Mezzo* is the class which has most profited by the sojourn of the French. Most of the young men belonging to this class have received a tolerable education. They are, for instance, enthusiastic admirers of Lord Byron: the news of his death was received by them with profound regret. I should therefore recommend Englishmen who visit Rome, to seek the acquaintance of the young men of the *Mezzo Cetto*. The high English society, with the exception of the late Duchess of Devonshire, and a very few others, kept aloof from the Roman nobility, though meeting them almost every evening at one or other of the assemblies already mentioned. The most agreeable of these *conversazioni* was at the hotel of the French ambassador, the Duke de Laval, a very affable person, who had been the intimate friend of Madame de Stael, Madame Recamier, and of Ferdinand VII. of Spain. In his magnificent saloons there assembled, between eight and nine o'clock, three hundred persons of the first distinction, Roman and foreign, amongst whom might be counted the fifty handsomest women in Rome. It was rather a curious spectacle to see a number of old cardinals, many of whom had in their time been men of gallantry, gliding about through this galaxy of fine women, whose costume, be it said *en passant*, was extremely favourable to the display of their beautiful shoulders. At many of these parties the ill-fated Miss Bathurst was an object of great attraction; some pronounced her the most beautiful woman in Rome, while others gave the palm to Madame Dodwell. There were even not wanting knights to break a lance in support of the supremacy of beauty of Mesdames Bonacarsi, Martinetti, Sorloffa, &c. More than once I have seen Miss Bathurst surrounded by three or four admiring cardinals, the most ardent of whom appeared to be Cardinal de Gregorio, natural son of the King of Spain, Charles III. This demi-royal cardinal pays assiduous court to the ambassadors, in order to secure their interest in his favour, when the death of Leo XII. shall afford him a chance of the papal chair. "The Holy Alliance," he says to them, "wishes for a pope who shall be wholly devoted to them, and where can they find one fitter for that purpose than me? I am a true Bourbon—let people talk as they will." The Countess Appony, wife to the Austrian ambassador,

is looked up to with much respect here, because she has made her confessor an archbishop,—for the Romans are willing enough to prostrate themselves before power; but be it understood, real and efficient power, and not the mere *éclat* of title or ostentation of wealth. Such is the effect of pure despotism. If the Pope's *valet de chambre* is known to have any influence over his master, the people look upon him with more respect than upon the prince Borghese, the richest of Roman princes, he having an income of twelve hundred thousand francs. The consequence to be drawn from the sketch of Roman manners here attempted, is that a rich Englishman, who should wish to make his sojourn in Rome both pleasant and instructive, ought to get introduced to some of the principal families. He should lay aside his arrogance for home use, and, if possible, put off the coldness of his demeanour, and treat with politeness all classes of the Romans. He should get acquainted with some of the Roman artists, treat them with consideration, and spend twenty or thirty pounds from time to time in the purchase of their pictures. He should place the bust of Lord Byron in his drawing-room, and once a week give a dinner, to which he should invite seven or eight Romans. After a few months perseverance in this plan he would become quite popular, and find all the delights of Roman society within his reach,—a society, in my opinion at least, the most desirable in Italy, but of which the English residents of Rome know about as much as they do of that of Constantinople. The last conclave which elected Leo XII. and which lasted but twenty-seven days, gave rise to upwards of eight hundred quarto pages of satirical productions in prose and verse. In this collection, which I have purchased for a good round sum, there are numberless traits of the finest and most poignant wit. Nothing could have been more animated and amusing than the manner in which many of these were read in the Roman circles, and particularly so when they wished to explain the point of them to a foreigner. It is scarcely necessary to add that the foreigner thus favoured, must have been fortunate enough to have gained their implicit confidence. M. Demidoff, the very wealthy and very affable Russian, who resided here for some years, had in his pay a tolerable company of French comedians. The principal actress was his mistress. The last year of his sojourn here, the palace Ruspoli, where he lived, was open every Thursday evening to all his acquaintance; a comedy was first represented, and afterwards a ball took place. These *soirées* were extremely interesting, for M. Demidoff had the good sense not to confine his invitations to the higher classes of the nobility alone, but also received the principal families of the *Mezzo Cetto* (the rich *bourgeoisie*.) In one of the French *Vaudevilles* that M. Demidoff wished to have represented, one of the characters was named *Saint Leon*, which circumstance, unimportant as it may appear, caused considerable chagrin and alarm to the first minister of the Pope, the old Cardinal della Somiglia, who, amongst other qualifications for his high office, has entirely lost the use of his memory. After various negotiations with M. Demidoff, whom the government was unwilling to disoblige, lest he might quit Rome, where he expended sixty thousand francs a month, the old and imbecile Cardinal della Somiglia at length formally forbade the performance of the *Vaudeville*, because one

of the *dramatis personæ* was called *Saint Leon*. The actors were also expressly prohibited from making use of the exclamation *Oh, mon Dieu!* which is of such frequent occurrence in French comedy. This is a worthy pendant to the scrupulosity of your English Deputy Chamberlain, whose pious and impious vagaries have been heard of and heartily laughed at here. The reign of Leo XII. is already marked with bigotry and ultraism. He has instituted an asylum for assassins in Ostia and three other unhealthy towns. The papal edict states, that it is for the purpose of re-peopling these places. Every assassin who flies for refuge to one of these towns, which are about ten leagues from the spot where the greatest number of travellers are murdered, is to be free from further pursuit! Cardinal Gonsalvi was extremely jealous of the absolute power which he had had the pleasure of exercising for nine years, from 1814 to 1823. In order to put it out of the power of his master Pius VII. to replace him, he took special care to people the college of Cardinals with men remarkable, not for talent, but the want of it. There are four situations at the court of Rome, the possessors of which, on quitting them, become of right, members of the Sacred College—such as the Pope's treasurer, the Governor of Rome, the Minister of Police, and another. Four other functionaries have in some measure usurped the same privilege; for instance, the Dean of the *Rotu* (a superior Court of Justice) on retiring from the bench becomes a Cardinal. With the exception of those Cardinals who have become so in virtue of their offices, such as the Cardinal Cavalchini, Paletta, &c., all the other members of the Sacred College created by the late Pope under the absolute ministry of Gonsalvi, are men whose capacities, or rather incapacities, would not serve them to discharge the ordinary functions of a justice of peace. If the wishes of the people were to have any weight, the successor of his present Holiness would certainly be Cardinal Spina, who reigns at Bologna, where he is so much beloved, that the principal motive which prevented the Bolognese from revolting when the attempt at a constitution was made in Piedmont, was the unwillingness they had to give pain to this excellent ecclesiastical prince. Cardinal Spina is a man of first-rate talents, and in some respects, probably superior to Gonsalvi, but, unfortunately, he is now in his seventieth year. Of his election to the Holy See there is but a slender chance, as France would, no doubt, seek to exclude him as a partizan of the house of Austria, just as the latter power did at the last conclave with regard to Cardinal Severoli. Cardinal Severoli being Legate at Vienna when Napoleon's marriage with Maria Louisa was on the tapis, formally declared to the Emperor Francis that he could not, without incurring the guilt of mortal sin, give his daughter in marriage to a man whose first wife was still living.

R.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

THE desert is the place for love.
 —There the wild-wing'd creatures rove
 Through all the sunshine hours,
 Drinking life from leaves and flowers,
 Free from hate and far from care,
 And all things which hateful are ;
 Peaceful, prosperous, citizens
 Of the earth, swift denizens
 Of the wide, blue, balmy air,
 Each one the undoubted heir
 Of the spicy summer's wealth,
 And the gold of freedom—health.

There are (first for her sweet song)
 The nightingale who mourneth long
 With her breast upon the thorn,
 Through eventide, forlorn,—
 And the voice that calls the spring,—
 And she that roams on her sea-wing
 Unfatigued, and ever sleeps
 Calm above the toiling deeps,
 Like some sage that lives apart
 Quiet in the city's heart ;—
 Neither may we e'er forget
 Her to whom we owe such debt,
 For her morn-alluring prayer
 Carol'd in the eastern air,
 And i' the sun's bright chambers heard,—
 Nor that vision small and fair,
 The Titanian humming-bird.

Hail! thou gentlest, tiniest thing,
 Streaming on thy azure pinion!
 Feather'd thought! fantastic minion
 Of the love-awaken'd Spring!
 Tell me,—thou small insect faery,
 In what sky or cloudy tower
 Hast *thou* built thy lone love-bower?
 Higher than the eagle's aery
 In his rock beyond the pines?
 Higher than Arcturus shines?—
 Or,—art thou some messenger
 Wander'd from thy native star?
 Or, wast thou on some fiery morn,
 Or amongst the rainbows born,
 Kiss'd to life in sunset skies,
 And dowered with a thousand dyes?

Look!—with coat of Iris hue,
 And a breast all golden blue,—
 Armed with its slender bill
 (Wherewith it doth draw at will
 Nectar from the tubed flower,
 Like the bee in its sweet hour,)
 Eyes which like a diamond glance—
 Feet whereon a Fay might dance
 Laughing in the May moonshine,
 As he drinks his red rose wine,—
 And a sweet voice scarcely heard
 Flies the small, small humming-bird ;—

Small, and yet within its sphere
It bath much of fair and dear,—
Love, perhaps as large as pants
In the forest lion's haunts,—
Hope, as bright as that which streams
Over the poet's starlight dreams,—
Fear, as great as kings have felt
When their thrones were seen to melt,—
Joy,—despair,—and death sublime,
That fills that evil mouth of Time!

As the spirit when compress'd
Is of finer force possess'd,
And, when stripp'd of husk and clay,
Flameth like an eastern day,—
As a drop when spread is nought,
Mix'd with air, and vainly sought,
But when through the alembic past
Hath a giant's strength at last,—
So, perhaps, the pains that be
Powers and pleasures thrive in thee,
In thee who bear'st on thy blue head
Beauty all concentratèd.

Yet,—'tis strange, that she who made
Men and Mamoths for the shade,
And the huge whale for the sea,
And the stork,—shou'd stoop to thee!
What strange grasp, so small, so great,
Could such differing things create?
Did the hand which smooth'd thy down
Mask the king lion in his frown?
Forge for the elephant his dark mail?
The adder's dart? the crocodile scale?
Strange! that *all*, whate'er it be,
Mother NATURE, springs from thee,—
The dreamless sloth, the labourer ant,
The sweet sweet flower and poison plant;
All good, all ill, the great, the small,
The wise, the weak, *Thou* will'st them all!

C. L.

THE FAMILY JOURNAL.—NO. VIII.

Swift's Mean and Great Figures.

THE perusal of Apsley Honeycomb's records of Pope and the other celebrated men of that time, has made me look through their works again with a new zest. Something or other is sure to occasion me this pleasure at little intervals of time. The smallest additional light thrown upon the mind of a favourite author, makes me go over the whole picture afresh, and find something new to be delighted with. Of Pope enough has been said in our last number. I will invite the reader to peruse with me an article of Swift's upon *Mean and Great Figures made by several Persons*. The whole of it shall be repeated, because it is small, full of variety, provokes a comment, and I think is very characteristic of the author without being hackneyed in point of notoriety. It would be desirable to see many lists of this kind from different pens. They would afford good evidence of people's moral and political tastes.

"Of those who have made GREAT FIGURES in some particular action or circumstance of their lives."

"*Alexander the Great, after his victory (at the straits of Mount Taurus) when he entered the tent, where the Queen and the Princesses of Persia fell at his feet.*"—This was great in one sense of the word, but not in the greatest. It was prodigious, if we consider how Persia had threatened the Greeks, and from what a summit these royal persons fell, at the feet of a young Macedonian. But after all it was royalty against royalty, pride against pride. It is very dramatic and conquering, but inasmuch as Alexander was not Epaminondas, it wants moral grandeur.

"*Socrates, the whole last day of his life, and particularly from the time he took the poison, until the moment he expired.*"—This is moral grandeur triumphant; triumphant in defeat. Alexander, great as he was, had something in him which could not bear disappointment. Here the very want of success is only victory in another shape.

"*Cicero, when he was recalled from his banishment, the people through every place he passed meeting him with shouts of joy and congratulation, and all Rome coming out to receive him.*"—This ought to have been one of the greatest situations in the world. If I venture to think it somewhat injured in the person of Cicero, my excuse must be that I have lately read the panegyric life of him by Middleton; an author, who has the art of making his hero unheroical.

"*Regulus, when he went out of Rome attended by his friends to the gates, and returned to Carthage according to his word of honour—although he knew he must be put to a cruel death, for advising the Romans to pursue their war with that commonwealth.*"—An old effeminate lord of my acquaintance, who was accounted a great wit in his time, used to say of patriots of this description, "Stubborn dogs! all out of the spirit of perverseness and obstinacy." Thus he would undo, at a jerk, the whole Roman commonwealth. A modern American fared as ill with him.

"*Scipio the Elder, when he dismissed a beautiful captive lady presented to him after a great victory, turning his head aside to preserve his own virtue.*"—This is curious from Swift. I confess I do not see so much in it, considering Scipio's education, and that the lady had a lover. But Swift was apt to be common and implicit enough, over his Greek and Latin.

"*The same Scipio when he and Hannibal met before the battle, if the fact be true.*"—How time and history exalt even a scene like this! The whole world seem to be looking on.

"*Cincinnatus, when the messengers sent by the Senate to make him dictator, found him at the plough.*"

"*Epaminondas, when the Persian ambassador came to his house, and found him in the midst of poverty.*"—His whole life was a great action.

"*The Earl of Strafford the day that he made his own defence at his trial.*"—What a falling off is here! It was a striking and pathetic situation, inasmuch as Strafford was a proud man fallen, sensible of his fall, and yet behaving himself at once with sorrow and manliness. But he had done villainous things, and deserted a great cause for a king's favour. Strafford behaved himself with capital good sense, and extricated his situation wonderfully well from the awkward and most humili-

liating part of it: but greatness never accompanied an action of his life. Even the famous letter to the king, according to his friend Hume, was written with a view to its not being acted upon. Much nobler situations might have been selected from both sides of the question.

"*King Charles the Martyr during his whole trial, and at his death.*"—His behaviour in the latter instance was dignified, but not great. It required more, both past and present, to make it amount to that. So did his trial. But the epithet of the *Martyr* shews the spirit in which Swift estimated his conduct.

"*The Black Prince, when he waited at supper on the King of France, whom he had conquered and taken prisoner the same day.*"—This never appeared to me to be great or delicate conduct; nor the same prince's behaviour in riding a little horse, while his captive rode a large one. Besides, royalty has an instinct in this sort of behaviour. The Black Prince was a mere soldier, and could behave with great cruelty to whole multitudes of plebeians. See some remarks on his conduct in France, in Mr. Godwin's *Life of Chaucer*.

"*Virgil, when, at Rome, the whole audience rose up, out of veneration, as he entered the theatre.*"—The homage paid to mind, especially by great multitudes, is always unequivocal; and forms a pure glory.

"*Mahomet the Great, when he cut off his beloved mistress's head on a stage erected for that purpose, to convince his soldiers, who taxed him for preferring his love to his glory.*"—He was a great ruffian, who neither loved his mistress, nor understood glory. But the fact is doubted.

"*Cromwell, when he quelled a mutiny in Hyde Park.*"

"*Harry the Great, of France, when he entered Paris, and sat at cards the same night with some great ladies, who were his mortal enemies.*"—A pleasure below so great a man; nor do I believe he felt it; at least not after Swift's fashion. It is pure spite, and tea-table revenge. Bonaparte's position was better, when, as Emperor and Protector of the Rhenish Confederation, or rather as "the child and champion of Jacobinism," he made the old German dowager princess back out of the room, when she took leave curtseying.

"*Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, at his trial.*"—A party flourish.

"*Cato, of Attica, when he provided for the safety of his friends, and had determined to die.*"

"*Sir Thomas More, during his imprisonment, and at his execution.*"—A jesting death was, perhaps, as good a baulk as could be for such a tyrant as Henry the Eighth; but in itself it is not a great death.

"*Marius, when the soldier sent to kill him in the dungeon, was struck with so much awe and veneration that his sword fell from his hand.*"

"*Douglas, when the ship he commanded was on fire, and he lay down to die in it, because it should not be said, that one of his family ever quitted their post?*"—He was a captain. Marvell wrote some fine lines on him, which I am sorry I have not by me to quote. One almost imagines, that the spirit of this young hero would remain, visibly sitting and looking on, after the body was consumed.

Of those who have made a MEAN CONTEMPTIBLE FIGURE,
in some action or circumstance of their lives.

"*Anthony, at Actium, when he fled after Cleopatra.*"—Swift enters upon the scornful part of his subject with more vigour. The cases are

almost all in point, and only fail in one or two instances from being too common. There is no want of ground of contempt.

"Pompey, when he was killed on the sea-shore in Egypt."

"Nero and Vitellius, when they were put to death."

"Lepidus, when he was compelled to lay down his share of the *Triumvirate*."—But Lepidus was always in a poor position.

"Cromwell, the day he refused the kingship out of fear."—This is excellent. Cromwell is said to have almost fainted in his coach.

"Perseus, King of Macedon, when he was led in triumph."

"Richard the Second, of England, after he was deposed."

"The late King of Poland, when the King of Sweden forced him to give up his kingdom; and when he took it again, upon the King of Sweden's defeat by the Muscovites."—These Tories, after all, were but novices. What would Swift have thought of the resumption of crowns now-a-days; resumptions by the dozen, and performed with all the delight and dignity imaginable!

"King James the Second of England, when the Prince of Orange sent to him at midnight to leave London."

"King William the Third of England, when he sent to beg the House of Commons to continue his Dutch guards, and was refused."

"The late Queen Anne of England, when she sent Whitworth to Muscovy on an embassy of humiliation, for an insult committed here on that prince's ambassador."—It was not in Cromwell's style; but, as an instance, it wants prominence. These things are thought so little of among princes, where expediency is concerned, that Anne seems ill used in being made an example.

"The Lord Chancellor Bacon, when he was convicted of bribery."—An awful record. The world owes so much to this great man, and his case admits of so much apology, that one is inclined to omit the instance against him. *Sed magis amica veritas.*

"The late Duke of Marlborough, when he was forced, after his own disgrace, to carry his duchess's gold key to the queen."—This is not party spite; for Swift was very generous and impartial in his appreciation of the duke. While he disliked his faults, he would have had him employed for his talents. But notwithstanding our author's professions, and the *Travels of Gulliver*, he had great notions himself of a gold key. Marlborough was a courtier, and had gone through too many mortifications to contrast a necessity like this with any thing like the greatness here opposed to it. He was accustomed to mean figures, as well as better ones. That he would feel abject enough, is but too probable. The habitual meannesses to which the "great" submit, and their sensibility nevertheless to a failure in their miserable views of honour, are inconceivable to those who do not know something of them.

"The old Earl of Pembroke, when a Scotch lord gave him a lash with a whip at Newmarket, in presence of all the nobility, and he bore it with patience."

"King Charles the Second of England, when he entered into the second Dutch war; and in many other actions during his whole reign."

"Philip the Second of Spain, after the defeat of the Armada."—A mistake: kings, particularly Spanish kings, not being so easily ashamed of themselves.

"The Emperor Charles the Fifth, when he resigned his crown, and

nobody would believe his reasons."—This is excellent. Here was a king who had unkinged himself, and found himself liable to shame accordingly.

"King Charles the First of England, when, in gallantry to his queen, he thought to surprise her with a present of a diamond buckle, which he pushed into her breast, and tore her flesh with the tongue; upon which she drew it out, and flung it on the ground."—For Charles's state of subjection to his wife, see Bassompierre. The buckle was a bad business; but the shuttlecock of another sovereign was worse: he knocked it into a lady's bosom, and drew it out with a pair of tongs.

"Fairfax, the parliament general at the time of King Charles's trial."—The nothingness of his position was the worse, inasmuch as his wife, Lady Fairfax, went into court and insulted it with loud words from the gallery.

"Julius Cæsar, when Antony offered to put a diadem on his head, and the people shouted for joy to see him decline it; which he never offered to do, till he saw their dislike in their countenances."—A savage case!

"Coriolanus when he withdrew his army from Rome, at the entreaty of his mother."

"Hannibal, at Antiochus's court."

"Beau Fielding, at fifty years old, when in a quarrel upon the stage, he was run into his breast, which he opened and shewed to the ladies, that he might move their love and pity; but they all fell a laughing."—This is perfect. [Beau Fielding, a handsome man half crazed with vanity and "bonnes fortunes," was the Orlando the Fair of the Tatler. See No. 50 of that work. He married the Duchess of Cleveland, Charles the Second's mistress; on which he was indicted for bigamy, a former wife being living.]

"The Count de Bussy Rabutin, when he was recalled to court after twenty years banishment into the country, and affected to make the same figure he did in his youth."—This might be contrasted with the conduct of Sully, who, coming out of his retirement in old age to advise with Louis the Thirteenth, and being laughed at by the young courtiers for the antiquity of his dress, said to that prince, "Sir, when your Majesty's father, of illustrious memory, did me the honour to invite me into his presence, he used to send all the cockcombs out of the way."

"The Earl of Sunderland, when he turned Papist in the time of King James the Second, and underwent all the forms of a heretic converted."

"Pope Clement the Seventh, when he was taken prisoner at Rome, by the Emperor Charles the Fifth's forces."

"Queen Mary, of Scotland, when she suffered Bothwell to ravish her, and pleaded that as an excuse for marrying him."

"King John, of England, when he gave up his kingdom to the Pope, to be held as a fief to the see of Rome."

One is tempted to enlarge this gallery of pictures. It would be very easy, and no less edifying. But I fear I have already exceeded my limits. I cannot help giving two, however, before I go.

GREAT FIGURE.—Dean Swift, during the reward offered for his discovery as author of the Drapier's Letters, when he discharged a man from his service for supposed insolence, who was in the secret.

MEAN FIGURE.—The same Swift, during his services to the ministry, the first time that Harley, the Lord Treasurer, called him Jonathan.

RUSSIAN TRAVELLING SKETCHES.—NO. I.

AFTER having maintained a correspondence with different individuals in Russia, and read various accounts of the inhabitants of this country—I mean the real Russians—I determined to make them a visit, that I might judge of their character myself. Before setting out on my journey I was familiar with the works of Coxe, Tooke, Porter, Wilson, Clarke, Lyall, Cochrane, and many other authors of more ancient date, as well as those of a number of continental writers. The difference of opinion—nay the contradictions—of these authors led me quite into a dilemma, from which I saw no prospect of extricating myself, except by personal observation. Being an individual of some rank, and having received numerous letters of introduction to the highest families of Petersburg and Moscow, I, of course, was, immediately on my arrival at the former city, invited to the first society—the best educated and most polite circles. I never associated with the *lower classes* of the nobles, who, I am informed, are nearly upon a par with our farmers—not our gentleman farmers—with respect to their manners, but not half so intelligent. Had I wished to associate with them for the sake of gaining information, it was impossible, because they, in general, only speak Russian, and I only speak English and French. I can say little of the clergy, the merchants, or the peasants, from personal observation, though I learned much respecting them from different friends, whose long residence in Russia gives great weight to their opinions.

Having made these preliminary remarks, I shall at once proceed to my memoranda.

The voyage to Russia, which was of three weeks' duration, afforded no matter worthy of detail. We were highly pleased with the magnificent granite pier which forms the mole or harbour of Cronstadt; but, as we approached it, the yells of a Russian, whom they were flogging on board the *Potash*—a kind of floating custom-house formed out of a dismantled vessel—called our attention, and led to melancholy impressions as we landed on the quay. The uncouth figures of the Russians—with long beards, heads like mops*, wide flowing coats bound with girdles, wide trowsers, and linden shoes or loose boots—riveted my attention. The bare-headed workmen, in their shirts bound round the waist and hanging over the trowsers, seemed to me still more singular, though I could not but remark convenience. On approaching the common Russians, a peculiar odour, mixed with that of garlic, seemed to issue from them, and was most disagreeable, and at times highly offensive. Scarcely had I reached the town when green-sellers presented bunches of leeks, onions, turpips, and carrots for sale. After having been fed chiefly on salt beef and bread for some days, and having acquired a voracious appetite, I was ready to devour any kind of vegetables, and therefore I purchased a bunch of turnips and another of carrots, but I found them excessively bad, being hard and without relish. Salted cucumbers, which I then thought food for

* It is true that the Russian peasantry, when their hair is to be cut, have their heads covered with a bason, and that the barber is guided in his operation by its edge. As the Russians seldom thin their hair, it generally becomes exceedingly thick and bushy, and when curly, exactly like a mop.

swine, detestable prunes, pickled apples, and kvass with lumps of ice in it, and served up in wooden ladles, which I at the time found very unpalatable, were next presented; and all seemed ominous of but poor fare in Russia. On reaching one of the inns, however, which is kept by a Scotchman, I was served with delightful coffee, and immediately was sensible that few individuals in Great Britain know what good coffee is. I sallied forth and wandered over Cronstadt, surveying its public works, its quays, batteries, canals, docks, hospitals, barracks, churches, streets, &c.; all of which have been described by a number of authors. The batteries seemed to possess no real strength, and the dismantled fleet was rotting in the men-of-war's harbour. Indeed the ships have never been used, nor are they capable of being used. The Russians do not yet know enough of ship-building, though Peter the Great taught them; nor are they acquainted with the manner of seasoning the wood—so as to acquire an available fleet, had they the command of the Atlantic ocean. Yet Russia most foolishly wishes to become a great maritime power with all her disadvantages; and though her fleets, however numerous they might become, could be blocked up in the Baltic, the Euxine, the Caspian, and the White Sea. The strength of her navy is not worth calculation, nor will the powers of Europe, especially Great Britain, suffer it quietly to be augmented. Russia, with all her overbearing insolence—and notwithstanding her gigantic strides in knowledge—is still dependent on the talents of foreigners for her present rank. Take all the foreigners from that country, and she would soon relapse into her former barbarism. She could not stand of herself for a single hour, because she possesses no stamina of a well organized government, founded upon the knowledge, the policy, the virtue, and the morality of her administrators, or the real worth of her people. Her sovereigns have long been aware of this circumstance, and have most prudently employed foreigners in the most important stations; as ministers, counsellors, generals, admirals, engineers, mathematicians, physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, &c. &c. At this moment how many of her chief officers are foreigners! Are not her fleets commanded by Englishmen? That of the Baltic by Admiral Crown, and that of the Black Sea by Admiral Greig? And, as Dr. Lyall mentions, until lately, were not the three chiefs of the three medical departments—the civil—the military—and the naval, all Britons? How many of her great officers in the campaign of 1812 were foreigners, or of foreign extraction! as Barclay de Tolly, Bagration, Wittgenstein, Sacken. But some of these are already silent; and although Russia still possesses many intelligent officers, perhaps she has not one who is capable of moving or manœuvring “great masses of men,” especially during an engagement. Her immense army would, therefore, become unmanageable were it beyond the frontiers, and intended the invasion of Europe. Russia is, in fact, a most powerful ally to any of the other powers of the Continent, who can guide her armies, supply their wants, and furnish funds for the prosecution of war. But she is incapable of finding money to pay her troops in foreign countries, though she can readily produce men to be paid by the power whose cause she may have espoused. Such are my impressions after having spent nearly a year in the North and having acquired much

information from a variety of sources. But this is anticipating myself, therefore I must resume my memoranda.

Heartily tired of Cronstadt, I embarked on board the steam-boat, and after a delightful passage, in fine weather, and enjoying charming views of the coasts of the Gulf of Finland, reached a species of quay opposite Mr. Baird's iron-foundery, where the numerous passengers landed. I had held conversation with a number of individuals of the motley assembly; especially with respect to the utility of the steam-packet. Perhaps no case has yet occurred where the advantages of steam-navigation are more apparent, than in that between Petersburg and Cronstadt. Formerly, when the wind was even favourable, but not strong enough, the voyage occupied nearly a whole day—when it was adverse, a day or two—and when stormy, it was not undertaken. In the last case, persons very generally were at the expense of hiring a carriage to Oranienbaum, and from thence, a distance of eight miles, they crossed to Cronstadt—thus expending some pounds. But the foreigner, who reached Cronstadt from some distant country, and was anxious to arrive at Petersburg, when the wind was adverse for the passage, was accustomed to hire a boat to Oranienbaum, and a carriage from thence to Petersburg; and as he at once became the subject of Russian deceit and rapacity, he generally expended some pounds, in addition to many vexations, before he gained the residence of the Tzars. In our days, except in a great storm, one steam-boat leaves Cronstadt and another leaves Petersburg daily; and the voyage, which very rarely exceeds three hours, has been performed in two hours and a half. So much for scientific improvements in this golden age of knowledge, and its dissemination.

By advice of a friend, in place of proceeding to enter Petersburg by land, I hired a boat and sailed up the Neva. The weather continued fine—the sun shone with great splendour—and the sky was cloudless, as we glided along in an elegant boat, which was rowed by a couple of tawny-coloured Russians, whose voices kept time with their oars, and whose music resembled a species of howling and bel-lowing, although they sang in concord and although the modulations were regular. Having sailed about half a mile, the new Russian capital with golden summits, with the history of which I was already familiar, burst beautifully upon the view. I was spell-bound at the sight, and by my order the boatmen ceased their exertions. The English granite and magnificent quay, backed by a row of beautiful palaces and houses—the immense admiralty with its glittering spire—the truly gigantic Imperial palace—a fine pontoon bridge across the beautiful and transparent Neva—the Marine and Naval hospitals of stupendous size—the enormous massy Academy of Arts—the Academy of Sciences—the College of Mines, &c. &c. besides crowds of other edifices, of all the colours of the rainbow, composed the scenery which I now beheld, and formed one of the most splendid and glorious scenes I have ever seen, or, indeed, which can be seen. I exclaimed, is this the capital of those who are so often called the “Barbarians of the North?”

My attention being solely engrossed in contemplating these objects as they changed their appearance with our progress, and in meditations on the advancement of Russia from her but recent state of barbarism, I

was almost sorry when we reached the landing-place at the English quay.

I was soon comfortably lodged in one of the inns, kept by an Englishman, which I found very expensive, and I spent some weeks in the examination of the city and its most interesting objects: having been previously provided with the best guides for a traveller—the works of Storch, Svinin, and James, to which were added the Northern Summer of Sir John Carr, Coxe's Travels, and Clarke's Travels. I could add little to the descriptions of Petersburg which have been already given, and therefore shall only allude to my general impressions. This capital has been called the fairest city of the world—and apparently with great judgment. Its splendour far surpassed my brilliant conception inspired by books. The magnificence of its spacious streets—its fine boulevards—its quays, canals, monasteries, and churches, golden spires and domes—the enormous size of its noble edifices—the generally chaste style of its Italian and Greek-Italian architecture—the deep, limpid, and majestic Neva flowing between them—together with the immense variety of colours on every hand—form a most fascinating spectacle. On a charming day I took my seat in the boulevard of the Admiralty, and was highly delighted at the *show* of so many elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen, and of numerous beautiful carriages which passed. I was continually asking myself whether, in reality, this was Petersburg—and the people, the representatives of the “*ferocious barbarians of the North*,”—the real Russians? I would exclaim, they are not—cannot be—until some passing long-bearded uncouth native reminded me of my mistake.

However, I soon discovered that the Russian character, in its purity, was not to be seen at Petersburg, and on that account I curtailed my intended time of residence, with the view of proceeding to the interior. Being furnished with a number of letters of introduction to some of the nobles, I was at once associated with the highest society, and I must say, that I was quite delighted with my reception. Numerous invitations to daily open tables, *soirées*, concerts, balls, *conversazioni*, masquerades, theatres, and parties of pleasure were all extremely agreeable, and my time was passed most charmingly between them and inquiries. I ought to mention, that I am one of those travellers whom Dr. Lyall would class among the *favoured*; whose pictures of society are partial, and only relate to the flower of the Russian nobility; for though I had opportunities of mixing with those of inferior rank, I did not associate with any of them. In the parties where I was, I met cabinet ministers, generals, admirals, governors, princes, counts, barons, *high excellencies*, and excellences beyond number, and especially officers of the army, and a few of those in the navy. I will honestly and fairly confess that I was delighted with the manners of the Russians, and their conduct towards me as a stranger. Their affability, their politeness, their courteousness, and their hospitality quite charmed me. The unaffected, graceful, condescending, and liberal manners of the ladies altogether fascinated me, though I was dead to all other charms; for beauty and elegance of figure do not often present themselves among them. Here, though I entered a house a perfect stranger, I generally left it, as if I had been one of the most intimate friends of its master, or one of its inmates. Here, I found a freedom of

*speech, characteristic of the continent, which pleased my taste, and which put me at my ease on all occasions : circumstances extremely agreeable to a traveller. How much more easy, elegant, and refined are the manners of the Russian ladies than those of Great Britain or Ireland ! They dress more elegantly too, because they follow the most recent Parisian fashions ; their garments are generally of sufficient extension to cover the body, while they admit of graceful motion, but few of them sport their legs, and still fewer their ancles—perhaps because, for the most part, they are clumsy. They spare no expense in decoration. Silks and satins of the most gaudy colours, plumes of feathers, splendid jewels, the most delicious perfumes, and a profusion of *rouge*, are all called to aid the *setting-off* of the few natural charms of the Russian ladies ; and, generally speaking, they have great need of artificial ornament, and wide flowing robes, to impart charms which Nature has denied, and to conceal their general inclination to *embonpoint* or already existing rotundity. I was highly pleased with their society, as a stranger, but their notions of morality seemed too loose to accord with my stern ideas of propriety. I saw not one whom I could have married ; and strange to tell, it rarely happens that an Englishman espouses a Russian, notwithstanding so many of our countrymen reside in Russia, and some of them associate a great deal in Russian society.

So much for the Russians at Petersburg : let us now turn to our countrymen there settled ; the chief part of whom are merchants, but live like noblemen. They have splendid houses, fine horses and carriages—keep good tables—have excellent wines ; and withal are extremely hospitable, a circumstance which is easily explained without supposing, as has been done, that in this they only copied the Russians. Provisions and wines are, comparatively speaking, cheap, as well as the expenses of an establishment. Like all other travellers I frequently dined at the *English Club*, where I passed many pleasant hours with my countrymen, and at a very trifling expense ; and where I met travellers from almost all the nations of Europe, who had been introduced by their friends.

I was a regular attendant at the Exercise-House, where his Imperial Majesty Alexander examines some troops almost every morning, and was astonished at their fine appearance and excellent state of discipline. The reviews which frequently took place in the great area before the winter-palace, were to me a high source of amusement. The excellent condition of the Imperial Guards, horse and foot, as well as of the artillery, altogether surprised me. Such troops can rarely be seen any where. It is but proper to mention, however, that we see the *élite* of the whole Russian army at Petersburg ; and they form regiments of which every nation of Europe might be vain.

I could not but remark the power of despotism in the arrangement for these reviews, and think of the different manner in which things are carried on in Britain. Suppose King George were to wish to have a review of troops once a week at Charing-cross, and were to order the communications by the Strand, by Cockspur-street, and by Parliament-street, to be shut up by means of ropes, and guarded by the police and *gens d'armes* : would he be able to effect his purpose beyond a single time ? The voice of the public would rise omnipotent, and prevent its repetition. But in the north things are differently arranged. The

greatest thoroughfares are shut up time after time at Petersburg, and although all complain of such a nuisance, still the practice is continued, apparently because it *pleases the Emperor*, and because a review in the great place before the winter palace has something in it extremely Imperial. But no free-born individual—no Briton—can be long in the north without discovering the immense value of freedom—of *civil* liberty; for in Russia there is complete religious toleration.

Having seen all the curiosities of Petersburg, and being satisfied that it was not the place to know the Russians, I determined to proceed to the ancient capital. One of my friends greatly hastened my departure, by telling me that the Russian historian, Karamzin, says, "*He who has been at Moscow, knows Russia.*" Having taken my place in the diligence, in little more than four days I reached the great city, which was to be the termination of my travels. The carriage was clumsy, but strong; and the horses, which were furnished by the villagers, ill-looking, tawdry, and miserably harnessed, chiefly with ropes; yet they worked admirably, and we made great progress. We often proceeded at full gallop, which was frequently interrupted by the descents of the coachman to adjust the harness, and of the postilion to put to rights his saddle—this was formed of his sheep-skin pelisse, and a rope thrown across the horse in place of stirrups.

All the novelties on the line of road between Petersburg and Moscow have been treated of by travellers, and to the greatest of them, the *military colonies*, Dr. Lyall has devoted a pamphlet; therefore I shall pass them over in silence.

I had read many accounts of Moscow, and had formed some correct ideas of it from the plates in Lyall's quarto, but the reality surpassed all my imaginations. I was no longer surprised at the enthusiasm with which this author describes it, and now was persuaded that the warmest of his descriptions fell below the reality. I could now also duly appreciate the ardent pride, the proud contemplation of the French, when they beheld this splendid city at their feet, and the immense satisfaction—however delusive—of Napoleon, when he had reached the goal of his ambition—Moscow, *Mother Moscow* (Mat Moskva, as the natives call it)—Moscow with gilded cupolas, the holy city, at the sight of which the peasants, and even many of the nobles, do reverence by crossing themselves and bowing many times. Regarding Moscow I have nothing to add to other ample—indeed too ample—descriptions. My remarks shall be confined to the environs of this capital, which have never been well described in English—or rather, which have never been described at all—and to the customs and manners of the natives, with whom I purposely associated a great deal.

Having been favoured by a friend with a letter of introduction to the Countess Orlof-Tchesmensky, I lost little time in calling at her palace in town, or rather at its extremity, but was mortified to learn that she had already gone to one of her estates, sixteen miles from the city, to pass the summer. I determined to proceed thither, and a carriage being hired, in three hours I was at Ostrof, and met with a very polite reception, an invitation to dinner, and a proposition in the mean time to examine a part of her Excellency's famous stud.

I shall commence my descriptions of the environs of Moscow, by an account of Ostrof.

OSTROF.

Ostrof is situated fourteen miles south-east from Moscow, and rises from the centre of a spacious circular plain into an elevated hill. This seat commands a beautiful view of the surrounding plain, which is watered by the windings of the Moskva river, and skirted by gentle hills, whose sides present a variety of wood, corn fields, and pasture, intermixed with villages; and on the north-east includes Petrovskoyé, the seat of one of the Demidoffs.

Ostrof means island: a name the origin or propriety of which, a stranger on a summer or winter visit would not readily discover. In the spring, by the breaking up of the ice, a great flood of the Moskva river takes place, and the surrounding meadow is inundated. The dwelling-house, the gardens, the adjoining villages, the stables, &c. and a small spot of ground, are now completely insulated; and all communication, for two, three, or four days, is maintained by means of boats; hence the appellation *Ostrof*, or Island.

Ostrof and a number of the adjacent villages belong to the Countess Orlof-Tchesmensky; and it is here she generally spends the summer months; or rather, remains till the first snow falls, or the commencement of winter.

The summer-house is situated on the top of the hill. It is two stories in height: the first is built of stone, and supports a broad wooden balcony or gallery, which surrounds the base of the second story, constructed of wood. It is a very plain but commodious edifice, though small in comparison of the country-seats of most of the higher classes of nobility. Its fine flight of stairs to the north-east, its yellow painted sides and green roof, combined with its high situation, give it an agreeable aspect.

The garden is large, and skirts the sides of the insular hill to the north and east. It is laid out with great taste by a Russian gardener, a slave of the Countess's; though its boundaries are not so well concealed as they ought to be, and the long straight avenue or road to the house is in very bad taste. A white-washed *stone church*, dedicated to the Transfiguration, with a fine high green-topped angular tower, bearing the Cross, together with a low brick belfry on the west, embellish the view of *Ostrof*, and, associated with religious feeling, add a species of beauty, which a Christian alone can feel.

The stables and *manège* occupy two squares; while a third square is allotted to the cattle, among which are many fine cows of English breed.

The stud of Count Orlof-Tchesmensky has long been celebrated. According to Coxe, about the year 1780, the greatest part of the stud was grazing on the plain; it consisted of a considerable number of the finest stallions, and above sixty brood-mares, most of whom had foals. The collection was gleaned from the most distant quarters of the globe, from Arabia, Turkey, Persia, and England. The Count obtained the Arabians during his expedition in the Archipelago; some as presents from Ali-Bey, others by purchase or by conquest from the Turks; among these he chiefly prized four horses, of the true *Cochlean* breed, so much esteemed in Arabia, and so seldom seen out of their native country.* The greatest part of this famous stud has always been, and still is, kept

at the village of Khrenova, in the government of Voroneje, where is an estate of the Countess's with 4000 peasants, and 500 men attached to the establishment for the stud, together with their wives and families. A small but choice part of this stud is to be seen at Ostrof and at Moscow, and it attracts numerous visitors.

Since the death of Count Alexei Orlof-Tchesmensky, the character of the stud has not only been maintained, but raised still higher, and I believe at present it is esteemed the best in Russia.

To her Excellency now belongs one of the most extensive *Konnii Zovodi*, as they are called in Russia, or *horse-manufactories*, in the empire. We have been informed that it lately consisted of 3000 horse, exclusive of a number of fine stallions, some of them British. At present, I believe, the number does not exceed 2000 animals, young and old. Most beautiful riding-horses—famous trotters—fine carriage-horses—and good draught-horses,—displaying the greatest symmetry and elegance—astonishing beauty, agility, and excellence of motion—strength and hardiness—docility, calmness, and patience, are to be seen here. The carriage and draught-horses exhibit an obdurate endurance of the hardships of a rigorous climate, which none but Russian horses could withstand.

Ostrof, with the surrounding villages, is one of the most valuable estates in the vicinity of Moscow. Few spots are so well adapted by Nature for forming a beautiful, extensive, and productive farm and dairy.

The meadow is irrigated in the spring by the overflowing of the Moskva river, and without trouble annually produces enormous crops of hay formed of natural grasses. Were part of the estate properly cleared, drained, tilled, and manured, and the natural grasses intermixed with or superseded by better and more productive kinds, here might be produced abundant crops of corn, hay, potatoes, carrots, turnips, &c. all of excellent quality, especially in such a climate as that of Moscow, where, after the commencement of vegetation, the fruits of the earth are so rapidly matured. The pastures would then produce good and rich milk, from which, in the hands of a proper person, could be made excellent butter and cheese. Indeed, that the dairy might be carried to perfection here is proved by the fact, that, in the hands of a Russian woman, good though not very rich butter is already made at Ostrof.

We returned to the house and partook of an elegant dinner, which was well served up. The crowd of servants in attendance quite astonished me. Eight individuals sat at table, and I believe above twenty lacqueys were employed to wait upon them. Among the dishes, sour-cabbage soup, called *stchec*, small meat pies which are eaten with it or with any soup, and salted cucumbers which are served up with the roast, were the national dishes of which I shared; but what most pleased me was a pot full of delicious stewed mushrooms, of which the Russians consume enormous quantities. In former days, a band of forty musicians daily played while stationed before the house in fine weather, during dinner; but the Countess has of late become extremely serious, and has given most of them their liberty—for they were all her slaves. But her noble style of living is described by Dr. Lyall in his History of Moscow, and also in the appendix to his travels, which contains an account of the Orlof family.

With the mention of a circumstance which alludes to a national custom, I shall conclude what I have to say of Ostrof.

The Countess very frequently rides into the woods, accompanied by her female companion and a number of servants, for the purpose of collecting mushrooms; and it was part of the fruits of one of these excursions I partook. Mushrooms form such a very dainty dish, that we may well be surprised that no more attention is paid to them in our island. In Russia, every child, every peasant, every individual, is familiar with the *edible* and the *poisonous* species, because they are taught to collect them in their earliest days. Dr. Lyall has given a catalogue of about forty edible species, or at least those found to be so in Russia, in the appendix to his history of Moscow; and he has alluded to the various modes of preserving them and of cooking them. They are either dried, pickled, or salted, and are cooked in different ways—stewed, roasted, and mixed with sauces. In all these ways I found them delicious. The quantity and variety of mushrooms which are exposed early in the morning in the great market of Moscow, called the *Ochotnoi Riad*, astonish the stranger. Not only baskets-full but cart-loads are remarked, and they are often procured at a very low price.

In going to Ostrof I had taken the road by the *Spass na Novo monastery*; but it was proposed to return by a different road, to see two of the most distinguished places in the neighbourhood of Moscow.

After a charming ride of a few miles I reached *Tsaritsino Selo*, commonly called Tsaritsin, an imperial villa, which well merits the name, and which occupies one of the finest situations near the metropolis. It stands near the rivulet Gorodenka, nine or ten versts from Moscow; and was bought by the Empress Catherine the Second, from Prince Kantemir, who became one of Russia's sweetest poets. The palace and other buildings were erected, and the gardens formed, between the years 1780–90, for her Imperial Majesty; who is said, when on a visit, to have been with great cause so disgusted with the former, that immediately the work ceased from being carried on, and the palace never has been finished.

This palace is large, and two stories high, with clumsy pavilions at regular intervals along its front. It is built of brick, quite in the Turkish taste, and is heavy and encumbered. A number of smaller detached brick structures in the same stile, besides a church in front, surround the principal edifice, and are dispersed among the plantations.

The situation of Tsaritsin is elevated and romantic: a large sheet of water divided by sluices into numerous lakes, at various heights, which are abundant in fish, surround it on the west and north. These lakes are fringed with wood, behind which are gentle elevations skirted with plantations, through which *perspectives*, or avenues, have been ingeniously introduced so as to diversify the scenery and extend the view. On the east and south, Tsaritsin is backed by extensive and dense forests.

The gardens of Tsaritsin are in capital repair. Fine gravel walks wind to immense distances among the plantations and woods, and over fine slopes, and by the banks of numerous small lakes. Temples, hermitages, grottoes, bridges, and islands, all contribute their share to the beauties of Nature.

In summer, especially on Sundays, numbers of visitors are attracted to this fine villa, who often carry their provisions with them, and spend the day by walking in the gardens, amusing themselves in the woods,

and partaking of the fine fruit sold here at a moderate price, as well as of other refreshments. The stranger will do well to attend one of these assemblages on a Sunday, when he will have an opportunity of acquiring much knowledge of the national customs.

Another ride of a few versts brought us to *Kolomenskoye Selo*, or the village Kolomenskoye, which claims the disputed honour of being the birth-place of Peter the Great,—an honour of which the inhabitants, even the meanest peasants, feel justly proud. Kolomenskoye stands at the distance of six or seven versts from the *Serpuchovskaya Zastava* or barrier of Moskva, on a beautiful and elevated situation, near the bottom of which the Moskva river makes a semicircular winding, and from which is a commanding and extensive view of the environs, varied by hill and dale, woods, pastures, and corn-fields. From hence there is also a fine view of Moscow.

The short distance of Kolomenskoye from the capital, and its delightful situation, pointed out this spot as eligible for a royal residence. Accordingly a palace of considerable extent, with a number of offices, was erected of wood upon a stone foundation, in the year 1672. The Tsar Alexei Michailovitch often came to Kolomenskoye for bird shooting, &c. and it was the favourite *Gubilistché* or public promenade and place of amusement of some of the other ancient Tsars. On account of its age, the palace was demolished in the year 1768, except some of the adjoining buildings; and by order of Catherine II. in the year 1767, a three-story palace was erected, of which the lowest was constructed of stone, and the two superior stories of wood. At this time Kolomenskoye had five fruit-gardens. That palace is now also laid in ruins, and, except a small part of the walls and the gates, no traces of its ancient dignity remain.

In Kolomenskoye Selo are three churches:—one with five domes, dedicated to the Kasanskaya, Mother of God, with two pridels, or chapels; the second, to the Ascension of our Lord. Both of these are court churches. The third or parish-church, has the name of the great martyr George. One of these temples has a high tower or dome, which is conspicuous from great distances. There are also here two belfries; the one belongs to the Kasanskaya church, and the second to the two other churches. The gardens are very large, and contain a vast abundance of fruit-trees sadly in want of trimming; they are now converted into kitchen gardens, except a small spot which is kept in good order, which has a number of gravel walks, and points itself out by a number of conical-shaped pine-trees. Kolomenskoye still belongs to the Emperor. The village is of considerable size, and built of wood.

At the village of Fuchol, at a short distance from Kolomenskoye, the falcons of the crown were formerly kept; but at present little attention is paid to falconry in Russia; while, by late accounts, it appears to be re-establishing itself in Great Britain.

THE PAST ETERNITY.

He stood upon a craggy shore,
 Not of the earthly deep;
 Where waves in elemental roar
 Know not the rest of sleep;
 He stood beside a wider wave
 Than ever was the seaman's grave,
 The motionless and leaden sea
 Of the long past eternity.

He saw no vessel moving there,
 No bark upon the tide,
 That heavy lay in thick black air,
 Hiding its bound'ry wide,
 And darkening from the silent shore
 The dead, dead waters evermore—
 He saw but one sad object there,
 The grave of hope as of despair.

No wreck lay on its silent strand,
 It there no fragment threw;
 O'er all that perish'd from the land
 Its sluggish wave it drew;
 Whelm'd them unfathomably deep
 Mid an illimitable sleep;
 And nothing e'er emerged again,
 Or left a ripple on that main.

He stood upon the shuddering shore,
 Void, calm, dim, desolate,
 Till deeper shades the wave came o'er,
 And shadows small and great,
 Like the Morgana ofimes cast—
 Formless and few in gloom they past,—
 Upward reflected from below
 In the sea's depth, they come and go.

They were but shapes of dimness, weak
 As outline of a dream,
 Yet were they all his eye could take
 Unwhelm'd in that black stream,
 Of former worlds, and thoughts, and man,
 That were and ne'er should be again—
 The all of what full soon will be
 Our semblance to posterity.

The gazer saw—his heart was sad;
 He view'd that ocean with despair;
 He murmur'd not, but, mournful, clad
 In resignation linger'd there
 One little hour, until the tide
 Rose o'er him, and he tranquil died,
 And with the *nameless* in that sea,
 Forgotten sank and pass'd away!

OLD DUBLIN. BY LADY MORGAN.

Full of state and ancients.—SHAKESPEARE.

THE ford of the hurdles! The town of the ford of the hurdles! The brow of the hazel-wood!!! The place of the black channel!!!!* It would be difficult to trace, in the barbarous simplicity of such descriptive epithets, any sketch or rudiment of the modern and beautiful capital "of the most unhappy country in the world." Such, however, were the primitive, and not unpoetical names of the Irish metropolis,—names which go near to overturn "the golden palace of Tara," to level the marble wonders of Emania,† and scarcely to leave a stick or stone together of that "superb edifice" Rath-Eochaiaith—the royal seat of the supreme kings of Connaught.‡ Annals and annalists have, however, asserted, (what in Ireland it is deemed anti-patriotism to doubt,) that the Milesians, immediately on their settling in the country, having cleared away the woods, and placed agriculture upon a footing to which the new light of modern times is but "a darkness visible," erected "sumptuous edifices;"§ which is the less to be wondered at, when it is known that they had, *en passant*, built the city of Braganza, and studied the principles of architecture under the first pyramid builders or Wyatvilles of Egypt.

It is, however, on historic record, that Henry the Second (as a *galanterie de sa part*) erected a royal palace in Dublin, "with uncommon elegance, in the Irish fashion (*ad modum patrie illius*), of smoothed wattles, in which, with the kings and princes of Ireland, he solemnized the festival of his first Christmas in Ireland."|| It is probable that wattle architecture was long the Irish Doric order, and that the heroes of the

* Drumchallcorl, Ath-Cliath, Ballyathcliath, and Dubh-lin, or Deblana.

† The "Regia Sedes Ultimorum."—*See O'Halloran*.

‡ "The palaces of our ancient kings were highly celebrated for their magnificence and the taste of their decorations."—*O'Halloran's Antiquities of Ireland*.

Mr. O'Halloran gives a list of the names of the state-apartments of the Irish royal palaces, which may stand a comparison with those of the Louvre or Versailles. "Besides the palace of Tara, of which the *Nordquarta* was but a state form, there were others erected for the reception of the different provincial kings (*Salle des Rois*): Griannan-na-Ninghean was the palace where the provincial queens were entertained. Realla ne Thileadth was the place appointed for the judges, poets, antiquaries, and other literati, &c. &c. *Caircer ne N'Guall* was the state prison, where were lodged the hostages which the Emperor (O'Connor) took from such of the princes whose fidelity he doubted." This *Carcere duro* of the Irish Emperor smells a little of the regime of the Austrian Emperor; however, Mr. O'Halloran assures us, that many of the principal *Irish Carbonari* of those times claimed and obtained an old hereditary privilege, "Not to wear any kind of shackles but such as were of gold—hence Or-gi, or the Golden Hostage."—*Antiquities of Ireland*.

§ Cambrensis, Chap. 93.

|| Patrick Finglass Loquire, chief baron of the Irish Exchequer in the reign of Henry the Eighth, to show his loyalty, and to encourage the King to conquer Ireland all over again, (for it appears that the "*Irish nation*," and particularly the "*Irish lordes and gentlemen*," were then so rebellious, that all the *londe* was of *Irish sale*") points out various facilities of doing so; and incidentally bears testimony to the low state of architecture in Ireland at the time of the English invasion. "Englishmen have grete advantage to get this *londe* now, which they had not at the conquest; for at that tyme there was not in all Ireland, out of city's, five castles ne piles, and now there be five hundred castles or piles." These castles or piles were all "*English built*," and here mentioned as so many fortresses devoted to the great cause of Irish destruction.

Fionne Erin, the Ossians, the Fingals, and their successors, the O's and the Macs, occupied pretty much such dwellings as are inhabited by their genuine descendants, the Irish peasantry, of the present day. Be it, however, some solace to national vanity, to learn, that the rude small grey stone towers, of tenure and defence, raised by the English invaders, were scarcely a degree less barbarous than the fabrics of twigs and hurdles built by the invaded: and this too, when the Medici, the Strozzi, and Frangipani, the free and anti-feudal citizens of Italy, were erecting their marble and domestic palaces, which are, at this day, the admiration and the wonder of the enlightened world.

The town of the hurdles, on its Dublin or black ford, with its huts of twigs, and humble and unassuming architecture, attracted the special protection of Heaven, at a very early period of its existence; "for," says Father Jocelyn in his life of the patron and chief of all Irish saints, "St. Patrick, departing from the borders of Meath, and directing his steps towards Leinster, passing the river Finglass, came to a certain hill, almost a mile distance from Ath-cleath, 'the place of the ford,' now called Dublin, and casting his eyes about the place and the land circumjacent, he broke forth into this prophecy: This small village (Dublin) shall hereafter become an eminent city; it shall increase in riches, and in dignities, until at length it shall be lifted up into the throne of the kingdom."

It appears, therefore, that the present glory and splendour of Dublin is of divine origin, referable to none of the laws and circumstances which govern the ordinary progress of cities and societies, but in direct opposition to them all; and as it flourishes in its present beauty and extension, it is an effect without cause: a standing miracle!*

Increased in dignities! lifted up into the throne of the kingdom!

* On the taking of Dublin, however, by Earl Strongbow and his traitorous ally Dermot M'Murragh, king of Leinster, it is said by the curious historiographer of the Irish King, "The soldiers got good spoils, for the citizens were rich." All these citizens were put to the sword by the advice of the King of Leinster, whose motive for undertaking the siege was the mortal hatred he bore them; "For his father being one time at Dublin, and sitting at the door of an ancient man of the city (an humble and patriarchal position for a king) they (the citizens) not only murdered him, but in contempt buried him with a dog." It cannot too often be pressed upon the modern Irish, that the misfortunes of their ancestors were most invariably the fault of their *disunions*; and that Ireland's worst foes, from the English conquest effected by one Irishman, to that, her second conquest—the union—effected by another, have always been found among her own sons.

† "Maurice Regan: his History of the Invasion," was translated by a contemporary, "his familiar acquaintance," into French metre. Of the French spoken at that time by the Fitzgeralds, the De Montemorisicos, De Uogans, De Courceys, and De Lacey's, the following program of O'Regan's history is a curious specimen:

"Parsoen demande latinoner
 L'moi conta de fin historie
 Dunt far ici la memorie
 Morice Regan iret celui
 Buche à buche parla alui
 Mi cest gest endeta
 L'estoria de lui me Mostra
 Jeil Morice oret Latianer
 Al Rei re marcheo
 Sic certai del Bachuller, del Rei Dermodvons soit conten."

one part of the Saint's prophecy alone remains unfulfilled—"increase of riches!!"

But as Rome was not built in a day, neither was Dublin; and though in the tenth century it was pompously designated "the most noble city" by King Edgar, which, saith he, "with all the kingdoms, and the islands of the ocean, I have by the most propitious grace of God the thunderer, subdued under my power;" (for the kings of the tenth, like the kings of the nineteenth century, held "*le même jargon par le même propos*,") still this "most noble city" was deemed of so little consequence by the English invaders, that Henry the Second gave it to his good subjects of Bristol, as a sort of "*Etrenne*," or new year's gift.

The first symptom of the accomplishment of St. Patrick's prophecy exhibited itself in the erection, by the English government, of a strong fortress, called "the Castel of Dublin," erected, says the patent, "for the defence of the English entered in Ireland,"—a purpose to which it has been most religiously applied ever since.

If the first lay building of lime and stone erected in Ireland obtained the name of the "wonderful castle,"* the admiration of the simple inhabitants of Dublin may be easily imagined, when, in the midst of their dens of wicker and hurdles, they beheld the gradual elevation of a castle "with stone walls, gate-towers, portcullis, and courtines, a donjon for a state prison, and a waste parcel of land lying round about it;" in a word, just such a *quartier-general* of despotism, just such a *depôt* of suspicious power, as may be seen, in the present day, in almost all the frontier towns of continental Europe, but more particularly in Austrian Italy, where the relics of feudality are carefully preserved, under the special care of the imperial "*custode*" of that "royal antiquarian society"—the Holy Alliance.

Still, however, with the exception of its fortress castle, and of its ecclesiastical edifices, which for the times were sumptuous and numerous, the Irish metropolis, down to the latter end of the sixteenth century, continued a city of mud and hurdles, unable to furnish forth a commodious or secure residence for the English chief governor, and other English officials, who with their suite of retainers, their guards and councils, were lodged and quartered in the stately halls of the abbeyes and monasteries of the capital; which thus imaged the ancient power and wealth of the church of Ireland, as the huts of wicker and hovels of sedge figured the subjection and dependence of the people.

It was in oratories and refectories that the collective wisdom of the nation then assembled, that armed senators took their seats, in the face of cowed monks and hooded friars (of whom it was impossible to clear the gallery when abbots sat on the woosack, and the crosier was the mace.) It was along "long sounding aisles and intermingled graves" that some made their speeches, and others made their souls; while the indissoluble union of church and state was typified by mitred peers pairing off with mailed commoners; and some patriot proser, a Geraldine or a De Courcey, got on his legs to tell them "right plainly and sharply of their unfitting demeaning," and threatened if they did not mend their manners "that they would become Irish *every of them*,"—without the least regard to the house, or fear of being called to order.

Churches and cloisters were then the scenes of all the ceremonies and pageantry, which in modern times are exhibited in palaces and courts.* It was in Christ Church that Lord Deputy Kildare did homage, and took the oath of office to Sir Richard Edgewood,† the king's minister, and went in state from thence to St. Thomas's Abbey, (O'Neil carrying the sword before him) in which abbey he entertained the nobility and king's commission.

* The state of the neighbourhood of the capital in the latter end of the 16th century, is curiously depicted by an item in the laws, viz. "That the deputy be eight days in every summer cutting *PASSES* of the woods next adjoining the King's subjects, which shall be thought most needful." A "newe ditche" was then an improvement, which brought some MacAdam of the age emolument and promotion; and the boldly cut "passes" of Powerscourt, Streanloragh, Branwallegangry, and others in the viciage of the pale, were then deemed as important, and now sound as classical in the ears of the true Irish antiquary, as that of Thermopylæ. "*Och ye've sould the pass,*" is an ancient Irish figure of speech applied to some real or supposed traitor to "*th' ould cause.*"

† "The seyd Sir Richard landed at Malahide, and there a gentlewoman called Talbot, received hym, and made him right good cheer;‡ and the same day at afternoon, the Bushopp of Meath, John Streete, and others, came to Malahide afore-said, well accompanied, and fetched the seyd Sir Richard to Dublyn, and at his coming thither the mayor and substance of the citty received hym at the Black fryars gate, at which Black fryars the seyd Sir Richard was lodged."—*Sir Richard Edgromb's Voyage to Ireland, 1788.* The Black fryars was a Dominican abbey, near the old bridge, where King's Inn now stands.

"The seyd Sir Richard, at the desire of the seyd Erle, went to the monastery of St. Thomas the martyr, where the lords and counsell were assembled, and ther in a great chambir, callid the King's chambir, the seyd Sir Richard took homage, first of the seyd Erle, and after that of othir lordes, whose names be written hereafter in the boke; and this done, the seyd Erle went into a chambir, wher the seyd Sir Richard's chaplain was of masse, and in the masse time, the seyd Erle was shriven and assoiled from the excommunication that he stood in by the virtue of the Pope's Bull, and befor the Agnus of the seyd masse, the host divided into thre partes, the priest turned him from the altar, holding the seyd thre partes of the host upon the pattege, and ther in the presense of many persons, the seyd Erle, holding his right hand over the holy host, made his holy oath of ligeance unto our soverain Lord Kyng Henry 7th in such form as was afore devised; and in like wise the Bushoppes and Lordes, as appeareth hereafter, made like onths; and that done, and the masse endid, the seyd Erle, with the seyd Sir Richard, Bushoppes and Lordes, went into the church of the seyd monastery, and in the choir thereof the Archbishop of Dublin began Te Deum, and the choir with the organs sung it up, solemnly, and that tyme all the bells in the church rang. This done the Erle and most part of the seyd lordes went with the seyd Sir Richard into his lodging and dined with hym, and had right good cheer; and the seyd Sir Richard at their making of the seyd Erle's homage put a collar of the King's livery about the seyd Erle's neck, which he wore throughout the seyd citty of Dublyn, both outward and homeward."

It is worthy to observe, that the descendants of the gentlemen who had large estates in the county of Dublin at this period, and who came into Dublin to do homages to the "*King's deputy*" in the fifteenth century, are in the actual possession of those estates at the present day; for instance, "Item—Peter Talbot Knight, Lord of Malahide, at the monastery of our Lady St. Mary, Dévelin (Dublin), made both his homage and fealty."

"The same day, William St. Lawrence of Houth, fesit fidelitatem : Item, Barnabas Barnwell."

"Item, Sir J. Plunket, Lord of Dunsany, and Christopher Bellew, of Bellewstown," &c. &c.

‡ The room where "Sir Richard" received his "*good den*" from the hospitable Lady of Malahide, stands at this day in high preservation. Its lofty and impregnable walls, its fine rafted roof of black Irish oak, still enshrine the same spirit of hospitality that distinguished their noble masters in the 14th century.

It was in the spacious apartments of the priory of Kilmainham, that the Lord Deputy Sussex held his vice-regal court, and received the homage of Irish toparchs, and English Pale-lords; and that mirror of magistrates, and model of Irish viceroys, Sir Henry Sidney, having landed at Monkstown, and stopped to take a stirrup cup "*at the house of one Fitzwilliam of Merryon*," entered the city in state, and "proceeded forthwith to his lodging in St. Mary's Abbey."

Many of the great monasteries had then their "chamber of presence," or "the king's chamber;" and "the commons' house" was an epithet applied to an old apartment in the cathedral of St. Patrick, even down to those times when a House of Commons had ceased to exist in the realm.

The dissolution of all monasteries, and the forfeiture, or rather the transfer, of their immense revenues to the ecclesiastical princes of the new church, at the time of the Reformation, dissolved the rites of hospitality between abbots and viceroys; the latter of whom, probably, long lamented the loss of that "right good cheer," which the jovial monks of Kilmainham and St. Mary's so sumptuously dispensed. Sir Henry Sydney, however, was the first lord deputy who removed from his "snug lying in the abbey," and took up his residence in the "castel." Previous to his departure, he took special care to erect "certaine lodgings, and other fair and necessary roulmes, both for a convaynient plaice for the lord deputy, and receaving of ony government hereafter, as for the better and more commodious resort and assembling of the councaill, and greater ease of all suitors, boath rich and poore, which heretofore were accustomed to travail to and from plaices, both farder distant, and less commodious for the dispatch of their causes; and for the keeping of the said house and roulmes newly erected, and sweeping and keeping clane the walkes upon the walls and platforms, as for the tending and keeping of the clock within the castel, an honest, careful, and dilligent person was appoynted, with the fee or enter-tycnment of sixteen pence currant money of Ireland per day, and withall a convaynient roulme for his lodging within the sayd castel at the assignment of the governour for the tyme being."

Ye ploughers of the half-acre of modern times, behold here in the "suitors boath rich and poore," that haunted the castel in Elizabeth's day, the antiquity of your vocation! and you, ye exclusive elegants of Almack's, ye dandy *habitués* of Brookes's, who canvass the official dignities of the Irish vice-regal household with "all appliances and means to boot," behold in the "honest, careful, and dilligent person," who "kept the roulmes and walkes of the castel clane," and wound up the clock into the bargain for sixteen pence a day current money,—behold the origin and type of your controllerships, your stewardships, and your chamberlainships, and of all those splittings and splicings of an homely office, which once included all your several services!*

* Item, Christopher Barnewell, Lord of Tremlestown." The professed Irish antiquaries well call these families interlopers, new settlers, and "boddie sassoni," English churls; and there is no disputing that their tenures are not above six hundred years old.

* It is but fair to say, that this remark is the pure abstraction of patriotism; for however multiplicity of official places may deserve to be cried down upon a general principle, the private society of Dublin stands largely indebted to the English gen-

Still, however, even in the reign of Elizabeth, and down to that of her successor James, with the exception of the "fair houses" and castles built of stone and lime, by the lords of the pale, and the ecclesiastical palaces raised by the wealthy church, the city of St. Patrick's prophecy and promise made but little progress in architectural splendour.

The hovels of mud and wattles were, indeed, exchanged for houses of cage-work and timber, and covered with tiles and shingles. But the arts of peace, an unshackled commerce, the protection of the laws, and above all, an equal distribution of justice, religious tolerance, and national unity, the source of all social improvement, and the basis of solid settlements, commodious and permanent dwellings, were still withheld from that unhappy country, for which no truce from suffering had yet existed. The burghers of the capital were in perpetual conflict with the bordering enemies,* or in resistance to the encroachments of the church on personal property.

The mass of the natives without the pale, warring, flitting, fighting, shifting, hiding, pursuing or pursued, now pouring down upon the capital from their mountains in its neighbourhood, now beaten back to their impervious fastness, (their only fortress and security,) now taking "Irish leave" and bravely attacking their oppressors, now "coming in," falling on their knees, at the feet of the representatives of English sovereigns,—the mass of the natives were thus kept at bay from all social improvement, and were thrown beyond the pale of civilized and commodious existence, as they were placed beyond the political boundary of good laws and wise government.†

If in the reign of Charles the First‡ the citizens of Dublin began

Ulemen who fill them, for the educated minds and polished manners they contribute to the social weal.

* The septs of the O'Burns, O'Tooles, and Archibalds. The citizens of Dublin had not only to stand on the defensive against the church, in their own cause, but frequently to fight for one holy order against another. In 1506 the prior of Kilmainham attempted forcibly to take some loads of hay from the Dominicans of Dublin, but the mayor and commoners assembling together in favour of the friars, rescued the hay and drove the prior into Kilmainham. "The abbot of St. Thomas and the citizens of Dublin were perpetually at fusty-cuffs about a toll-booth; but the Church had its revenge, for a citizen having shot a random arrow, struck the image in the rood-loft at St. Patrick's, during a riot in the church between the Kildares and the Ormonds; the Pope only absolved them by the penance of the mayor and corporation, who in detestation of the feat, and to keep up the memory of it for ever, were to walk barefooted through the city in procession before the sacrament of Corpus-Christi day yearly."

† Whenever the citizens of Dublin (who in their corporate capacity were always devoted to the dominant interest) had nothing else to do, they went out a "hosting" against their country neighbours, headed by some lord of the pale, or lord deputy, and pillaged, burnt, and spoiled all before them. Thus in 1505, "The mayor of Dublin, with Walter Peppa and Maurice Colton, bailiffs, marched out at the command of the Earl of Kildare, Lord Deputy, to Ballaghasped, against O'Carroll, whom they harassed and destroyed, and then returned to Dublin." The unfortunate borderers occasionally made reprisals, and the septs of the O'Burnes and the O'Tooles, invading the pale forts of Fassagarde and Bathcool, struck terror into the citizens of Dublin, "as well by their number, as their policies in laying ambushes up and down the woods of Glendolary, on the south side of the city of Dublin."

‡ In the reign of Charles the First, gardens, spaces of ground, and thatched houses, were to be seen within the narrow compass of the walls of Dublin.

to exhibit some improvement in architecture and accommodation, still the rebellion of 1641, the civil wars of the Commonwealth, the struggles of the houses of Stuart and Orange, and above all, and worse than all, the ferocious penal codes and paralysing statutes of Queen Anne and the two first Georges, produced the same effect on the material and physical aspect of the capital and country, as on the moral, social, and political existence of the people. In all its bearings civilization was retarded; and in the early part of the eighteenth century Dublin was one of the most dilapidated, antiquated, and least commodious cities in Europe. It was, indeed, the reverse of that modish and well-worn figure of an oasis in a desert; it was a piggery in a paradise. Embosomed in picturesque mountains and luxuriant woods, watered by a noble river, and commanding its own magnificent bay, still it looked like some City of the Plague of Asiatic climes, where Nature and man are ever at variance.

The narrow lanes, shut-up closes, and pent-in courts, were calculated only to nourish disease and perpetuate infection. Even towards the middle of the eighteenth century, when the slow dropping off of one penal infliction after another gave some free breathing to the natural energies of the country, and permitted some effort at improvement in the wretched people, Dublin, with the exception of a few well laid out and spacious streets, had made such little progress, in spite of the prophecy of St. Patrick, that it was compared by a voracious and impartial traveller of that time, to "the worst part of St. Giles's in London;"* its streets ill-paved, and worse lighted, its raised flags few, and incumbered with bulks, its quays but partially banked in, its police neglected, and filth every where accumulated, rendered the ways impassable, and the air noxious.

The causes which had so long weighed down upon the material and moral improvement of the metropolis, were still more disgustingly obvious on the majority of its population. The lower classes, that crawled forth from their dens and alleys, † exhibited the most painful appearance; and at that early period of the day, when the wealthy and luxurious had not yet issued forth to chequer the general wretchedness with images of wealth and splendour, it would have seemed to a

* "You may conceive what the style of building was here formerly, when I tell you that the mansion-house of the lord mayor is a brick house of two stories with windows of but two panes breadth in each."—*Philosophical Survey of Ireland*, 1775. At this time, with the exception of Leinster and Charlemont House, both then recently finished, there were but two or three houses of hewn stone in Dublin; and Dr. Campbell observes, that "almost all the tolerable houses and streets have been built within forty years;"† say from the year 1735 to 1775.

† A sort of bird's eye view may always be taken of the moral state of a country by the appearances of the street population, and the lower orders. "I cannot describe to you," says Dr. Campbell, "how much I was hurt by the nastiness of the streets (Dublin) and by the squalid appearance of the *canaille*: the vast inferiorities of the lower ranks in Dublin compared even with those of the country towns in England is very striking. Seldom do they shave, and when they do, it is but to unmask the traces of meagreness and ferocity. Here, to be sure, you meet some splendid equipages, and a large suite of lackeys after a sedan chair; and you frequently meet faces fair enough to make Circassia gaze; but all these scarcely compensate for the painful sensations produced by the general mass." What a picture!—drawn too from the life. Such were the results of the penal lash in the middle and towards the close of the eighteenth century.

stranger's eye, as if all the prisons and lazar-houses of the realm had emptied their cells and wards into the filthy avenues of the Irish capital. From two to three thousand professed mendicants then daily swarmed forth, with malady stamped on their squalid visages, while want or vice, famine or inebriety,* maddened them into vociferous cravings, or blasphemous imprecations. Thronging more particularly round the doors of the Catholic gentry (whose mistaken charity, in this instance, has ever served to perpetuate street-beggary), they impeded the threshold of business, infected the avenues of pleasure, and presented one of the most fearful and obvious results of that fatal policy, which reduced the nation to a state vibrating between the extremes of a debasing mendicancy and a vicious and overwhelming opulence.

A step above this unhappy order in *caste*, though differing from it but little in appearance, stood at the corner of every street and court incorporated groups of professed humourists, the conservators of that wit which is supposed to be the indigenous produce of the soil, who, scattering about in prodigal profusion lamp-black and lampoons, and who, steeped to the eyes in mud and merriment, obtained no small celebrity among the genuine lovers of low but racy humour, by the style and title of his majesty's black-guards, or the company of shoe-blacks.

Like the *For's de la Halle* of Paris, the shoe-blacks of Dublin went for something in every city ceremony; and the names of two of their chiefs† are scarcely yet obliterated from the *Fasti Dublinenses* of wit and humour. Superior in *grade* to all others of the street population of Dublin (in the middle of the last century), and eminently influential in their vocation, were the hawkers of fly-sheets, or news criers,‡ who like the *colporteurs* of Paris of the same day, crowded the steps of every public building, "*les nouvelles à la main*," and slyly circulated publications, which by being placed on the *Index Expurgatorius* of the constituted authorities of the day, no regular bookseller or printer would venture to vend. The fate of George Faulkner had produced a general intimidation at an epoch when the liberty of the press in Ireland was, like all other liberty, in abeyance; and this order of men, whose cries rendered the streets of Dublin noisy as those of Naples, and whose verbal eulogium of their literary and political ware, might have rivalled the art of puffing, as practised by the first-rate London booksellers of modern times—this class, if not founded, was at least reformed, and regularly and systematically organized, by that idol of all

* The government have always sacrificed the health and morals of the lower orders in Ireland, to the supposed interests of the exchequer. In 1685 Sir William Petty relates, that in Dublin, "where there are but four thousand families, there are 1,271 ale-houses and brew-houses."

† Waddy and Paddy Oughy's frequently pitting against each other "the keen encounter of their wits," finally led to an encounter in which Waddy fell by the hand of Oughy, who suffered in consequence the penalty of the laws.

‡ "The hawkers of news and cleaners of shoes fill up the measure of the apparent poverty in Dublin. The filth of their bodies is offensive, their manners shocking, their outrages upon decency disgusting, and their several cries, infinitely more sonorous than the English, tingle in the ears with all the enraging variations of the brogue."—CAMPBELL.

the lower classes of the Irish, Dean Swift.* He, who wrote for the common people, wisely made use of the cheapest mediums for distributing productions beneficial to the country at large, and calculated to go home to men's hearts and businesses of whatever class or rank. The "*Drapier's Letters*" were cried and sold by the hawkers of Dublin at a penny a-piece: every one who could read, read the Drapier's Letters, and those who could not, paused in the highways and public places, to listen to their *abrégé*, tolled out humbrously in the slang brogue of Dublin by the criers and hawkers who distributed them not only through the streets of the metropolis, but through the kingdom, where they were to be seen in all houses and cabins pasted against the walls, with "Don Bellianis of Greece," "The seven wise Maesters," "Black-eyed Susan," and "The last speeches and dying declarations of those who trusted they had not sin'd in vain."† It was the writings of Swift and Molyneux (whose politics were not less revered by the Irish, than the morality of Confucius by the Chinese) that first dispelled the dense cloud that hung upon the national mind by the gloomy overshadowing of the penal laws. They first let in some gleam of illumination upon the dark and brooding spirit of the nation, long steeped in the inertness of hopeless despondency. It was in vain that the book of Molyneux was burnt by the hands of the common hangman in Dublin, and that the Dean of St. Patrick's was punished in the incarcerated person of his devoted and patriotic bookseller: the disciples of these two illustrious patriots and of their doctrines increased (as in cases of all martyrdom) by perseverance; and while the Dublin hawkers cried and sold their works, the minds even of the lowest and most degraded order were enlightened, "*sans s'en douter*," and the national intellect was prepared to receive those seeds of freedom which burst into such vigorous blow in after-times, and led to the Irish hegira, the glorious and immortal 1782. In the middle of the last century, even the most trading streets of a capital which possesses one of the finest ports in Europe, exhibited but few images to cheer the eye, or exhilarate the heart; while penal disability, like an incubus, hovered over all. The little movement visible, even in the most commercial avenues, was like the drowsy rotation of some wheel of a ponderous machine, when the power

* Like all genuine Irish patriots, Swift was too indignant, too mortified at the state of Ireland, and the submissive degradation of her sons, to flatter her: he did more—he wrote for her, served her, and enlightened her; and that at the moment when, in the irritation of disappointed patriotism, he was wont to exclaim, "*I am not of this vile country*."

† Dr. Campbell makes a fearful addition to this picture of the lower orders of Dublin in the middle of the eighteenth century, when the penal statutes were in their fullest vigour, and ere one link had been knocked off the chain of enslaved Catholics. He describes bands of female harpies, covered with tattered weeds, the most horrid miscreants that ever degraded human nature—"With vociferations that would startle deafness, and execrations that would appal blasphemy, they celebrate their night orgies, to the reproach of magistracy, the scandal of decency, and the terror of sobriety.‡ Leaguéd with these are bands of robbers who infest this ill policed city, and render it dangerous to the passengers who walk at night. My banker recommended to me a lodging in Capel-street, near Essex bridge, assigning this reason, that as it was the most public part of the town, I was in less danger of being robbed on coming home late, for it seems that even two chairmen are not a sufficient protection."

‡ See Barrack-street in 1825.

THE BARD'S PROPHECY.*

Ne'er err'd the prophet heart that Grief inspired,
Though Joy's illusions mock their votarist.

MATURIN.

A sound of music o'er the deep green hills,
Came suddenly, and died ; a fitful sound
Of mirth, soon lost in wail. Again it rose,
And sank in mournfulness.—There sat a bard,
By a blue stream of Erin, where it swept
Flashing through rock and wood : the sunset's light
Was on his wavy silver-gleaming hair,
And the wind's whisper in the mountain-ash
Whose clusters droop'd above. His head was bow'd,
His hand was on his harp, yet thence its touch
Had drawn but broken strains ; and many stood
Waiting around, in silent earnestness,
Th' unchaining of his soul, the gush of song :
Many and graceful forms : yet one alone
Seem'd present to his dream, and she indeed,
With her pale virgin brow, and changeful cheek,
And the clear starlight of her serious eyes,
Lovely amidst the flowing of dark locks,
And pallid braiding flowers, was beautiful,
Ev'n painfully !—a creature to behold
With trembling midst our joy, lest aught unscen
Should waft the vision from us, leaving earth
Too dim, without its brightness !—Did such fear
O'ershadow, in that hour, the gifted one,
By his own rushing stream ?—Once more he gazed
Upon the radiant girl, and yet once more,
From the deep chords his wandering hand brought out
A few short festive notes, an opening strain
Of bridal melody, soon dash'd with grief,
As if some wailing spirit in the strings
Met and o'ermaster'd him : but yielding then
To the strong prophet impulse, mournfully,
Like moaning waters, o'er the harp he pour'd
The trouble of his haunted soul, and sang :—

Voice of the grave !
I hear thy thrilling call !
It comes in the dash of the foamy wave,
In the sear leaf's trembling fall !
In the shiver of the tree,
I hear thee, O thou voice !
And I would thy warning were but for me,
That my spirit might rejoice !
But thou art sent
For the sad Earth's young and fair,
For the graceful heads that have not bent
To the wintry hand of Care !
They hear the wind's low sigh,
And the river sweeping free,
And the green reeds murmuring heavily,
And the woods—but they hear not thee !

* Founded on a story related of the Irish bard Carolan. See the *Perry Anecdotes of Imagination*.

Long have I striven
With my deep foreboding soul,
But the full tide now its bounds hath riven,
And darkly on must roll !
—There's a young brow smiling near,
With a bridal white-rose wreath,—
—Unto *me* it smiles from a flowery bier,
Touch'd solemnly by Death !
Fair art thou, Morna !
The sadness of thine eye
Is beautiful as silvery clouds
On the dark-blue summer sky !
And thy voice comes like the sound
Of a sweet and hidden rill,
That makes the dim woods tuneful round—
—But soon it must be still !
Silence and dust
On thy sunny lips must lie !
Make not the strength of love thy trust,
A stronger yet is nigh !
No strain of festal flow
That my hand for thee hath tried,
But into dirge-notes, wild and low,
Its ringing tones have died !
Young art thou, Morna !
Yet on thy gentle head,
Like heavy dew on the lily's leaves,
A spirit hath been shed !
And the glance is thine which sees
Through Nature's awful heart—
But bright things go with the summer's breeze,
And thou, too, must depart !
Yet shall I weep ?
I know that in thy breast
There swells a fount of song too deep,
Too powerful for thy rest !
And the bitterness I know,
And the chill of this world's breath—
—Go, all undimm'd in thy glory, go !
Young and crown'd bride of Death !
Take hence to Heaven
Thy holy thoughts and bright,
And soaring hopes, that were not given
For the touch of mortal blight !
Might we follow in thy track,
This parting should not be !
—But the spring shall give us violets back,
And every flower but thee !
—There was a burst of tears around the bard :
All wept but one, and she serenely stood,
With her clear brow and dark religious eye,
Rav'd to the first faint star above the hills,
And cloudless ; though it might be that her cheek
Was paler than before.—So Morna heard
The Minstrel's prophecy.—
And spring return'd
Bringing the earth her lovely things again,
All, save the loveliest far !—a voice, a smile,
A young, sweet spirit gone !

CRITICISM ON FEMALE BEAUTY.

CRITICISM, for the most part, is so partial, splenetic, and pedantic, and has such little right to speak of what it undertakes to censure, that the words "criticism on beauty" sound almost as ill, as if a man were to announce something unpleasant upon something pleasant.

And certainly, as criticism, according to its general practice, consists in an endeavour to set the art above its betters, and to render genius amenable to want of genius, (particularly in those matters which, by constituting the very essence of it, are the least felt by the men of line and rule,) so critics are bound by their trade to object to the very pleasantest things. Delight, not being their business, puts them out of conceit. The first reviewer was Momus, who found fault with the Goddess of Beauty.

I have sometimes fancied a review set up by this anti-divinity, in Heaven. It would appear, by late discoveries in the history of the globe, that as one species of production has become extinct, so new ones may have come into being. Now imagine the gods occasionally putting forth some new work, which is criticised in the Olympian Review. Chloris, the goddess of flowers, for instance, makes a sweet-briar:—

"The Sweet-Briar, a new bush, by Chloris, Goddess of Flowers. Rain and Sun, 4104.

"This is another hasty production of a lady, whom we are anxious to meet with a more satisfied face. Really, we must say, that she tires us. The other day we had the *pink*. It is not more than a year ago, that she flamed upon us with the *heart's-ease* (pretty names these); then we were all to be sunk into a bed of luxury and red leaves by the *rose*; and now, *ecce iterum Rosina*, comes a new edition of the same effeminate production, altered but not amended, and made careless, confused, and full of harsh points; which the fair author, we suppose, takes for a dashing variety! Why does not she consult her friends? Why must we be forced to think that she mistakes her talents, and that she had better confine herself to the production of daisies and dandelions? Even the *rose*, which has been so much cried up in certain quarters, was not original. It was clearly suggested by that useful production of an orthodox friend of ours,—the *cabbage*; which has occasioned it to be pretty generally called the *cabbage-rose*. The *sweet-briar*, therefore, is imitation upon imitation, *crambe* (literally) *bis cocta*; a thing not to be endured. To say the truth, which we wish to do with great tenderness, considering the author's sex, this *sweet-briar bush* is but a paltry *rifacimento* of the *rose-bush*. The only difference is, that every thing is done on a pettier scale; the flowers hastily turned out, and a superabundance of those startling points added, which so annoyed us in the *rose* yclept the *moss*; for there is no end to these pretty creatures like *roses*. Let us see. There is the *cabbage-rose*, the *moss-rose*, the *musk-rose*, the *damask-rose*, the *hundred-leaved rose*, the *yellow-rose*, and earth only knows how many more. Surely these were enough, in all conscience. Most of them rank little above extempore effusions, and were hardly worth the gathering: but after so much trifling, to go and alter the style of a common-place in a spirit of mere undoing and *embrouillement*, and then palm it upon us for

something *free, forsooth, and original*, is a desperate evidence of falling-off! We cannot consent to take mere wildness for invention; a hasty and tangled piece of business, for a regular work of art. What is called nature will never do. Nature is unnatural. The best production by far of the fair author, was the *auricula*, one of those beautiful and regular pieces of composition, the right propositions of which are ascertained, and reducible to measurement. But *tempora mutantur*. Our fair florist has perhaps got into bad company. We have heard some talk about Zephyrs, bees, wild birds, and such worshipful society. Cannot this ingenious person be content with the hot-house invented by Vulcan and Co. without gadding abroad in this disreputable manner? We have heard that she speaks with disrespect of ourselves: but we need not assure the reader, that this can have no weight with an honest critic. By the by, why this briar is called sweet, we must unaffectedly and most sincerely say, is beyond our perceptions."

I was about to give a specimen of another article, by the same reviewer, on the subject of our present paper:—"WOMAN, being a companion to MAN," &c. But the tone of it would be intolerable. I shall therefore proceed with a more becoming and grateful criticism, such as the contemplation of my subject naturally produces. Oh Pygmalion, who can wonder (no artist surely) that thou didst fall in love with the work of thine own hands! Oh Titian! Oh Raphael! Oh Apelles! I could almost fancy this sheet of paper to be one of your tablets, my desk an easel, my pen a painting-brush; so impossible does it seem that the beauty I am about to paint should not inspire me with a *gusto* equal to your own!

~~~~~ Come then, the colours and the ground prepare.

This ink-stand is my palette. I handle my pen, as if there were the richest bit of colour in the world at the end of it. The reds and whites look as if I could eat them. Look at that pearly tip at the end of the ear. The very shade of it has a glow. What a light on the forehead! What a moisture on the lip! What a soul, twenty fathom deep, in the eyes! Look at me, Madam, if you please. The eye right on mine. The forehead a little more inclined. Good. What an expression! Raphael, it is clear to me that you had not the feeling I have: for you could paint such a portrait, and I cannot. I cannot paint after the life. Titian, how could you contrive it? Apelles, may I trouble you to explain yourself? It is lucky for the poets that their mistresses are not obliged to sit to them. They would never write a line. Even a prose-writer is baffled. How Raphael managed in the Palazzo Chigi, how Sacchiris contrived, when he wrote his Rinaldo and Armida, with Armida by his side, is beyond my comprehension. I can call to mind, but I cannot copy. Fair presence, avault! I conjure you out of my study, as one of my brother writers, in an agony of article, might hand away his bride, the printer having sent to him for copy. Come forth, my tablets. Stand me in stead of more distracting suggestions, my memorandums.

It has been justly observed, that heroines are best painted in general terms, as in *Paradise Lost*.

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye, &c.

or by some striking instance of the effects of their beauty, as in Homer,

where old age itself is astonished at the sight of Helen, and does not wonder that Paris has brought a war on his country for her sake. Particular description divides the opinion of the readers, and may offend some of them. The most elaborate portrait of the heroine of Italian romance could say nothing for her, compared with the distractions that she caused to so many champions, and the millions that besieged her in Albracca.

Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,  
When Agrican with all his northern powers  
Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,  
The city of Gallaphrone, from whence to win  
The fairest of her sex, Angelica.

Even Apuleius, a very "particular fellow," who is an hour in describing a chambermaid, enters into no details respecting Psyche. It was enough that the people worshipped her.

The case is different when a writer describes a real person, or chooses to acquaint us with his particular taste. In the *Dream* of Chaucer is an admirable portrait of a woman, supposed to be that of Blanche, duchess of John of Gaunt. Anacreon gives us a whole length of his mistress, in colours as fresh as if they were painted yesterday. The blue eye is moist in its sparkling; the cheek, which he compares to milk with roses in it, is young for ever. Oh Titian, even thy colours are dry compared with those of poetry!

It happens luckily for me on the present occasion, that I can reconcile particulars with generals. The truth is, I have no particular taste. I only demand that a woman should be womanly; which is not being exclusive. I think also that any body who wishes to look amiable, should be so. The detail, with me, depends on a sentiment: for instance, I used to think I never could tolerate flaxen hair; yet meeting one day with a lovely face that had flaxen locks about it, I thought for a good while after, that flaxen was your only wear. Harriet O—made me take to black; and yet, if it had not been for a combination of dark browns, I should the other night have been converted to the superiority of light brown by Harriet D. Upon the whole, the dark browns, chesnuts, &c. have it with me; but this is because the greatest number of kind eyes that I have met with, have looked from under locks of that colour. I find beauty itself a very poor thing unless beautified by sentiment. The reader may take the confession as he pleases, either as an instance of abundance of sentiment on my part, or as an evidence of want of proper ardour and impartiality. But I cannot (and that is the plain truth) think the most beautiful creature beautiful, or be at all affected by her, or long to sit next her, or go to a theatre with her, or listen to a concert with her, or dance with her, or sing with her (if I could), or walk in a field or a forest with her, or call her by her Christian name, or ask her if she likes poetry, or tie (with any satisfaction) her gown for her, or be asked whether I admire her shoe, or take her arm even into a dining-room; or kiss her at Christmas, or on April-fool day, or on May-day, or on any other day, or dream of her, or wake thinking of her, or feel a want in the room when she has gone, or a pleasure the more when she appears. I remember the impression made on me by a female plaster-cast hand, sold in the shops as a model. It is beautifully turned, though I thought it somewhat too plump and well-fed. The fingers, however, are delicately tapered:

the outline flowing and graceful. I fancied it to have belonged to some jovial beauty, a little too fat and festive, but laughing withal, and as full of good nature. I was told it was the hand of Madame Brinvilliers, the famous poisoner. The word was no sooner spoken than I shrunk from it as if it had been a toad. It was now literally hideous; the fat seemed sweltering and full of poison. The beauty added to the deformity. You resented the grace: you shrunk from the look of smoothness, as from a snake. This woman went to the scaffold with as much indifference as she distributed her poisons. The character of her mind was insensibility. The strongest of excitement was to her what a cup of tea is to other people. And such is the character, more or less, of all mere beauty. Nature, if one may so speak, does not seem to intend it to be beautiful. It looks as if it were created in order to shew, what a nothing the formal part of beauty is, without the spirit of it. I have been so used to consider it with reference to considerations of this kind, that I have met with women generally pronounced beautiful, and spoken of with transport, who took a sort of ghastly and witch-like aspect in my eyes, as if they had been things walking the earth without a soul, or with some evil intention. The woman who supped with the Goule in the *Arabian Nights*, must have been a beauty of this species.

But to come to my portrait. Artists, I believe, like to begin with the eyes. I will begin, like Anacreon, with the hair.

HAIR should be abundant, soft, flexible, growing in long locks, of a colour suitable to the skin, thick in the mass, delicate and distinct in the particular. The mode of wearing it should differ. Those who have it growing low in the nape of the neck, should prefer wearing it in locks hanging down, rather than turned up with a comb. The gathering it however in that manner is delicate and feminine, and suits many. In general the mode of wearing the hair is to be regulated according to the shape of the head. Ringlets hanging about the forehead suit almost every body. On the other hand, the fashion of parting the hair smoothly, and drawing it tight back on either side, is becoming to few. It has a look of vanity, instead of simplicity. The face must do every thing for it, which is asking too much, especially as hair, in its freer state, is the ornament intended for it by nature. Hair is to the human aspect, what foliage is to the landscape. Its look of fertility is so striking, that it has been compared to flowers, and even to fruit. The Greek and other poets talk of hyacinthine locks, of clustering locks (an image taken from grapes), of locks like tendrils. The favourite epithet for a Greek beauty was "well-haired;" and the same epithet was applied to woods. Apuleius says, that Venus herself, if she were bald, would not be Venus. So entirely do I agree with him, and so much do I think that the sentiment of any thing beautiful, even where the real beauty is wanting, is the best part of it, that I prefer the help of artificial hair to an ungraceful want of it. I do not wish to be deceived. I would know that the hair was artificial, and would have the wearer inform me so. This would shew her worthy of being allowed it. I remember, when I was at Florence, a lady of quality, an Englishwoman, whose beauty was admired by every body; but never did it appear so admirable to me, as when she told me one day, that the ringlets that hung from under her cap, were not her own. Here, thought I, it is not artifice that assists beauty; it is truth. Here is a

woman who knows that there is a beauty in hair, beyond the material of it, or the pride of being thought to possess it. O, wits of Queen Anne's day, see what it is to live in an age of sentiment, instead of your mere periwigs, and reds and whites!—The first step in taste is to dislike all artifice; the next is to demand nature in her perfection; but the best of all is to find out the hidden beauty, which is the soul of beauty itself, to wit, the sentiment of it. The loveliest hair is nothing, if the wearer is incapable of a grace. The finest eyes are not fine, if they say nothing. What is the finest harp to me, strung with gold, and adorned with a figure of Venus, if it answer with a discordant note, and hath no chords in it fit to be wakened? Long live, therefore, say I, lovely natural locks at five and twenty, and lovely artificial locks, if they must be resorted to, at five-and-thirty or forty. Let the harp be new strung, if the frame warrant it, and the sounding-board hath a delicate utterance. A woman of taste should no more scruple to resort to such helps at one age, than she would consent to resort to them at an age when no such locks exist in nature. Till then, let her not cease to help herself to a plentiful supply. The spirit in which it is worn, gives the right to wear it. Affectation and pretension spoil every thing: sentiment and simplicity warrant it. Above all things, cleanliness. This should be the motto of personal beauty. Let a woman keep what hair she has, clean, and she may adorn or increase it, as she pleases. Oil, for example, is two different things, on clean hair and unclean. On the one, it is but an aggravation of the dirt: to the other, if not moist enough by nature, it may add a reasonable grace. The best, however, is undoubtedly that which can most dispense with it. A lover is a little startled, when he finds the paper, in which a lock of hair has been enclosed, stained and spotted as if it had wrapped a cheesecake. Ladies, when about to give away locks, may as well omit the oil that time, and be content with the washing. If they argue that it will not look so glossy in those eyes in which they desire it to shine most, let them own as much to the favoured person, and he will never look at it but their candour shall give it a double lustre.

Love adds a precious seeing to the eye;

and how much does not sincerity add to love! One of the excuses for oil is the perfume mixed with it. The taste for this was carried so far among the ancients, that Anacreon does not scruple to wish that the painter of his mistress's portrait could convey the odour breathing from her delicate oiled tresses. Even this taste seems to have a foundation in nature. Mary ——, a little black-eyed relation of mine, (oftener called Molly from a certain dairy-maid turn of hers, and our regard for old English customs,) has hair with a natural scent of spice.

The poets of antiquity, and the modern ones after them, talk much of yellow and golden tresses, tresses like the morn, &c. Much curiosity has been evinced respecting the nature of this famous poetical hair; and as much anxiety shewn in hoping that it was not red. May I venture to say, in behalf of red hair, that I am one of those in whose eyes it is not so very shocking. Perhaps, as "pity melts the soul to love," there may be something of such a feeling in my tenderness for that Pariah of a colour. Perhaps there are more reasons, all very good—

natured : but so it is, I find myself the ready champion of all persons who are at a disadvantage with the world, especially women, and sociable ones. Hair of this extreme complexion appears never to have been in request; and yet, to say nothing of the general liking of the ancients for all the other shades of yellow and gold, a good red-headed commentator might render it a hard matter to pronounce, that Theocritus has not given two of his beautiful swains hair amounting to a positive fiery. *Fire-red* is the epithet, however it may be understood.

Both fiery-tressed heads, both in their bloom.\*

I do not believe the golden hair to have been red; but this I believe, that it was nearer to it than most colours, and that it went a good deal beyond what it is sometimes supposed to have been, auburn. The word yellow, a convertible term for it, will not do for auburn. Auburn is a rare and glorious colour, and I suspect will always be more admired by us of the north, where the fair complexions that recommended golden hair, are as easy to be met with, as they are difficult in the south. Ovid and Anacreon, the two greatest masters of the ancient world in painting external beauty, both seem to have preferred it to golden, notwithstanding the popular cry in the other's favour: unless indeed, the hair they speak of is too dark in its ground for auburn. The Latin poet, in his fourteenth love-elegy, book the first, speaking of tresses which he says Apollo would have envied, and which he prefers to those of Venus, as Apelles painted her, tells us, that they were neither black nor golden, but mixed, as it were, of both. And he compares them to a cedar on the declivities of Ida, with the bark stripped. This implies a colour of tawny. I have seen pine-trees, in a southern evening sun, take a lustrous burnished aspect, between dark and golden, a good deal like what I conceive to be the colour he alludes to. Anacreon describes hair of a similar beauty. His touch, as usual, is brief and exquisite:

Deepening inwardly, a dun;  
Sparkling golden, next the sun.†

Which Ben Jonson has rendered in a line.

Gold upon a ground of black.

Perhaps, the true auburn is something more lustrous throughout, and more metallic than this. The cedar with the bark stripped looks more like it. At all events, that it is not the golden hair of the ancients has been proved to me beyond a doubt by a memorandum in my possession, worth a thousand treatises of the learned. This is a solitary hair of the famous Lucretia Borgia, whom Ariosto has so praised for her virtues, and whom the rest of the world is so contented to call a wretch.‡ It was given me by a wild acquaintance, who stole it from a

\* Αμφω τωγ' ἤτην πυρροτριχω, ἀμφω ἀναβω.

• † Τα μὲν ἐνδοθεν, μελαινας,  
Τα δ' ἐς ἀκρον, ἡλιωσας.

‡ Mr. Roscoe must be excepted, who has come into the field to run a tilt for her. I wish his lance may turn out to be the Golden Lance of the poet, and overthrow all his opponents. The greatest scandal in the world, is the readiness of the world to believe scandal.



lock of her hair preserved in the Ambrosian library at Milan. On the envelope he put a happy motto :

“ And Beauty draws us with a single hair.”

If ever hair was golden, it is this. It is not red, it is not yellow, it is not auburn ; it is golden, and nothing else ; and though natural-looking too, must have had a surprising appearance in the mass. Lucretia, beautiful in every respect, must have looked like a vision in a picture, an angel from the sun. Every body who sees it, cries out, and pronounces it the real thing. I must confess, after all, I prefer the auburn, as we construe it. It forms, I think, a finer shade for the skin ; a richer warmth ; a darker lustre. But Lucretia's hair must have been still divine. Wat Sylvan, a man of genius whom I became acquainted with over it, as other acquaintances commence over a bottle, was inspired on the occasion with the following verses :

“ Borgia, thou once wert almost too august,  
And high for adoration ;—now thou 'rt dust !  
All that remains of thee these plaits infold—  
Calm hair meand'ring with pellucid gold !”

The third line is not true to the matter-of-fact ; but the whole is true to the spirit of it. The sentiment implied in the last line will be echoed by every bosom that has worn a lock of hair next it, or longed to do so. Hair is at once the most delicate and lasting of our materials ; and survives us, like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that with a lock of hair belonging to a child or a friend, we may almost look up to heaven, and compare notes with the angelic nature ; may almost say, “ I have a piece of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now.”

FOREHEAD.—There are fashions in beauty as well as dress. In some parts of Africa, no lady can be charming under twenty stone.

King Chihu put nine queens to death  
Convict on Statute, *Ivory Teeth*.

In Shakspeare's time, it was the fashion to have high foreheads, probably out of compliment to Queen Elizabeth. They were thought to be equally beautiful and indicative of wisdom : and if the portraits of the great men of that day are to be trusted, wisdom and high foreheads were certainly often found together. Of late years, physiognomists have declared for the wisdom of strait and compact foreheads, rather than high ones. I must own I have seen very silly persons with both. It must be allowed at the same time, that a very retreating forehead is apt to be no accompaniment of wit. With regard to high ones, they are often confounded with foreheads merely bald ; and baldness, whether natural or otherwise, is never handsome ; though in men it sometimes takes a character of simplicity and firmness. According to the Greeks, who are reckoned to have been the greatest judges of beauty, the high forehead never bore the palm. A certain conciseness carried it. “ A forehead,” says Junius, in his *Treatise on Ancient Art*, “ should be smooth and even, white, delicate, short, and of an open and cheerful character.” The Latin is briefer.\* Ariosto has expressed it in two words, perhaps in one.

\* “ *Frons debet esse plana, candida, tenuis, brevis, pura.*” Junius De Pictura Veterum, Lib. 3, cap. 9. The whole chapter is very curious and abundant on the subject of ancient beauty. Yet it might be rendered a good deal more so. A treatise on Hair alone might be collected out of Ovid.

*Di terso avorio era la fronte lieta.*

Orlan. Fur. canto 7.

Terse ivory was her forehead glad.

A large bare forehead gives a woman a masculine and defying look. The word effrontery comes from it. The hair should be brought over such a forehead, as vines are trailed over a naked wall.

And now in respect to "*Eyes*,"—but as upon this subject I may be too copious for the space allotted me at present, I must begin another paper with my criticism upon them.

#### A VOYAGER'S DREAM OF LAND.

———— His very heart athirst  
To gaze at Nature in her green array,  
Upon the ship's tall side he stands, possess'd  
With visions prompted by intense desire :  
Fair fields appear below, such as he left  
Far distant, such as he would die to find—  
—He seeks them headlong, and is seen no more.

COWPER

THE hollow dash of waves!—the ceaseless roar!

—Silence, ye billows! vex my soul no more.

—There 's a spring in the woods by my sunny home

Afar from the dark sea's tossing foam :

Oh! the gush of that fountain is sweet to hear,

As a song from the shore to the sailor's ear!

And the sparkle which up to the sun it throws,

Through the feathery fern, and the wild olive-boughs,

And the gleam on its path, as its steals away,

Into deeper shades, from the sultry day,

And the large water-lilies that o'er its bed

Their pearly leaves to the soft light spread,

They haunt me!—I dream of that bright spring's flow,

I thirst for its rills like a wounded roe!

Be still, thou sea-bird, with thy changing cry!

My spirit sickens as thy wing sweeps by.

Know ye my home, with the lulling sound

Of leaves from the lime and the chesnut round?

Know ye it, brethren! where bower'd it lies,

Under the purple of southern skies?

With the streamy gold of the sun that shines

In through the cloud of its wreathing vines,

And the breath of the fainting myrtle-flowers,

Borne from the mountains in dewy hours,

And the fire-fly's glance through the darkening shades,

Like shooting stars in the forest-glades,

And the scent of the citron at Eve's dim fall—

—Speak! have ye known, have ye felt them all?

The heavy-rolling surge! the rocking mast!

Hush! give my dream's deep music way, thou blast!

Oh! the glad sounds of the joyous earth!

The notes of the singing cicada's mirth,

The murmurs that live in the mountain-pines,

The sighing of reeds as the day declines,

The wings flitting home through the crimson glow

That steep the woods when the sun is low,

The voice of the night-bird that sends a thrill  
 To the heart of the leaves when the winds are still !  
 —I hear them!—around me they rise, they swell,  
 They claim back my spirit with Hope to dwell !  
 They come with a breath of the fresh spring-time,  
 And waken my youth in its hour of prime !

The white foam dashes high !—away, away,  
 Shroud my green land no more, thou blinding spray !  
 —'Tis there !—down the mountains I see the sweep  
 Of the chesnut forests, the rich and deep !  
 With the burden and glory of flowers they wear,  
 Floating upborne on the blue summer-air,  
 And the light pouring through them in tender gleams,  
 And the flashing forth of a thousand streams !  
 —Hold me not, brethren ! I go, I go  
 To the hills of my youth, where the myrtles blow,  
 To the depths of the woods, where the shadows rest  
 Massy and still, on the greensward's breast,  
 To the rocks that resound with the water's play—  
 —I hear the sweet laugh of my Fount !—give way !  
 Give way !—the booming surge, the tempest's roar,  
 The sea-bird's wail, shall vex my soul no more !

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MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE GENLIS.\*

AFTER all, vanity is good for something. It encourages all sorts of manufactures; and among the rest, the manufacture of memoirs. Without this delightful imperfection, which induces a man to imagine every particular of the "*rebus ad eum pertinentibus*," as interesting to the public as to himself, the human heart would still remain a *terra incognita*. This is the secret of that superior charm and attraction which auto-biography possesses (if we must speak Greek) over hetero-biography. It is vanity, and vanity alone, which engages a writer in the thousand and one minutiae of time, place, and circumstance, that give colour and verisimilitude to the narrative, and to indulge in those "*épanchemens du cœur*," which betray, in the exuberance of prattle, the innermost recesses of character and motive. In treating of the concerns of others, we see things in the gross, overlooking whatever appears "beneath the dignity of history:" in treating of ourselves, we deem nothing unimportant, *nil dictum reputantes dum quid superesset dicendum*; and though this sometimes betrays a coxcomb into tediousness, it always gives interest to the pages of a writer who is intent only on narration. It moreover foils all attempts at falsehood and concealment (designed or unconscious), forcing the author, like a bad witness under cross-examination, to expose the truth, even by his very efforts to exclude it. Auto-biography always smacks high of human nature. No matter what may be the subject, statesman or fiddler, peer or prostitute, player or bishop, a Melcombe Regis or a Ludlow, a Cibber or a George Anne Bellamy, the bottom of the story is always man; and, provided the narrator be but *naïve*, and not utterly vapid and pretending, his work must please. If we look a little closely into the Confessions of J. J. Rousseau, we find the details often disgustingly offensive

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\* Memoirs of the Countess de Genlis, illustrative of the History of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. Written by herself. Vols. III. and IV.

to good manners, always trifling and frivolous in point of adventure and action, and rarely involving any of the great interests of society; yet by the mere *bonhomie* of egotism, by the mere display of what exists in the human heart, the volume is (independently of all charm of style) one of the most attractive in the French language. Our sympathies are not indeed engaged either with the hero, or with the intriguing *tracasier* personages he groups round himself in the picture. We love and we respect Rousseau less than we did before the book fell into our hands, and we are disappointed with the figure which some of the first names in science and in literature make in his narrations. Yet we feel that they are real men and women of whom we read; and we have a strong interest, if not in the individuals, in the species of which they form such singular varieties.

It is not then very necessary that the hero of a work of this description should be particularly wise, good, or great, in order that it may instruct or amuse. It is not very important that he or she should be scrupulously exact in speaking "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." All that is requisite is, that the party should have lived in the world, in order to have something to relate, and that he be garrulous; and every desirable object is attained by the production.

We have thought it necessary to premise thus much, because we are not quite sure that those who are best acquainted with the literary history of Modern France, will be disposed to place much confidence in the fidelity of Madame de Genlis. This very charming and elegant writer is assuredly not to be reckoned among those "*rare aves*" of French moral ornithology, which are wholly undeserving of a place in the *Dictionnaire des Girouettes*. Whether it be system or nature, a determination to paint men and things as best suits existing interests, or the exaggeration into which females are usually hurried, whenever their feelings are excited, her writings are thought to partake too decidedly of that particular *nuance* of opinion which happened to be prepotent at the hour when they were respectively composed. In compiling the volumes now before us, Madame de Genlis appears to have had two objects of which she never loses sight; the first is to do every imaginable honour by her own moral and intellectual character; and the second to uphold the *ancien regime* in its utmost purity at the expense of every one who has in the remotest degree been connected with the Revolution. To the former of these objects she has, if we may believe the Parisian wits, sacrificed no small sum of money. The booksellers, it appears, have given her 40,000 francs for her work as it stands; but had she favoured the world with all she could tell of a more personal nature, she might, according to the *dictum* of her countrymen, have doubled that price.

With respect to the political leanings of her Memoirs, it must in justice be allowed that Madame de G. is by no means singular; but is entitled to the full effect of that fashionable plea, the "*numerus defendit*." Every day is producing from the French press works of various descriptions, all tending to the one great end, of proving the French monarchy the perfection of political wisdom, and the voluptuous and bigoted race of Bourbons the models of patriot kings. Unfortunately for the cause, it has so happened that these very writers have done more mischief to the party they advocate, than its most de-

terminated enemies. Monsieur Chateaubriand, the ultra, is more dangerous to the "right divine to govern wrong," than Citizen Chateaubriand, the republican, who measured the abuses of the French monarchy accumulatively by its duration: and Madame de Genlis, the eulogist of Ferdinand the embroiderer, betrays more of the secrets of the prison-house, than the Madame de Genlis of the days of *égalité* would ostentatiously have displayed. The very title of such books as "*Les Crimes des Rois*" puts the reader on his guard, and begets a wholesome suspicion of the poisonous nature of their contents: but whatever escapes to the detriment of a cause, through the simplicity of its professed panegyrists and avowed partizans, is at once accepted as irrecusable testimony. The eulogies indeed of the French ultra writers forcibly remind one of that kind-hearted man, who when his friend was accused of not being fit to carry entrails to feed a bear, defended him à l'outrance, by a strenuous and noisy assertion that he was the most proper man alive for the performance of that office.

Thus it is with Madame de Genlis: with every determination to paint the court and aristocracy in the most winning colours, her whole life from the very cradle is a practical illustration of the bad habits, bad morals, and bad taste which an exclusive government never fails to engender. Though she loses no opportunity, "in season and out of season," of ridiculing the Revolution, and of railing against the literary party whom she supposes to have contributed to its development, yet it is impossible to read a page of her book without obtaining evidence of that corruption of manners, and that accumulation of errors and abuses,—moral, political, and economical, which rendered a revolution as salutary as it was inevitable. If any specimen were necessary to illustrate the spirit in which these Memoirs are written, we might refer the reader to the account of the author's visit to Voltaire, in the fourth volume, in which every trait that malignity could discover and ingenuity distort, is seized with the avidity of a sycophant, to ridicule the man who received her with courtesy and hospitality.\*

The natural curiosity we felt to discover in what way a woman, situated like Madame de Genlis, would write of the many persons with whom she had been connected, was considerable. From one who had such *liaisons* in the successive courts,—royal, imperial, revolutionary and legitimate, we did not expect a rigid adherence to accuracy, and that expectation was but little increased by the strenuous protestations of candour and veracity with which the volumes open. According to Madame de Genlis, her contemporary memoirists are universally dealers in scandal; and she herself the Quixotte born to redress all distressed knights and damsels whose characters are in the limbo of misrepresentation. Exempt from passions, and elevated above prejudices, she professes that it was an "object of her work, to refute calumnies, without regard to resentment or affection." Let us, however, perpend her own words.

\* Arriving at Ferney an hour before the appointed dinner-hour, she describes herself as interrupting Voltaire in his studies; and she adds, that it was some consolation to her to recollect that he no longer wrote tragedies, "I hindered him only," she says, "from putting down a few impieties, a few licentious lines the more!!"

"At sixty-six, when we have suffered much, and are worn out with many fatigues, we see the inevitable darkness of the tomb approaching so near us, that there needs no great effort of imagination to fancy ourselves already enveloped in its gloom! There all mortal illusions disappear, all our little vanities sink to their true value, all our enmities cease. . . . From the depths of the grave a single cry has arisen since the beginning of the world; it implores for mercy! The Sovereign Judge replies to the cry but in these words, 'Hast thou forgiven?' . . . 'Yes, O Lord! I have pardoned without reserve, and from the depth of that soul which thou hast created but to know and to love thee; of that soul formed for a love so sublime, and which every sentiment of hatred sullies and perverts. . . . I have pardoned, I take thee alone to witness, deign then to guide my pen, and suffer not a word of bitterness to escape from it; and if I have committed any injustice, recall it to my mind, that I may repair it in this book, and that thou mayest not hereafter lay it to my charge. Let candour and goodness of heart be pre-eminent throughout my work, and let every thing be pure, that it may be useful.'"

We are tolerably well acquainted with the exaggeration of French sentiment; but this exordium was, we confess, something too much for our nerves: and we were the better prepared by it for that determined hostility to certain men, parties, and things, which rises to the surface in every page of the work. Among other instances of the fairness of Madame de Genlis's political criticism, we may cite the eulogium on Charles the Second of England in the fourth volume, which she would fain palm on the Parisian *badauds* for history; because of this personage the merest English reader can judge. It is as follows:

"I then read over again all the English historians, and satisfied myself of a fact I had only hitherto imagined, namely, that there has been a general misapprehension of the high merits of Charles the Second, whose virtuous and unfortunate father perished on the scaffold, the victim of an abominable faction and odious revolution. After the Restoration, Charles the Second acted with a courage, wisdom, and prudence, that cannot be sufficiently admired; he reduced the taxes (which were enormous in Cromwell's time); knew how to ally firmness and clemency with great skill; and above all considerations, adopted many measures towards the restoration of religion. Order and peace were the results of these fortunate arrangements. He it was who founded the Royal Society of London, so celebrated at the present day; he solemnly promised to favour and assist all those who should devote themselves to difficult studies; he sent to the neighbouring countries to obtain information of sciences unknown in England; corrected the *improprieties, anomalies, and neologisms of the national dialect*, which in Cromwell's time had become almost barbarous; and made many other important improvements. Certainly these are deeds of great value, and not sufficiently estimated. An excellent book might be made on *historical injustice, oversights, and misrepresentations.*"

We are no advocates for revolutionary violence; and though quite alive to the wisdom, as well as the wit of Quin's epigram of Charles "having been tried by all the laws he had left his people," we do not hold that kings are more properly the victims of *ex post facto laws* than their subjects; and we think that an application of the forms of law to revolutionary vengeance is but a solemn mockery of that justice which ought to be held most sacred among men; yet we no less firmly believe that the vanishing the errors, vices, and follies which have brought crowned heads to the scaffold, or driven them into exile, is not the best means of teaching their successors how to avoid a similar catastrophe.

Notwithstanding this unfortunate leaning in the author, it is impossible for the *Memoirs of Madame de Genlis* to lead a reader of any observation astray as to the general consequences to be drawn from their perusal. It is utterly impossible to narrate the facts of a life passed in the upper ranks of French society without furnishing the most damning proofs of the vicious foundation upon which the institutes of the old monarchy reposed. Whether she details the manners of domestic life or the usages of the court, whether she narrates the mode in which favours were distributed, and power and wealth doled out to the privileged few, or exhibits the varnish of a conventional politeness hiding the hollow rottenness of the children of corruption, the disclosure is equally unintended and equally instructive. Nothing, for example, can be more edifying than the *sang-froid* with which she relates her brother's being made a Knight of Malta in the cradle, and herself a canoness of the noble chapter of Alix when six years old. Her account of this last event is curious and amusing.

"The day of my reception was a great day to me. The evening which preceded it was by no means so agreeable: I had my hair dressed, my clothes tried on, and I was catechised, &c. At last the happy moment arrived; my cousin and I were dressed in white, and conducted in pomp to the church of the chapter. All the ladies, dressed in the fashion of the day, but wearing black satin robes over their hoops, and large cloaks lined with ermine, were in the choir. A priest who officiated as Grand Prior, catechised us, made us repeat the creed, and afterwards kneel upon velvet cushions. His duty was next to cut out a small lock of our hair; but being very old and nearly blind, he cut my ear a little, but I supported the pain *heroically*, and the accident was only discovered by the bleeding of the ear. After this, he put on my finger a consecrated gold ring, and fastened on my head a piece of black and white stuff, about the length of one's finger, which the canonesses called *un mari* (a husband). I was then decorated with the signs of the order, a red ribbon with a beautiful enamelled cross, and a broad girdle of black-watered ribbon. After the ceremony he delivered a short exhortation; we then went and saluted all the canonesses before leaving the church; and afterwards we heard high mass. The remainder of the day after dinner, excepting the hour of church service, was spent in entertainments, in visits which we paid to all the ladies, and in amusing little games. From this time I was called Madame la Comtesse de Lancy; my father being, as I have already said, lord of the manor of Bourbon-Lancy, was the cause of my receiving that name. The pleasure I had in hearing myself called *Madame* surpassed every other."

Madame de Genlis loses no occasion of bringing into evidence her love of religion, her sentiments of affection and reverence for the Deity: but not a word escapes her in detestation of this mockery of God, and robbery of man,—of this flagrant abuse of holy institutions, to the purposes of aristocratic selfishness. It is, however, in the details of domestic life that the most striking absurdities of the *ancien regime* are brought to light. If the evidence of Madame de Genlis is to be taken as applying to the whole caste, nothing can be more frivolous, heartless, and degrading, than the scale of their existence. The entire scope of life with them was confined to the acquirement and maintenance of the tone of what was called good society. Seeming, in every department and duty, absorbed or counteracted all effort at reality. Children, consigned from the hour of their birth to wet-nurses, were sent to the country to the care of peasants, or were committed to servant-maids. Husbands and wives, occupying distinct suites of apartments, visited each other more formally, and perhaps less fre-

quently than casual acquaintances. Madame de Genlis piques herself on her love of children and her bias towards education; and we may reasonably give her credit for an attention to her maternal duties, considerably above the average of high life; yet her infants lived separately from her in a remote part of Paris, while she inhabited the Palais Royal.

Female education at this time was confined to a very summary and superficial acquaintance with the outline of the Catholic faith, the practice of the routine ceremonies of the church, and the acquirement of such shewy and trifling accomplishments as enabled their possessors to contribute something to the amusement of the *peu amusables*.

At seven years old Madame de Genlis was put into the hands of a Madame de Mars, who, according to her account, was singularly qualified for her charge of education, by possessing, as she says, *no profane learning*. Her *femmes de chambre* taught her a little of her catechism, "and a prodigious number of ghost stories." She saw her parents only at their *levée*, and at meal-times. She taught herself to write. Music, and music exclusively, formed the business of her life, and the perusal of play-books its only amusement. Her success in these pursuits rendered her an early and an expert composer of little "*comédies de société*," of extempore verses and eulogies "*d'occasion*," while her passion for display found vent in acting proverbs, performing her own characters, and playing on the numerous instruments of which she was the mistress. In one word, devotion and the theatre, acting on the stage and acting in the church, formed the brief abstract and chronicle of her existence. It was accident, it seems, that led her from these amusements into a course of more serious study; and the most singular part of her story is her having risen above such an education, and enabled herself to become an interesting writer, a model of style, and a faithful painter of morals and manners. Passing from the "*morale*" to the "*materiel*," the education of her person was a fit counterpart to that of her mind; and its ridicule is too strong for even Madame de Genlis to resist.

"I had two teeth pulled out! I had whalebone stays which pinched me terribly; my feet were imprisoned in tight shoes, with which it was impossible for me to walk; I had three or four thousand curl-papers put on my head; and I wore, for the first time in my life, a hoop. In order to get rid of my country attitudes, I had an iron collar put on my neck; and as I squinted a little at times, I was obliged to put on goggles as soon as I woke in the morning, and these I wore four hours. I was, moreover, not a little surprised, when they talked of giving me a master to teach me what I thought I knew well enough already—to walk. Besides all this, I was forbidden to run, to leap, or to ask questions."

The social habits such an education (which seems to have been that of all the upper classes of French women) was calculated to produce, may readily be imagined: frivolity and idleness were its necessary results, and these inevitably led to an abandonment of principle and the practice of those vices, so ably and so severely satirised in the novels of Laclos and the younger Crebillon. Of the supreme *bon ton* circle of that day, Madame de Genlis has given, with unusual vigour and candour, what may be called at once an eulogium and a criticism. Of its excellences, "*l'étiquette et les usages*" were the essential basis; no virtues were required further than as they contributed to



*la bienséance*, and the utterance of noble sentiments supplied the place of a performance of noble actions.

“ But in a short time, the influence of these feelings scarcely appeared except in an elevated style, in a simple *theory* of delicate and generous conduct. Virtue was retained only from the remains of good taste, which still held in esteem its language and appearance. Every one, to conceal his own way of thinking, became stricter in observing the *bienséances*; the most refined ideas were sported in conversation concerning delicacy, greatness of mind, and the duties of friendship; and even chimerical virtues were fancied, which was easy enough, considering that the happy agreement of conversation and conduct did not exist. But hypocrisy always betrays itself by exaggeration, for it never knows when to stop; false sensibility has no shades, never employs any but the strongest colours, and heaps them on with the most ridiculous prodigality.

“ There now appeared in society a very numerous party of both sexes, who declared themselves the partisans and depositaries of the old traditions respecting taste, etiquette, and morals themselves, which they boasted of having brought to perfection; they declared themselves supreme arbiters of all the proprieties of social life, and claimed for themselves exclusively the high-sounding appellation of *good company*. Every person of bad *ton*, or licentious notoriety, was excluded from the society; but to be admitted, neither a spotless character nor eminent merit was necessary. Infidels, devotees, prudes, and women of light conduct, were indiscriminately received. The only qualifications necessary were *bon ton*, dignified manners, and a certain respect in society, acquired by rank, birth, and credit at court, or by display, wealth, talent, and personal accomplishments.”

“ They felt that to distinguish themselves from low company and ordinary societies, it was necessary they should preserve the *ton*, and manners that were the best indications of modesty, good-nature, indulgence, decency, mildness, and elevated sentiments. Thus, good taste of itself taught them that, to dazzle and fascinate, it was necessary to borrow all the forms of the most amiable virtues. Politeness, in these assemblies, had all the ease and grace which it can derive from early habit and delicacy of mind; slander was banished from the *public parties*, for its keenness could not have been well combined with the charm of mildness that each person brought into the general store. Discussion never degenerated into personal dispute. There existed in all their perfection, the art of praising without insipidity and without pedantry, and that of replying to it without either accepting or despising it;—of showing off the good qualities of others without seeming to protect them; and of listening with obliging attention. If all these appearances had been founded on moral feeling, we should have seen the golden age of civilization. Was it hypocrisy? No—it was the external coat of ancient manners preserved by habit and good taste, which always survive the principles that produced them; but which, having no longer any solid basis, gradually loses its original beauties, and is finally destroyed by the inroads of refinement and exaggeration.

“ In the less numerous circles of the same society, much less caution was observed, and the *ton*, still strictly decorous, was much more *piquant*. No one's honour was attacked, for delicacy always prevailed; yet under the deceitful veils of secrecy, thoughtlessness, and absence of mind, slander might go on without offence. The most pointed arrows of malice were not excluded, provided they were skilfully aimed, and without any apparent ill-will on the part of the speaker, for no one could speak of his avowed enemies. To amuse themselves with slander, it required to arise from an unsuspected source, and to be credible in its details. Even in the private parties of the society, malignity always paid respect to the ties of blood, friendship, gratitude, and intimate acquaintance; but beyond that, all others might be sacrificed without mercy. No one's reputation was branded—but the society held

bad *ton*, vulgar and provincial manners, up to scorn, and ridiculed every one they disliked—which was actually sacrificing them on the altar of public scorn, for their frivolous decrees had the force of law. This, too, was a natural consequence.”

“In order to finish my picture of the highest circles of the eighteenth century, I must add, that in the most private of its *coleries*, it was requisite that the scandal should be as it were *divided*; for any one person who should have undertaken to retail it, would have soon become odious. It was also necessary, even in the commerce of scandal, to mingle in the narration something of grace, gaiety, or whim; mere scandal is always a melancholy affair, and is always coarse and vulgar; besides it would have contrasted ill with the habitual tone of these circles: it would have been in a bad and low taste.

“But the fault for which there was no redemption, which nothing could excuse, was meanness, either in manners or language, or in actions, when such a thing could be thoroughly proved. It was not that the principles of society were so lofty as to inspire indignation at a mean action, which should have obtained its perpetrator a large fortune or an excellent place; but there is still among us more vanity than cupidity, and as long as pride preserves that character, it will sometimes resemble greatness of mind. When a mean action which turned out profitably was performed with certain precautions, and in a certain way, it was easy to feign a belief that it was only a necessary step in a system of laudable though selfish policy; and, like the thieves among the Lacedæmonians, only the awkward were punished. There were rarely seen, at least at this period, any instances of shameless meanness, and this is saying a great deal. At court there were no examples of one friend supplanting another, or a fallen minister being disgracefully deserted by those who had paid assiduous court to him in the time of his favour; on the contrary, as the principles and the heart had far less to do with the conduct than vanity, there was a proportionate increase of splendour and ostentation in the manner of performing generous actions, which sometimes went even the length of arrogance; not content with visiting an exiled minister, he received a kind of adoration; he was deified, while the sovereign who had dismissed him was openly neglected.”

This, be it remembered, is no sarcasm of Champfort's, no exaggeration of Diderot's. It is the judgement of Madame de Genlis, the admirer of all the rags and frippery of absolute monarchy and state religion, the professed panegyrist of exclusive privileges, and the scourge of reformers. In a society thus constituted, science must have been useless, philosophy dangerous, and patriotism downright destruction. Wit to give wings to malignity, cunning to thread the paths of intrigue, and an innate baseness of soul to encounter and to swallow the indignities which spring up in the crooked paths of politicizing favouritism, were the only qualities essential to success, either with the women or with the master, as the king was called; and if to these a man added a constitutional courage, and a high flow of spirits, his fortune and his reputation were made; and sense, wisdom, and virtue might safely be dispensed with.

The first volume of Madame de Genlis's Memoirs gives a close, and apparently a faithful description of her early life; and this part of her work has much of the charm of Marmontel's narrative of the similar period of his own existence. It is, in its illustration of high life, what Marmontel's Memoirs are in relation to that of the French peasantry. There is in both the same pleasing detail, the same charm of reality, the same vigour and glow of colouring, derived from a similar delight

in dwelling upon the vivid and pleasurable recollections of infancy and adolescence. As she advances in her career, the narrative derives a new interest from the names introduced and the personages brought into the field; she has painted herself, like her great literary contemporary now no more, "*en buste*;" and she dwells but slightly on the "*amitiés intimes*," either of herself or her friends. The fourth volume, (which is the last that has yet appeared) brings her down to the death of the unfortunate Lord E. Fitzgerald, the husband of her niece (daughter) and her voyage to Berlin. We greatly regret that neither time nor space will permit us to dwell more at length on the numerous interesting particulars which suggest themselves in the perusal of these volumes. For whether we agree or disagree with the writer, whether we admire her reflections or laugh at her self-given ridicules; whether we are revolted at her attacks on individuals or go along with her in her censures, we are still acting over again that great and wonderful epoch in the history of human nature, which, while it will probably confer a new destiny upon civilized man, will occupy to the latest posterity the principal attention of the philosopher, the moralist, and the statesman.

#### DOGGREL VERSES TO MY CIGAR.

THOU social leaf, that soul-inspiring  
Gives thought and meditation,  
That ne'er makes lean by o'er-desiring,  
Not surfeits to repletion:

Thou chosen comforter of those  
Who are inclined to thinking;  
Thou kind adjunct to taste and nose  
And homely generous drinking:

I greet thee, most narcotic leaf,  
Where'er thy birth has been,  
Whether where Caribbs once were chief,  
Or England's virgin queen—

In South America, Bengal,  
Or eke in lively France,  
Where many a village Vestris tall  
Exhales thee in the dance—

In Spain, where king now stands for brute,  
And common sense is treason;  
In Turkey where a bearded mute  
Puts to the bowstring reason—

In Egypt, Afric, or Nepaul,  
It is all one to me,  
Where thou wert citizen—thy call  
Enchants me equally.

Thou art a reconciling thing,  
Promoting sober talk,  
Soothing complaint and murmuring—  
Companion in a walk:

The testy bachelor's noiseless wife, .  
The solace of old age,  
The student's friend in letter'd strife—  
Companion of the sage.

Thou art a courage-yielding plant,  
The soldier's steady friend,  
The sailor's joy when prog is scant,  
Or calms his bark attend.

Thou also hast a wondrous skill  
In silent med'cining,  
Canst lull ('tis more than reason will)  
The toothache's torturing.

Thy grateful leaf, like Aaron's beard,  
(I wonder if he smoked)  
Gives pleasant odour, more endear'd  
The more it is provoked.

All fashions hail thee, happy flower!  
The very dandies try  
To catch thy aromatic power,  
And of its essence die.

Thou never art a churl—like air,  
Thy good is free to all;  
O leaf, thy perfume do not spare,  
When thou attend'st my call.

I love thee in Havannah dried,  
Not pigtail, rag, or shag,  
But roll'd like this I have untied  
From out my dogskin bag.

I keep thee there with flint and steel  
Pack'd in, and amadou\*,  
As one who lauds thee and can feel  
The debt I to thee owe.

I love thee seated in my chair—  
I love thee in my garden—  
I love thee in a misty air,  
My lungs 'gainst damps to harden.

I love thee, as long years I have  
Raleigh, who brought thee in,  
Ere the excise began to crave,  
Or smuggling grew a sin.

Adieu ! thou comfort of my mind—  
•Twas odd enough decreed,  
That man's unhappy race should find  
Such virtues in a weed !

\* A species of tinder.

## PROPOSALS FOR ABRIDGING LIFE AND LITERATURE.

At thirty man suspects himself a fool;  
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;  
 At fifty chides his infamous delay,  
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;  
 In all the magnanimity of thought  
 Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same."—YOUNG.

BREVITY is indeed the soul of wit, of which a most convincing additional argument has been afforded by an admirable article in the June number of the New Monthly, recommending a more summary and compendious method of speaking and writing. To all the advantages which would result from the adoption of that ingenious writer's recommendations, I give my most unqualified assent; and yet I cannot help thinking that his scheme is rather a palliative than a cure for the evil of which he complains, and that we must mount to the fountain-head if we would completely dam up the stream of mischief. Lengthened action necessarily implies prolix narration, and while men and women protract their lives in the scandalous manner now so unblushingly practised, it is utterly useless to recommend brevity in writing or speaking. While they can wag a pen or a tongue, the former will scribble, and the latter will chatter. One day's or one year's exertion of either might indeed be compressed into that species of short-hand whereof your correspondent has given us such amusing specimens; but what are we to do with seventy or eighty years of the same commodity, whose compactest abridgement, like that of our law statutes, could not possibly be squeezed into less than forty volumes folio? Men not only live longer than they used, but they talk and write infinitely more; and as every thing is published, the public mind, crushed by the unwieldy bulk of the press, is like a sickly bantling overlaid by its corpulent nurse. The alarming increase of this incubus might perhaps experience a momentary check from the adoption of your correspondent's suggestions, but "*non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis*" are we to be finally delivered from our misery. If he had considered first causes instead of secondary, he would have been aware that man and his actions constitute the sole supply of materials to the press, literature being in fact a transcript of life, and necessarily obliged to lengthen itself with the original which it represents. We may as well expect a short shadow from a tall man, as brevity of writing and speaking from a race of septuagenaries. It is human life that requires abridgement, and the press, which is but its reflection, would instantly exhibit a correspondent curtailment. This is the real principle upon which we should proceed; it is but lopping at the branches instead of the root to attempt any other.

Admitting this position to be true, it may still be thought that no practicable remedy could be discovered, as, according to Mrs. Thrale's dictum,

"The tree of deepest root is found  
 Least willing still to quit the ground;"

and few would be patriotic enough, although they may have survived themselves, to forfeit their chance of surviving others, whatever benefit their immediate disappearance might confer upon the nation at large. In this point some difficulty might be experienced, especially as we are

utterly opposed in our meditated reform, to all harsh and violent measures. Were our sole object the shortening of human life, we might attain it by direct means, such as an augmentation of the medical profession, or of the gin-shops; repealing the duty upon British and Cape wines and roasted corn, so as to increase the consumption of those poisonous substances; licensing the abuses of gaming-houses, and perpetuating those of the Court of Chancery, which from the ruin they respectively occasion, would produce about an equal number of suicides; and other obvious expedients. But the disease is too deeply rooted to be speedily extirpated. Like the Poor Laws, it has become so inwoven with our system that we must be prospective rather than immediate in our applications for its removal.

"How long do you stay in town?" said one Oxonian to another whom he encountered in Piccadilly. "Ten guineas," was the reply; and in this reply is embodied the whole of my system. I would have all mankind adopt this principle, and remain in the world until they have attained the object for which, according to their own notions, they come forward in the great mart of existence; after which they should not waste any more time, but withdraw and make way for the hungry and unsatisfied, just as an M.P. when he has got a fat place, accepts the Chiltern hundreds and resigns. I would allow them to spend a certain number of years as freely as the Oxonian did his ten guineas, but should peremptorily insist upon their then returning quietly to be buried in the cloisters. In the accomplishment of this object public registers should be opened, in which every one, upon arriving at years of discretion, should be inscribed after undergoing an examination before commissioners, which might be conducted in the following form. What is your profession? The Military.—What object do you propose to yourself in embracing this mode of life? To kill as many fellow-creatures as I can, that I may the sooner be made a general, or a commander-in-chief, or a field-marshal (which will of course depend upon the ambition of the deponent.) Now, I would merely let death pay this personage a compliment, which perhaps his best acquaintance would not, by taking him at his word and marching him to the right about as soon as his desiderated appointment was gazetted, unless he got knocked on the head in the road to preferment, which would answer our purpose quite as well. In like manner, if a young divine or candidate for riches respectively stated his object to be a mitre and a plum, each should pledge himself, when he had realised all that he professed to be going for at starting, to throw down the cards, and be handed over to the sexton; and so on of all other aspirants and candidates for advancement. Nor would there be any such hardship in this stipulation as at first sight might appear. It is notorious, that in the great chace of life, the pleasure consists in the pursuit rather than in the attainment of the game, and that lassitude and *ennui* invariably follow success. By the proposed arrangement all parties will have a certainty of leaving off winners, and dying like heroes in the moment of victory; they will be insured against the hazards of that avarice, which, like Alnaschar, often kicks down its own treasures; of that vaulting ambition which so frequently "o'erleaps itself and falls on the other side;" of that weariness of the world which is generally felt when it has nothing more to give us. Only the lees, refuse, and self-survival of life would be stricken off, and the portion reserved for our enjoyment would be so much the more

brisk, sprightly, and delectable, a quintessence of existence, a sublimised exemplification of a short life and a merry one. We should die before we had lost any of the vigour and spirit of our humanity, and be bound up like *Elegant Extracts* from ourselves.

There may be certain classes whom it would be needless to include in this convention, such, for instance, as drunkards, foxhunters, duellists, debauchees, *et hoc genus omne*; for as they are sure to take a very moderate lease of life, and are moreover neither orators nor authors, we need not quarrel with them for a year or two, more or less. An increased retired allowance has lately been given to the judges to induce them to resign in decent time, and some such regulation might be advantageously adopted with the members of our proposed society. There might be a fund for completing the plum or assisting the purchase of the dignity which would bring them under the sentence of this regulation, and so enable us to get rid of them. We might in fact help them on, in order to help them off. By the general adoption of my proposition the curtailment of writing and speaking would be much more than proportionate to the number of years excised, for it is after the struggle and bustle of advancement have yielded to leisure, after they have become "swells and big-wigs," (to use Mr. Pierce Egan's phraseology,) that men generally get into parliament, and attend public dinners and charitable meetings for the sake of speechifying, while they promote somnolency by thick pamphlets upon Political Economy, the Tithe question, the Tread-mill, and the Game Laws.

After men have been once induced to discount existence, and take it up in ready money, instead of waiting the tedious process of its becoming due to death, and then praying for three days' grace, the brevity of style which your correspondent recommends would naturally introduce itself, and the saving of the public, in the single point of biography, would be incalculable. As to lapidary inscriptions, which may be termed the short-hand of biography, there is very little reform to be desiderated, nine tenths of them only claiming two days as worthy of record, those of the birth and death, the intervening sixty or eighty years being passed over as not worth mentioning. What can more convincingly prove the necessity of abridging the lengthy book of life when it is admitted to contain nothing particularly interesting between its title-page and its postscript? The regular biography appropriated to personages of distinction might be condensed after the following fashion :

The Life of the Right Hon. Crafton Supplejack, M.P. one of the Commissioners for preventing the dry rot in the wet docks, Comptroller of Accounts for Ayrshire and the Isle of Sky—Registrar of the missing documents—Auditor of the Deaf and Dumb—Member of the Court of Requests and of the Society for Feathering Nests, &c. &c. &c.

*Pro Artis et focis.*

By Crouch and Crawley, at the Crown and Mitre, 1825.

At a time when every member of his most sacred Majesty's Government—stupendous talents—unparalleled virtues—exquisite disinterestedness—heaven-born patriotism—Duty Editor owes to public—Subject this memoir—Educated College of Dublin—indefatigable industry—prodigious ability—laudable curiosity to see manners—on foot to London—letter to Scottish member—Clerk in public office—remarkable aptitude for public business—particularly in private affairs of his super-

rions—loan negotiated—mistress removed—recommended to commissioner—official knowledge remarkably displayed in management of contested election—rapid rise—display of eloquence—M.P. for the borough of Knavesmere—invariable—enlightened, and disinterested support of Government—never absent on a division—Privy Council—one of the Commissioners for preventing the dry rot in the wet docks—Comptroller of Accounts for Ayrshire and the Isle of Sky—Registrar of the missing documents—Auditor of the Deaf and Dumb—member of the Court of Requests and of the Society for Feathering Nests, &c. &c. &c.—pleasing duty of Editor—stupendous talents—unparalleled virtue—exquisite disinterestedness—heaven-born patriotism—Majesty's Government—Finis.

Here are at least two goodly post octavo volumes condensed into a single half sheet; and I appeal to the readers of such publications whether they cannot, from the above summary, fill up all the omissions, and pursue the whole laudatory narrative of the life, quite as well as if they had toiled through the six or eight hundred pages into which, according to the present method of writing biography, the work would be infallibly expanded. Leaving this as a general specimen of improvement in this department, we will next extend our inquiries to History, beginning with that of a single war, avoiding all allusion to recent occurrences, and framing our example in such a way as that in nine cases out of ten it will be found applicable to such records of hostility.

A Full and Complete History of the Late War.  
Cartridge and Ravelin—Horse Guards, Whitehall.

Perfidious conduct—unwarrantable aggression—implacable and eternal enemy—honour and glory of England—never can be satisfied until—complete humiliation—insulting foe—Declaration of war—universally popular—numerous addresses—lives and properties—loyal subjects—Hurra!—Ten years hostilities—H. M. government ever anxious to put an end—calamities of war—same humane and pacific sentiments—part of the enemy—Preliminaries of Peace upon the basis of the *status quo ante bellum*—Proclamation of peace—universally popular—general illumination—bonfire—*feu de joie*—innumerable addresses—loyal congratulations—Hurra!

Table of the ships, towns, and men, taken, burnt, and destroyed in the late most glorious struggle—Statement of the additions made to the national debt in the same period of unexampled wealth, prosperity, and success—Finis.

From the narrative of a single war, we might ascend to general history, which is little better than a succession of wars, though it has been jacobinically defined as the Newgate calendar of Kings. That of England has been already turned into verse by Mr. Dibdin, which is too long; and printed on a single card under the title of Royal Genealogy, which is as much too short, besides being exclusively confined to regal dates; but we do not see a single desideratum that would be left unsupplied, if it were to assume the following form.

A compendious History of England from the earliest dawn of time to the Accession of his present Majesty, whom God preserve. •

*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari.*

Printed for Canter and Claptrap, Crown Office Row.

Tower of Babel—dispersion of mankind—Shem, Ham and Japhet—



Celtic tribes—North of Europe—Roman Empire—Invasion under Julius Cæsar—Cassibelanus—Boadicea—Picts and Scots—Heptarchy—Alfred, chid for suffering the cakes to burn—Canute commands the waves not to touch his feet—Norman Conquest—Rufus, Tyrrel, and Westminster Abbey—King John—glorious æra Magna Charta—Tudors—Plantagenets—white and red roses—Henry the 8th, Defender of the Faith and seceder from ditto—Reformation—Queen Mary—fires in Smithfield—glorious Queen Elizabeth—defeat of the Spanish Armada—Goose on Michaelmas day—Charles the Martyr—Eikon Basilike—Commonwealth—detestable beast and fool Cromwell—Restoration—Abdication—glorious Revolution of 1688—glorious Queen Anne—glorious Hanover succession—particularly glorious George the Third.—Wars, treasons, stratagems, plots, insurrections, executions, usurpations, tyrannies, murders, crimes and sufferings of all sorts, in the usual proportion.

When once this is committed to the memory and the imagination, which may easily be effected in half an hour, we really do not see why all our voluminous historians might not be sold by the hundred weight as waste paper. By thus far abbreviating life and literature, we shall have conferred a most important benefit on mankind, but the grand desideratum will still remain to be accomplished. There is no doubt that the world itself requires condensing and abridging; it is infinitely too populous, the danger is daily increasing, we approach the Malthusian dilemma with a frightful rapidity. If we could but weed out and extirpate a few nations, leaving just enough to make war upon one another, which seems to be the great object of their existence; if we could but reduce and thin the respective communities, so as just to leave the privileged classes to enjoy the good things of the world, and sufficient of the labouring class to work in procuring them, it would effect an incredible improvement in human destiny. Old mother Earth has been too prolific; she has more pigs than teats, (we may quote from the House of Commons,) and we must imitate the gardeners who cut off part of their fruit to improve what is left. Painful necessity! we must—but it is too important a measure to be discussed at the tail of an article. We reserve its consideration for a future number.

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#### AUTHORS AND EDITORS.

I DARE say that there are few amateurs or incipient professors of literature, who do not think that the Editor of a Magazine is the most comfortable workman in the craft.—He is not subject to the rejections and mortifications which sometimes fall to the lot of less potential persons, and has the power of patronising his friends and annoying his enemies just as much as he pleases. All this is very true, but, to my sorrow, I must dispute the inference. I was once, in a dark hour of my fate, induced to become the Lord of one of these great creations myself, and, though I was deposed immediately after the publication of my first number, I obtained quite enough experience to turn pale at the sight of a proof-sheet ever after. I set to work with the determination of being popular, and encountered the cares and fatigues of unriiddling hieroglyphic manuscripts, and patching up broken sentences, with the constancy of a literary martyr. I hunted in holes and corners for genius in obscurity, that I might display it to the noon

day, and I felt my heart warm at the gratitude with which I was about to be rewarded. I reviewed new publications, paintings, and performances of all descriptions with the tenderness of a parent, to the first pledges of his fondness; I was on both sides in politics; and I never received a communication from the veriest ass which was not attended to as punctually as a love-letter. One would have thought that with so many claims to universal good-will I could not fail of obtaining it. Alas! after fidgetting and fevering myself to a skeleton, I discovered that folks of my calling are something in the predicament of house dogs, which are not only cursed for every honest bark they make, but mistrusted and vilified even when they fawn for favour. Before I was in power, I was considered a good sort of a person enough, and had as many friends as most people. I could walk the streets without thought of danger, and go about my business without fear of criticism. In one brief quarter of a year I have outfallen the fall of Phaeton. I have not only made no new friends, but have lost all my old ones. I cannot show my face without being hooted like an owl by daylight, and shall never again put pen to paper without seeing each miserable sentence drawn and quartered and hung up to public view as the remnants of the malefactor, who presumed to lord it over his betters. Expostulation is out of the question. A blockhead who has undergone the scratching out of a sentence is as impatient as though it had been his eye; a manuscript which has been returned is morally certain of becoming wadding for a pistol; and I look upon all the obligations which I have conferred as so many thunderbolts which are destined to crack my ex-editorial crown. In addition to all these grievous circumstances, the numerous assurances which I have received of the fallibility of my judgment, have altogether destroyed the confidence which I used formerly to repose in it. I feel shy of hazarding an opinion upon the merest trifle, for fear it should be disputed. My taste, vision, and hearing, seem totally different from those of other people; and had I not materials to prove what I have here advanced, I doubt very much whether I should have ventured to say a word upon the subject. Fortunately, when I commenced my editorial functions, I bought a huge band-box to hold contributions. The favours of my friends soon crammed it to splitting, but when store-houses of this kind come to be threshed out and winnowed, it is astonishing what a cloud of chaff is produced for every particle of solid grain. My whole treasury was expended in my one campaign, and I set about filling my box (which has been the very box of Pandora in every thing save the article of Hope) with the first fruits of it. It is now, if possible, fuller than it was before, and if the reader likes the samples I am about to give him, I will feast him as long as he has an appetite. The first *morceau* I have laid my hand upon is from a gentleman to whom I wrote—"The Editor of the ——— Magazine presents his compliments to Mr. ———, and begs to offer his best thanks for the perusal of his Essay on Pathos, which he regrets exceedingly his great supply of that article obliges him to return."

The reply to this polite billet is as follows :

"Sir,—I am extremely glad to have my Pathos again, as it was only sent for the support of a Magazine which has no chance of succeed-

ing by its wit. At the same time, I must inform you that it was a matter of some condescension for a person so well known as myself (in private circles) to submit my works to the judgement of one who is only likely to be conspicuous from his incapacity to appreciate them. My friends, upon whose taste I can fully rely, are of opinion that my *Essay on Pathos* has great power, for it was read before them a month ago, and they have been dull ever since. This, however, is not said that you may send for it back, and I think it right to inform you that I shall listen to no future solicitations to write for the — Magazine; and remain, Sir,<sup>c</sup> Your's, &c. &c."

One would have thought that the indignation of this lover of dullness, with whom I had the misfortune to feel so little sympathy, would at any rate have been counterbalanced by the kind words of those whose effusions I had printed in preference. But no such thing. The same post brought the following from a young beginner, who had intreated that I would do him the favour of cutting down and altering his papers as I thought best; and I vow that, in my fatherly anxiety for his reputation, I spent more time upon them than I did upon my own.

"Dear Sir,—Pray be kind enough to inform me which are my articles in your last number, for they are so altered that I do not recognise them. I have no doubt that they are a great deal the better for it, and am excessively obliged to you, and extremely sorry that it will not be in my power to forward any more contributions. Please to beg your publisher to send me his account, as I am going to take in another Magazine—and believe me, dear sir, truly yours.

— — —."

The next little note was left at my publisher's with an article "to be continued," which would have filled a decent-sized folio volume.

"Sir,—I have left the accompanying paper for your perusal, and shall be obliged by an answer respecting its admissibility into your magazine by to-morrow morning. Yours, &c."

The next day I received another billet to inform me that my reply was of extreme consequence, and that, in fact, the author did not understand such unwarrantable delays. On the third day I returned the MS. with a polite note expressive of my sorrow at my total inability to get through it in less than a month—which drew forth the subjoined.

"Sir,—You have done me a most serious injury. Had you returned my MS. in due time, I could have disposed of it to a publisher who has now had leisure to change his mind. I am determined upon having ample reparation, and, if I do not hear from you by return of post, shall most undoubtedly place the affair in the hands of my lawyer. I remain, &c."

This, I believe, cannot fail of being thought a little unreasonable, but, if so, what will be said of the next, which was written by a son of Apollo whom I had lauded out of pure friendship to his calling.

"Sir,—I have just seen in your Magazine a review of my poem, which you clearly do not understand, and of which you have materially injured the sale by misleading the public opinion. You call it sub-

lime, when, in fact, it is pathetic. People are tired of the sublime, and the comparison with Milton is ruination to me. I will defy you or any one else to find a single passage which might be mistaken for Milton's. You call it harmonious, when it is meant to be abrupt and impassioned throughout. You call the conclusion to the story moral and edifying, when nothing can be more the reverse. In short, you have played the deuce with all its greatest beauties, and the consequence is that nobody will read it.

My friend Mr. —, the artist, is with me, and begs that you will not mention his picture again, having put him to great inconvenience in contradicting all that you have said. It is not like Claude, or Nature, or any thing else, but is entirely original. The colouring is upon a new principle, and is not transparent, but opaque throughout. The figures are *not* well drawn, but are touched off with a graceful negligence, and, instead of an evening scene, it is intended to be sun-rise.

"I remain, &c. —."

My next epistle is from a young spark who was one of five hundred recommendations which came pouring in from my friends in all parts of the globe. The youth was described as the younger son of a country squire, a fine young man who was thought by his mother to possess great talents, which, of course, I should have abundant pleasure and advantage in bringing forward. He had never, it appeared, scribbled a line in his life, and was sent to me like a block, fresh from the timber-yard, to be hewn which way I pleased. What could I say in such a case? I asked him to dinner, and told him that I would apply to him when I had occasion. In a fortnight after, came the cursed twopenny postman with—

"Dear Sir,—I have been waiting impatiently to hear from you, according to promise, being anxious to set to work. I have been staying all this time at a hotel, doing nothing, and at a great expense upon the score of the Magazine, and my friends in the country are anxious to see some of my works. Pray let me know what I am to write, for it is all one to me, by return of post, and believe me, &c."

I wrote immediately, and regretted exceedingly that I had been the means of detaining him in London, assuring him at the same time that the press of matter would not possibly permit me to avail myself of his talents for some months at least. In about ten minutes, came the following answer.

"Sir,—This is what I won't stand. I have been staying in London at your particular desire, and now I'm to be told you don't want me. I shall send you my bill at the hotel as soon as it is made out, and if you don't pay it I'll see the reason why. Yours, &c."

The foregoing are a mere taste of my treasures. I have complaints, and revilings, and expostulations, and challenges, and all sorts of entertaining things, on every subject and in every style imaginable; but what I have already given is quite enough to maintain my opinion of editorial comfort. I will only add one communication from my publisher, by way of a climax.

"My dear Sir,—Here is the devil to pay! It is absolutely necessary that you should give up the editorship of the Magazine. I am

aware that no one else can possibly conduct it so well, but the hue and cry which is raised against you by our correspondents, and the consequent falling off in our sale, are not to be withstood. Pray see the reason of this, and give me the pleasure of your company at dinner on Sunday, to meet a party of your predecessors, who have each in turn been unfortunate enough to give similar dissatisfaction. Believe me, very truly, yours, ———.

“P. S. You had better not come to me on a week-day, as there are several persons waiting for you in the shop, who had better not be suffered to catch you ———.”

#### THE BIRTH OF GENIUS.

WHEN matchless Wisdom fashion'd man,  
 And o'er the dark and slumb'ring deep  
 Life's spirit moved, and breath began,  
 And new-born Nature woke from sleep :  
 When the sun's warmth to vapour curl'd  
 The veil of mist that wrapp'd the world—  
 And man came forth God's image bright  
 As never man again shall be,  
 And woman in a robe of light,  
 Both fresh for immortality,  
 Outvying spirits of the air—  
 Divine, majestic, dazzling fair :  
 When eyes from the blue heights of heaven,  
 And forms celestial stoop'd and gazed,  
 Deem'd the last perfect touch was given,  
 And seeing marvell'd, worshipp'd, praised,  
 Their utmost stretch of thought outdone  
 By the new world—the sinless one :  
 There yet remain'd a deed to do,  
 One mighty boon to be bestow'd,  
 Though Nature bloom'd with every hue,  
 And being teem'd, and all was good—  
 One gift still wanting none but He  
 The first and last could wanting see.  
 Too subtle but for his pure eye,  
 Far too ethereal in the sight  
 Of those who for eternity  
 Bask in his uncreated light—  
 He only saw, and from his throne,  
 Will'd, and that subtle thing had flown.  
 Without it earth had been a waste,  
 And man a savage of the wild,  
 Listless and vacant, cold, ungraced  
 With feeling, downcast as a child ;  
 His spirit had been chain'd to earth,  
 A dead, dull groveller from his birth.  
 That gave him power to sail and soar,  
 To clothe in beauty thoughts of light ;  
 Gave him by Inspiration's power  
 To pierce the starry infinite ;  
 Gave glory, noble feeling, fame,  
 To the new world in *Genius'* flame.

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## MEMOIRS OF SAMUEL PEPYS.\*

WE had recently occasion to remark that the prejudices and opinions, the talents and mental qualities of memoir-writers have very little to do with the instruction which their labours may afford; for, provided they do but indulge freely in detail, sufficient must transpire of the real condition of things, to enable a reader of ordinary penetration to see beyond the false surface, which party zeal or self-interest may be inclined to put upon them. Particular facts may indeed be misrepresented, and direct falsehoods palmed on the public concerning the secret passages of intrigue and state policy; but the complexion of the age, the character of factions and parties, the state of opinions, manners, habits, feelings, and the like generalities, betray themselves in so many unlooked-for particulars, that it is impossible for the most guarded narrator of a long series of events, wholly to disguise the truth. To the work before us this remark is peculiarly applicable. Pepys, both by inclination and *by place*, was a staunch advocate of Royalty; and strove hard to deceive himself into the belief that the restoration of Charles the Second was a happy event for his country. But in the simplicity of his gossiping disposition, he puts down so many traits of the vice and the profligacy, the feebleness and falsehood of the monarch, the extravagance of the court, the rapacity of the favourites, the monstrous arrogance and ambition of the clergy, and the absence of any fixed and enlightened opinion among the people, as would suffice to sink the most prosperous nation into the abyss of misery and political nullity, if the course of events had not been cut short by the glorious Revolution, which deprived the Stuarts of that sceptre they were every way incapable of wielding. In this point of view, we hold the volumes before us of extraordinary value. An effort has long been making by a party in this country, to turn the current of popular opinion in favour of despotic institutions, to conceal the iron scourge of power, beneath a specious wreath of flowers, and to inspire a sickly and effeminate alarm at innovation, with a horror of past temporary disturbances of public tranquillity, however valuable the object attained by the movement. Numerous and insidious attempts have been made, by falsifying history, by giving a political colour to romance, by emasculating such dramatic writers as have wished to make the stage a vehicle for liberal sentiment, and by encouraging corrupt authors to propagate slavish doctrines, through the same channels, to debauch the rising generation into a love of mawkish loyalty, and the gewgaws of aristocratic forms. The exiled family of the Stuarts have been brought forward with affectation before the public, as objects of tender compassion and fond regret, and the great event by which they were excluded,—that event to which the world is indebted for nearly all the truth, liberty, and morality existing in Europe, and in America—has been studiously represented, as necessary indeed in the particular instance which eventually placed the

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\* Memoirs of Samuel Pepys, Esq. F.R.S. Secretary to the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. comprising his Diary from 1659 to 1669, deciphered by the Rev. John Smith, A.B. of St. John's College, Cambridge, from the original short-hand MSS. in the Pepysian Library; and a Selection from his Private Correspondence. Edited by Richard Lord Braybrooke. London, Henry Colburn.

house of Hanover on the throne, but as otherwise *malum in se*, and never again to be called into precedent, or spoken of but with trembling and delicacy. To dissipate this dangerous illusion, the Memoirs of Mr. Pepys are singularly adapted. Bred up in the strictness of religious and moral feeling, which the Puritans, with all their acknowledged cant, had rooted into the generation they educated, Pepys was not able to shut his eyes against the infamy by which he was surrounded; and all his love and devotion to the monarchy could not falsify his conscience, even when his own conduct was not in consonance with its dictates. Fortunately, too, he wrote in a species of cypher, and with no intent to publish; and thus was encouraged to indulge in disclosures of fact, and in reflections, which neither his fears nor his principles would have permitted him to hazard in general circulation. The picture which he has afforded of the times in which he lived, has many other points of intense interest. As the contemporary of Antoine Hamilton, and living in the same reign, he affords many illustrations and confirmations of the story of that incomparably witty writer; while the plainness of his narrative forms a striking contrast in literary and intellectual qualifications, with the elegant and lively pages of the *Memoirs de Grammont*. Pepys was, according to that day, an educated gentleman, and had received all the refinement which home-bred instruction, an English university, and an English court, could give; yet not only in style and in composition, but in philosophy and in powers of reflection, he is centuries behind his French rival, and the comparison exhibits in a pregnant light the vast superiority which the French court had then attained in politeness and civilization—a superiority which amply accounts for the political supremacy it held over its humble imitators at Whitehall and Hampton-court.

The principal part of the volumes under consideration consists of a diary commenced in the year 1659, and kept with great assiduity during ten years of official life. In the original MS. this diary occupies six volumes closely written in short-hand, part of the library bequeathed by the author to Magdalen College, Cambridge. From the minuteness and the trifling nature of much of the details (says the editor) the MS. has been considerably abridged; and we readily believe with great advantage to the sale of the work; yet from the light which is thrown upon the manners and customs of the age, by the “prattle” which has been suffered to find its way into print, we cannot but think that the antiquary and the philosopher may yet glean valuable instruction from that which has been suppressed. A disposition to idle gossip is an essential ingredient in a memoir-writer. A man of graver turn would preserve in his journal only what is interesting at the moment; whereas, in a memoir, we look for instruction on those points to which time has given importance: we seek for traces, more especially, of the external forms of society, of the domesticity and the interior of those great personages who have figured upon the public stage of life, and for recollections of those evanescent shades of opinion, which are disregarded in the more “sad and learned” narratives of professed historians. The indiscriminating Dangeau has supplied us abundantly with matter of this nature, regarding the court of Louis XIV.; and the information which Pepys lets transpire in his pages respecting Charles II. is not of inferior curiosity. Samuel Pepys was born in the

year 1632 of a good and ancient family: and it is a singular fact in the history of our national manners, that his father should have followed no more dignified calling than that of "a tailor by trade." Pepys was educated at St. Paul's and at Cambridge; and his acquaintance with ancient and modern languages enabled him to avail himself of the patronage of his cousin Sir Edward Montagu, afterwards Earl of Sandwich, and to fill with credit to himself and utility to the public, several official situations, more especially connected with the navy; to the amelioration of which he largely contributed, in many instances, of which James II. when Duke of York had obtained the exclusive merit. Through his connexion with Montagu, Pepys was employed on board the *Naseby* which brought Charles II. to England, on the restoration, about the time when his diary first begins, which has afforded him the occasion of commemorating many curious particulars of that memorable event. From his official connexion with the Duke of York, he was afterwards strongly, though unjustly, suspected of Popery; and when elected to serve in parliament, an attempt was made to supersede him, as "a papist, and one popishly inclined," on the alleged ground of a crucifix having been seen in his house. From the internal evidence of his diary, he seems in theology rather to have leant to the Presbyterians, as the most prudent, moderate, and godly-minded party; but he was deeply infected with a childish love of the more imposing ceremonies of the episcopal service, to which his passion for music still further inclined him. It appears, however, from the same authority, that, like a good placeman as he was, he was not insensible to the influence of court opinion. In page 83 he says "In Paul's church-yard, I called at Kirton's, and there they had got a masse-book for me, which I bought, and cost me twelve shillings; and when I came home, sat up late, and read it with great pleasure to my wife, to hear that she was long ago acquainted with it." And in page 96 he records a serious though ineffectual effort, he made to fast in Lent after the Catholic fashion; so that it seems not improbable, that he had really conquetted to some extent with the religion which had become fashionable with his employers. Of the persecution on this account raised against him, his noble editor speaks as of "a striking and most disgusting picture of the spirit of those times." The spirit of those times was indeed pregnant with the grossest bigotry, and with a puerile alarm at every demonstration of "a popish inclination;" and the zeal or the ambition of the Shaftesburys and the Banks's of that day led them into acts of perfidy and cruelty, which were truly "of a most disgusting character." But in censuring "those times," it must be remembered that the alliance of popery and despotism was then a pressing and a paramount evil; and that a question *really* was at issue between civil and religious liberty, and a base and groveling slavery both of mind and body. Other times have succeeded, in which, fortunately for mankind, these dangers have become but the airy shadowings of a diseased imagination: yet the Eldons and the Banks's of 1825 are by no means behindhand with the Shaftesburys and Banks's of the olden times, in doing the work of persecution and bigotry: and it may fairly be doubted whether that party, the proceedings of which have recently passed into matter of history, was a whit inferior in political dishonesty, superstitious imbecility, and a narrow persecuting spirit, to the body



which disgraced the days of Titus Oates. The public feeling of the age is indeed vastly amended, and even sectarian zeal is obliged to defer to popular opinion. But some of our modern statesmen have been fully as bad, *as they dared*, and in the pursuit of a political chimera, have "played such pranks before high heaven," as leaves the present generation little right to censure and condemn the court of their predecessors, for the absence of common honesty, fair dealing, and Christian charity, to their Catholic fellow-citizens.

The estimation in which Pepys was held for his literary talents raised him in 1684 to the presidency of the Royal Society. He was also the friend of Evelyn, and was a munificent patron of literature and the arts. Yet, if we may judge of the quality of his mind from his own diary, we should place him on an intellectual level, far below that of Evelyn, to whose *Memoirs* his own will henceforward form an essential pendant. To judge of him by this standard, he seems to have had little of the higher caste of philosophy in his conceptions. His views of the religion and politics of his day, though often shrewd, and, for a professed cavalier, sometimes liberal, shew for the most part more of cunning than of wisdom. In his calculations of conduct he is a mere clerk in office; jealous of exclusion, anxious after fees, and sufficiently intriguing—which was indeed the prevailing vice of the times. In this respect, the restoration of the Bourbons is a mere *replica* of that of the Stuarts: and it is curious to remark, that the greediness of the courtiers and the lavish profusion of the public expenditure, have in both instances led to the open sale of honours in satisfaction of demands made upon the liberality of the sovereign, when money was no longer to be had. Of this fact two instances occur in vol. 1, p. 71. That Pepys's mind was not formed for the entertainment of expansive generalities, has (we repeat it) rendered his *Memoirs* at once more interesting and more trustworthy. A higher order of intellect and of feeling would have spoiled his work, and caused it to be a less faithful mirror of the age; while it would have deprived us of numerous *piquant* and striking anecdotes that shed an instructive light on the manners and customs of the nation. Of this truth, we may instance his almost childish love of dress, which occasions him to note the successive changes in his toilet, and thereby to illustrate the national progress from the forms of puritanism to those of the French court. "July 10, 1660. This day I put on my new silk suit, the first that ever I wore in my life," p. 14.—"13th do. Up early, the first day I put on my black camlett coat, with silver buttons," p. 65.—"14th Aug. Agreed upon making me a velvet coat." p. 71.—"25th do. This night Wm. Hewer brought me home from Mr. Pims my velvet coat and cap, the first that ever I had." "February 3d, 1661. This day I first began to go forth in my coat and sword, as the manner now among gentlemen is." p. 93.—"Nov. 4, 1660. My wife seemed very pretty to-day, it being the first time I had given her leave to wear a black patch." p. 83.—"October 19, 1662. Put on my first new laced band; and so neat it is, that I am resolved my great expence shall be laced bands, and it will set off any thing else the more." p. 171.—"June 1663. When the house began to fill, she put on her vizard, and so kept it on all the play, which of late has become a great fashion among the ladies, which hides their whole face. So to the Exchange to buy things with my wife, and among others, a vizard for herself." p. 226.

"24th Mar. By and by comes La Belle Pierce to see my wife, and to bring her a pair of perukes of hair, as the fashion now is for ladies to wear; which are pretty, and are of my wife's own hair, or else I should not endure them."

"30th Oct. To my great sorrow find myself 43*l.* worse than I was the last month, which was then 760*l.* and now it is but 717*l.* But it hath chiefly arisen from my layings-out in clothes for myself and wife; viz. for her about 12*l.* and for myself 55*l.*, or thereabouts; having made myself a velvet cloak, two new cloth skirts, black, plain both; a new shag gown, trimmed with gold buttons and twist, with a new hat, and silk tops for my legs, and many other things, being resolved henceforward to go like myself. And also two perriwigs, one whereof costs me 3*l.* and the other 40*s.* I have worn neither yet, but will begin next week, God willing."

Like Old Rapid in the play, Pepys seems perfectly impregnated with ideas of dress, and at every turn we expect to find him journalizing, "What a very pretty spencer you have on." The same attention to outward circumstances in other particulars, is perpetually starting new game for the antiquary and the historical novelist. To this propensity we owe the knowledge that Pepys, when worth no more than 100*l.* in the world, gave for his hat the large sum of 4*l.* 5*s.*; that *tee* (tea) was a curiosity almost unknown in 1660; that from this period the first appearance of females on the English stage may be dated; that the play ended at nine o'clock; that melons were first sent from Lisbon in 1663; that a guide was necessary to travel to Portsmouth; and an infinity of similar facts, which, if not altogether new to the reader, are agreeably recalled by the perusal of these pages. The following passage contains several curious traits of manners:—

"Oct. 29. To Guild Hall; and meeting with Mr. Proby, (Sir R. Ford's son), and Lieutenant-colonel Baron, a City commander, we went up and down to see the tables; where under every salt there was a bill of fare, and at the end of the table the persons proper for the table. Many were the tables, but none in the Hall but the Mayor's and the Lords of the Privy Council that had napkins or knives, which was very strange. We went into the Buttry, and there stayed and talked, and then into the Hall again: and there wine was offered and they drunk, I only drinking some hypocras, which do not break my vowe, it being, to the best of my present judgement, only a mixed compound drink, and not any wine. If I am mistaken, God forgive me! but I hope and do think I am not. By and by met with Creed; and we, with the others, went within the several Courts, and there saw the tables prepared for the ladies and judges and bishops: all great sign of a great dinner to come. By and by about one o'clock, before the Lord Mayor come, come into the Hall, from the room where they were first led into, the Lord Chancellor (Archbishopp before him), with the Lords of the Council, and other Bishoppes, and they to dinner. Anon comes the Lord Mayor, who went up to the lords, and then to the other tables to bid wellcome; and so all to dinner. I sat near Proby, Baron, and Creed at the Merchant Strangers' table; where ten good dishes to a messe, with plenty of wine of all sorts, of which I drunk none; but it was very displeasing that we had no napkins nor change of trenchers, and drunk out of earthen pitchers and wooden dishes. It happened that after the lords had half dined, come the French enbassador up to the lords' table, where he was to have sat; he would not sit down nor dine with the Lord Mayor, who was not yet come, nor have a table to himself, which was offered; but in a discontent went away again. After I had dined, I and Creed rose and went up and down the house, and up to the *ladys'* room, and there stayed gazing upon them. But though there were many and fine, both young and old, yet I could not discern one handsome face there; which was very strange. I expected *nfusique*, but there was none but only trumpets and drums, which displeased me. The dinner, it seems, is made by

the Mayor and two Sheriffs for the time being, the Lord Mayor paying one half, and they the other. And the whole, Proby says, is reckoned to come to about 7 or 800*l.* at most. The Queene mends apace, they say; but yet talks idle still."

In Pepys's time it was usual for the company in great houses to adjourn to the wine-cellar, where projects of all sorts were discussed among "tuns of strange and incomparable good claret," and hogsheads of Rhenish. In the wine-cellar of Whitehall, my Lord Chamberlain's secretary told the secretary of the Admiralty "how he had a project for all us secretaries to join together, and get money by bringing all business into our hands," p. 63: a strange anecdote of manners, which shews according to the jest, that great men were not above doing a bad action in those days. Thus however it is; forms vary, but the substance of humanity remains unchanged: and though we must confess that a piece of official roguery tells better when the *venue* is laid in a well-carpeted and well-lighted saloon, than it does among the "incomparable good claret" of a filthy wine-cellar; yet for all the rest, the difference of times is not very material. The orgies of King Charles's chamberlain's secretary, and those of King George's deputy licenser of plays, have doubtless an equal tendency to the public good, upstairs or below; and the secretaries of the admiralty in every epoch of naval history, have probably felt the same propensity to bringing all business into their own hands, whether they plotted to effect their purpose in "*a wine cellar*," or unaccountably contrived to creep their way into the society and confidence of great men.

Among the many concerns on which Pepys has heaped up information for posterity, the theatre is one that he has more especially illustrated. Those who are well read in the dramatic works of Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Dryden, Killigrew, Sedley, Beaumont and Fletcher, &c. &c. will receive great pleasure from the frequent notices of the reception their works met with from the polite audiences of King Charles's days. The most devoted amateurs of theatricals among the beau-monde of the present times, cannot be more dependent upon the green-room for their resources, than was the Admiral's secretary; and so much did this passion intrench upon his official duties, that, as in the case of wine, he felt himself called upon to restrict indulgence by a solemn vow,—a custom still prevalent among the lower Irish on similar occasions. Knipp, Gwyn, and Hart, are names which occur in his journal, as frequently as those of the heads of the treasury and exchequer, and this passion of our author has perhaps thrown more light upon the history of the stage, than is to be obtained even in Cibber's Apology, or any other contemporary work on the subject. The following is an amusing notice on the early history of the Italian opera in England:

"Feb. 12th, 1666-7. With my Lord Brouncker by coach to his house, there to hear some Italian musique; and here we met Tom Killigrew, Sir Robert Murray, and the Italian Signor Baptista, who hath proposed a play in Italian for the Opera, which T. Killigrew do intend to have up; and here he did sing one of the acts. He himself is the poet as well as the musician; which is very much, and did sing the whole from the words without any musique prickt, and played all along upon a harpsicon most admirably, and the composition most excellent. The words I did not understand, and so know not how they are fitted, but believe very well, and all in the recitativo very fine. But I perceive there is a proper accent in every country's discourse, and that do

reach in their setting of notes to words, which, therefore, cannot be natural to any body else but them; so that I am not so much smitten with it as it may be I should be if I were acquainted with their accent. But the whole composition is certainly most excellent; and the poetry, T. Killigrew and Sir R. Murray, who understood the words, did say most excellent. I confess I was mightily pleased with the musique. He pretends not to voice, though it be good, but not excellent. This done, T. Killigrew and I to talk: and he tells me how the audience at his house is not above half so much as it used to be before the late fire. That Knipp is like to make the best actor, that ever come upon the stage, she understanding so well: that they are going to give her 30*l.* a-year more. That the stage is now by his pains a thousand times better and more glorious than ever heretofore. Now wax-candles, and many of them; then not above 3 *lbs.* of tallow: now all things civil, no rudeness any where; then, as in a bear-garden: then two or three fiddlers, now nine or ten of the best: then nothing but rushes upon the ground, and every thing else mean; now all otherwise: then the *Queene* seldom and the King never would come; now, not the King only for state, but all civil people do think they may come as well as any. He tells me that he hath gone several times (eight or ten times, he tells me,) hence to Rome, to hear good musique; so much he loves it, though he never did sing or play a note. That he hath ever endeavoured in the late King's time and in this to introduce good musique, but he never could do it, there never having been any musique here better than ballads. And says 'Hermitt poore' and 'Chiny Chese' was all the musique we had; and yet no ordinary fiddlers get so much money as ours do here, which speaks our rudeness still. That he hath gathered our Italians from several Courts in Christendome, to come to make a concert for the King, which he do give 200*l.* a-year a-piece to; but badly paid, and do come in the room of keeping four ridiculous Gundilows, he having got the King to put them away, and lay out money this way. And indeed I do commend him for it; for I think it is a very noble undertaking. He do intend to have some times of the year these operas to be performed at the two present theatres, since he is defeated in what he intended in Moore-fields on purpose for it. And he tells me plainly that the City audience was as good as the Court; but now they are most gone. Baptista tells me that Giacomo Charissimi is still alive at Rome, who was master to Vinneccotio, who is one of the Italians that the King hath here, and the chief composer of them. My great wonder is, how this man do to keep in memory so perfectly the musique of the whole act, both for the voice and the instrument too. I confess I do admire it: but in recitativo the sense much helps him, for there is but one proper way of discoursing and giving the accents. Having done our discourse, we all took coaches (my Lord's and T. Killigrew's) and to Mrs. Kuipp's chamber, where this Italian is to teach her to sing her part. And so we all thither, and there she did sing an Italian song or two very fine, while he played the bass upon a harpsicon there; and exceedingly taken I am with her singing, and believe she will do miracles at that and acting.

"Feb. 16. To my Lord Brouncker's, and there was Sir Robert Murray, a most excellent man of reason and learning, and understands the doctrine of musique, and every thing else I could discourse of, very finely. Here come Mr. Hooke, Sir George Ent, Dr. Wren, and many others; and by and by the musique, that is to say, Signor Vincentio, who is the master composer, and six more, whereof two euntnches (so tall that Sir T. Harvy said well that he believes they did grow large as our oxen do), and one woman very well dressed and haifdome enough, but would not be kissed, as Mr. Killigrew, who brought the company in, did acquaint us. They sent two harpsicons before, and by and by after tuning them they begun; and, I confess, very good musique they made; that is, the composition exceeding good, but yet not at all more pleasing to me than what I have heard in English by Mrs. Knipp, Captain Cooke, and others. Their justness in keeping time by practice much before any that we have, unless it be a good band of practiced fiddlers."

In page 136, vol. 2, occurs a notice of the interior of the theatre, which is worth quoting.

"Oct. 5. To the King's house; and there going in met with Knipp, and she took us up into the tiring-rooms; and to the women's shift, where Nell was dressing herself, and was all unready, and is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And into the scene-room, and there sat down, and she gave us fruit: and here I read the questions to Knipp, while she answered me, through all her part of 'Flora's Figarys,' which was acted to-day. But, Lord! to see how they were both painted, would make a man mad, and did make me loath them; and what base company of men comes among them, and how lewdly they talk! And how poor the men are in clothes, and yet what a shew they make on the stage by candle-light, is very observable. But to see how Nell cursed, for having so few people in the pit, was strange; the other house carrying away all the people at the new play, and is said now-a-days to have generally most company, as being better players. By and by into the pit, and there saw the play, which is pretty good." (1667.)

To the society, however, of these "*heroines des coulisses*" the king, as is notorious, was devoted, and many of his most precious hours were stolen from state affairs, on which the fate of his kingdom depended, to be given to "Nell" and to Davis. It is amusing to note the humorous tone of complaint with which Pepys censures a fault in which he himself too feelingly sympathizes: for it is very clear that he had a "sneaking kindness" both for lady Castlemain and for "pretty Nell," as is evinced in the following passages:

"March 2. After dinner with my wife to the King's house to see 'The Mayden Queene,' a new play of Dryden's, mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit: and the truth is, there is a comical part done by Nell, which is Florimell, that I never can hope ever to see the like done again by man or woman. The King and Duke of York were at the play. But so great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this, both as a mad girl, then most and best of all when she comes in like a young gallant; and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her."

"March 25. To the King's playhouse; and by and by comes Mr. Lowther and his wife and mine, and into a box forsooth, neither of them being dressed, which I was almost ashamed of. Sir W. Pen and I in the pit, and here saw 'The Mayden Queene' again; which indeed the more I see the more I like, and is an excellent play, and so done by Nell her merry part, as cannot be better done in nature."

"May 1. To Westminster; in the way meeting many milk-maids with their garlands upon their pails, dancing with a fiddler before them; and saw pretty Nelly standing at her lodgings' door in Drury-lane in her smock sleeves and bodice, looking upon one: she seemed a mighty pretty creature."

"July 14. To Epsom, by eight o'clock, to the well; where much company. And to the towne to the King's Head; and hear that my Lord Buckhurst and Nelly are lodged at the next house, and Sir Charles Sedley with them: and keep a merry house. Poor girl! I pity her; but more the loss of her at the King's house."

One theatrical anecdote more for the benefit of the licensers of plays, and we have done.

"April 15. To the King's house by chance, where a new play: so full as I never saw it; I forced to stand all the while close to the very door till I took cold, and many people went away for want of room. The King and Queene and Duke of York and Duchesse there, and all the Court, and Sir W. Coven-

try. The play called 'The Change of Crownes;' a play of Ned Howard's, the best that I ever saw at that house, being a great play and serious; only Lacy did act the country-gentleman come up to Court, who do abuse the Court with all the imaginable wit and plainness about selling of places, and doing every thing for money. The play took very much."

"16th. Knipp tells me the King was so angry at the liberty taken by Lacy's part to abuse him to his face, that he commanded they should act no more, till Moone went and got leave for them to act again, but not this play. The King mighty angry; and it was bitter indeed, but very fine and witty."

"20th. Met Mr. Rolt, who tells me the reason of no play to-day at the King's house. That Lacy had been committed to the porter's lodge for his acting his part in the late new play, and being thence released to come to the King's house, he there met with Ned Howard, the poet of the play, who congratulated his release; upon which Lacy cursed him as that it was the fault of his nonsensical play that was the cause of his ill usage. Mr. Howard did give him some reply; to which Lacy answered him, that he was more a fool than a poet: upon which Howard did give him a blow on the face with his glove; on which Lacy, having a cane in his hand, did give him a blow over the pate. Here Rolt and others that discoursed of it in the pit this afternoon, did wonder that Howard did not run him through, he being too mean a fellow to fight with. But Howard did not do any thing but complain to the King of it; so the whole house is silenced: and the gentry seem to rejoice much at it, the house being become too insolent."

Throughout every page of this highly amusing diary are scattered a variety of important, whimsical, and pregnant illustrations of the temper of men's minds in political matters, and of the gradual alteration which took place in their feelings and affections for the "merry monarch." A lassitude of anarchy, and that desire for change which seems inherent in human nature, had, on the death of the Protector, gradually turned men's eyes to the person of Charles the Second; and all classes (except the very few enlightened individuals who could look into the essence of things, and perceive that "a restoration was the worst of all possible revolutions") were excessive in their joy at the re-establishment of the ancient monarchy, to a degree which was too much even for Pepys' nerves.

"May 2d. Mr. Dunne from London, with letters that tell us the welcome news of the Parliament's votes yesterday, which will be remembered for the happiest May-day that hath been many a year to England. The King's letter was read in the House, wherein he submits himself and all things to them, as to an Act of Oblivion to all, unless they shall please to except any, as to the confirming of the sales of the King's and Church lands, if they see good. The House, upon reading the letter, ordered 50,000*l.* to be forthwith provided to send to His Majesty for his present supply; and a committee chosen to return an answer of thanks to His Majesty for his gracious letter; and that the letter be kept among the records of the Parliament; and in all this not so much as one No. So that Luke Robinson himself stood up and made a recantation for what he had done, and promises to be a loyal subject to his Prince for the time to come. The City of London have put out a Declaration, wherein they do disclaim their owning any other government but that of a King, Lords, and Commons. Thanks was given by the House to Sir John Greenville, one of the bedchamber to the King, who brought the letter, and they continued bare all the time it was reading. Upon notice from the Lords to the Commons, of their desire that the Commons would join with them in their vote for King, Lords, and Commons; the Commons did concur, and voted that all books whatever that are out against the government of King, Lords, and Commons, should be brought into the House and

burned. Great joy all yesterday at London, and at night more bonfires than ever, and ringing of bells, and drinking of the King's health upon their knees in the streets, which methinks is a little too much. But every body seems to be very joyfull in the business, insomuch that our sea-commanders now begin to say so too, which a week ago they would not do. And our seamen, as many as had money or credit for drink, did do nothing else this evening. This day come Mr. North (Sir Dudley North's son) on board, to spend a little time here, which my Lord was a little troubled at, but he seems to be a fine gentleman, and at night did play his part exceeding well at first sight."

The first pages of the Diary are replete with similar traits, and with "signs of the times," indicating the progressive approach of public opinion to this one point. Yet within a very few months, the popular feeling seems to have entirely evaporated, and the court and government became suspected and disliked. In producing this effect, the established clergy, who, like the ivy round a noble oak, have ever strangled the throne under the semblance of strengthening it, very mainly contributed. However weary the nation might have been with the oppressive and feeble despotism of a divided military *clique*, it was still constant in its predilections for the presbyterian and independent forms of ecclesiastical government, in preference to the high church: and though all might agree in the policy of a civil restoration, the same was by no means the case with respect to the re-establishment of prelacy. The steps by which the people were induced to reconcile themselves with episcopacy were many, painful, and oppressive. Yet from the starting-post, the clergy put forth their insolent pretensions, (as has recently been the case in France) to the imminent danger of their lay-allies. As early as May 21st, before the landing of the King, Pepys's Diary contains the following entry:—"At court I find all things grow high. The old clergy talk as being sure of their lands again, and laugh at the presbytery; and it is believed that the sale of the king's and bishops' lands will never be confirmed by parliament, there being nothing now in any man's power to hinder them and the king from doing what they had a mind, but every body willing to submit to any thing," p. 48.—In various parts of the Diary, similar complaints are made of the overweening ambition of the clergy, and of the sturdy resistance of the people to their forms and to their encroachments.

"Oct. 4. Here I saw the Bishops of Winchester, Bangor, Rochester, Bath and Wells, and Salisbury, all in their habits, in King Henry Seventh's chapel. But, Lord! at their going out, how people did most of them look upon them as strange creatures, and few with any kind of love or respect." (1660.)

Yet in the very next page we are told of the joy manifested by the populace at the execution of Harrison. On the 20th of Feb. 1661, is the following passage.

"To White Hall to Mr. Coventry, where I did some business with him, and so with Sir W. Pen (who I found with Mr. Coventry teaching of him the map to understand Jamaica.) The great talk of the towne is the strange election that the City of London made yesterday for Parliament-men; viz. Fowke, Love, Jones, and . . . . . men, that, so far from being episcopall, are thought to be Anabaptists; and chosen with a great deal of zeale, in spite of the other party that thought themselves so strong, calling out in the Hall, 'No Bishops! no Lord Bishops!' It do make people to fear it may come to worse, by being an example to the country to do the same. And indeed the Bishops are so high, that very few do love them."

That the struggle between the presbyterians and the established clergy, though it ended favourably for the latter, was a deadly blow to the government, and raised up an host of opposition, is a fact well known in the history of this reign : but the multitudinous trifles by which it is illustrated in Pepys's pages, gives a reality and a conviction of the truth, which may not be without its use in our own day, when the temporal interests of the kingdom are so lavishly staked in support of clerical intolerance, and clerical alarm for tithes. The English have, it is true, in all ages been a priest-ridden nation ; but they have never been without a due regard to their own personal interests : and it would well become a prudent statesman to stand between the passions of the Church and its interests, and to take care that men's duties are not placed by the clergy in too strong opposition to their inclinations. The extravagance of the court, and the heavy burdens laid upon the people, the insolence of the nobility, their debauchery and greediness, added largely to popular discontent. On the 31st of August, 1661, little more than a year from the bonfires and insane rejoicings of the Restoration, Pepys writes as follows :

" At Court things are in very ill condition, there being so much emulation, poverty, and the vices of drinking, swearing, and loose amours, that I know not what will be the end of it, but confusion. And the Clergy so high, that all people that I meet with do protest against their practice. In short, I see no content or satisfaction any where, in any one sort of people. The Benevolence proves so little, and an occasion of so much discontent every where, that it had better it had never been set up. I think to subscribe 20*l*. We are at our office quiet, only for lack of money all things go to rack. Our very bills offered to be sold upon the Exchange at 10 per cent. loss. We are upon getting Sir R. Ford's house added to our Office. But I see so many difficulties will follow in pleasing of one another in the dividing of it, and in becoming bound personally to pay the rent of 200*l*. per annum, that I do believe it will yet scarce come to pass."

Again on the 10th of November, 1662, he says,

" The towne, I hear, is full of discontents, and all know of the King's new bastard by Mrs. Haslerigge, and as far as I can hear will never be contented with Episcopacy, they are so cruelly set for Presbytery, and the Bishops carry themselves so high, that they are never likely to gain any thing upon them."

And on the 30th,

" Publick matters in an ill condition of discontent against the height and vanity of the Court, and their bad payments : but that which troubles most, is the Clergy, which will never content the City, which is not to be reconciled to Bishops : but more the pity that differences must still be "

In page 260, there occurs also a picture of the court, clergy, and nation, too important to pass over unnoticed.

" July 20. He (Lord Sandwich) told me also how loose the Court is, nobody looking after business, but every man his lust and gain ; and how the King is now become besotted upon Mrs. Stewart, that he gets into corners, and will be with her half an hour together kissing her to the observation of all the world ; and she now stays by herself and expects it, as my Lady Castlemaine did use to do ; to whom the King, he says, is still kind, so as now and then he goes to her as he believes ; but with no such fondness as he used to do. But yet it is thought that this new wench is so subtle, that it is verily thought if the Queene had died, he would have married her. Mr. Blackburne and I fell to talk of many things, wherein he was very open to me : first, in that of religion, he makes it greater matter of prudence for the King and Council to



suffer liberty of conscience; and imputes the loss of Hungary to the Turke from the Emperor's denying them this liberty of their religion. He says that many pious ministers of the word of God, some thousands of them, do now beg their bread: and told me how highly the present clergy carry themselves every where, so as that they are hated and laughed at by every body; among other things, for their excommunications, which they send upon the least occasions almost that can be. And I am convinced in my judgement, not only from his discourse, but my thoughts in general, that the present clergy will never heartily go down with the generality of the commons of England; they have been so used to liberty and freedom, and they are so acquainted with the pride and debauchery of the present clergy. He did give me many stories of the affronts which the clergy receive in all places of England from the gentry and ordinary persons of the parish. He do tell me what the City thinks of General Monk, as of a most perfidious man that hath betrayed every body, and the King also; who, as he thinks, and his party, and so I have heard other good friends of the King say, it might have been better for the King to have had his hands a little bound for the present, than be forced to bring such a crew of poor people about him, and be liable to satisfy the demands of every one of them. He told me that to his knowledge (being present at every meeting at the Treaty at the Isle of Wight,) that the old King did confess himself over-ruled and convinced in his judgement against the Bishoppes, and would have suffered and did agree to exclude the service out of the churches, nay his own chapell; and that he did always say, that this he did not by force, for that he would never abate one inch by any violence; but what he did was out of his reason and judgement. He tells me that the King by name, with all his dignities, is prayed for by them that they call Fanatiques, as heartily and powerfully as in any of the other churches that are thought better: and that, let the King think what he will, it is them that must help him in the day of warr. For so generally they are the most substantiall sort of people, and the soberest; and did desire me to observe it to my Lord Sandwich, among other things, that of all the old army now you cannot see a man begging about the streets; but what? You shall have this captain turned a shoemaker; the lieutenant, a baker; this a brewer; that a haberdasher; this common soldier, a porter; and every man in his apron and frock, &c. as if they never had done any thing else: whereas the other go with their belts and swords, swearing and cursing, and stealing; running into people's houses, by force oftentimes, to carry away something; and this is the difference between the temper of one and the other; and concludes (and I think with some reason,) that the spirits of the old parliament soldiers are so quiet and contented with God's providences, that the King is safer from any evil meant him by them one thousand times more than from his own discontented Cavalier. And then to the publick management of business: it is done, as he observes, so loosely and so carelessly, that the kingdom can never be happy with it, every man looking after himself, and his own lust and luxury; and that half of what money the Parliament gives the King is not so much as gathered. And to the purpose he told me how the Bellamys (who had some of the Northern counties assigned them for their debt for the petty warrant victualling, have often complained to him that they cannot get it collected, for that nobody minds, or if they do, they won't pay it in. Whereas (which is a very remarkable thing,) he hath been told by some of the Treasurers at Warr here of late, to whom the most of the 120,000*l.* monthly was paid, that for most months the payments were gathered so duly, that they seldom had so much or more than 40*s.* or the like, short in the whole collection; whereas now the very Commissioners for Assessments and other publick payments are such persons, and those that they choose in the country so like themselves, that from top to bottom there is not a man carefull of any thing, or if he be, is not solvent; that what between the beggar and the knave, the King is abused the best part of all his revenue."

In the different parts of this Diary, there are ample evidences of the same break-up of principles and opinions, the same baseness, dishonesty, and rapacity, as in our days we have seen arise out of similar causes among the French. Girouettism is the natural vice of revolutionary times, and political consistency the rarest and most heroic of virtues. Few men are decidedly governed by principles; and those who are incorruptible by bribe, are not always proof against influence; for if physical courage is a common virtue, moral courage is the attribute only of the privileged few whom Nature has stamped with her own nobility. The French revolution has produced heroes in a teeming abundance; it has called into existence but one Lafayette. Pepys himself began life as a Roundhead, as the following humorous anecdote shews.

"Nov. 1. Here dined with us two or three more country gentlemen; among the rest Mr. Christmas, my old school-fellow, with whom I had much talk. He did remember that I was a great Roundhead when I was a boy, and I was much afraid that he would have remembered the words that I said the day the King was beheaded (that, were I to preach upon him, my text should be — 'The memory of the wicked shall rot'); but I found afterwards that he did go away from school before that time." (1660.)

Montagu, his patron, was also a turn-coat; and like most other turn-coats and renegades, contrived to furnish himself with a plausible excuse for his ratting. In page 84, vol. 1. Pepys relates his friend's public reason for siding with the King.

"Nov. 7th. Went by water to my Lord, where I dined with him, and he in a very merry humour (present Mr. Borfett and Childe) at dinner: he, in discourse of the great opinion of the virtue—gratitude, (which he did account the greatest thing in the world to him, and had, therefore, in his mind been often troubled in the late times how to answer his gratitude to the King, who raised his father,) did say it was that did bring him to his obedience to the King; and did also bless himself with his good fortune, in comparison to what it was when I was with him in the Sound, when he durst not own his correspondence with the King; which is a thing that I never did hear of to this day before; and I do from this raise an opinion of him, to be one of the most secret men in the world, which I was not so convinced of before."

Whereas in page 45, he had previously stated the true reason, that which has made so many traitors—pique.

"May 15. In the afternoon my Lord and I walked together in the coach two hours, talking together upon all sorts of discourse: as religion, wherein he is, I perceive, wholly sceptical, saying, that indeed the Protestants as to the Church of Rome are wholly fanatiques: he likes uniformity and form of prayer: about State-business, among other things he told me that his conversion to the King's cause (for I was saying that I wondered from what time the King could look upon him to become his friend,) commenced from his being in the Sound, when he found what usage he was likely to have from a Commonwealth." (1660.)

The relaxation of religious stoutness which accompanied the Restoration, is notorious. This Pepys notices in his friend Mr. Creed, p. 106. "And so home, much wondering to see how things are altered with Mr. Creed, who, twelve months ago, might have been got to hang himself almost as soon as to go to a drinking-house on a Sunday." In this there is nothing new nor rare; in all ages men's opinions have been more dependant upon external circumstances, than on their own

intellectual powers; and notions of propriety more especially are instilled according to the standard which is in vogue at the moment. Most persons however are intolerant from an overweening conceit of their own opinions, *as being their own*; and they too imagine, that to differ is to insult. Accordingly, it is an obvious truth, that this vice is the exclusive attribute of feeble narrow minds. Could it be clearly seen to what strange accidents we owe our opinions, not only in religion, but in politics, literature, metaphysics, and the like, it would be equally impossible for a rational being to take merit for them himself, or to be angry with others for not exhibiting the same modifications. Intolerance is a gross absurdity.

The great length to which this article has extended itself, prevents our noticing the correspondence with various persons which occupies the half of the 2d volume, and closes the work. A large portion of it consists of letters between Pepys and Evelyn,—a sufficient guarantee that they merit perusal.—Of the general character of these volumes, it is unnecessary to speak, the copious extracts which have been made from them in various periodicals, sufficiently prove the interest they have excited. In truth, it is difficult to find a chit-chat more amusing to the mere idler, while there are few books which will furnish more matter of thought, and more interesting information to those whose views in reading extend to instruction. Pepys's Memoirs will assuredly form a part of every good general library. In a mechanical point of view, the work is most creditably executed, the type and paper being excellent, and the illustrative engravings worthy of the artists whose names they bear. To Lord Braybrooke the public is deeply indebted for rescuing such valuable matter from the obscurity, not to say oblivion, of a college library: and we most sincerely hope that his example will not be lost. The growing taste for this species of literature will ensure an ample remuneration to the labourer in the vineyard; and the number of MSS. latent in the different collections with which England abounds, promises an abundant harvest. In the general dearth of interesting publications which has marked the current literary season, Pepys's Memoirs is a perfect godsend.

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#### RECORDS OF WOMAN.—NO. II.

##### *Costanza.*

SHE knelt in prayer. A stream of sunset fell  
Through the stain'd window of her lonely cell,  
And, with its rich deep melancholy glow  
Flushing the marble beauty of her brow,  
While o'er her long hair's flowing jet it threw  
Bright waves of gold,—the autumn forest's hue—  
Seem'd all a vision's mist of glory, spread  
By picture's touch around some holy head,  
Virgin's or fairest martyr's!—In her eye,  
Which glanced as dark clear water to the sky,  
What solemn fervor lived! And yet what woe  
Lay like some buried thing, still seen below  
The glassy tide!—Oh! he that could reveal  
What life had taught that chasten'd heart to feel,  
Might speak indeed of woman's blighted years,  
And wasted love, and vainly bitter tears!

But she had told her griefs to Heaven alone,  
And of the gentle saint no more was known,  
Than that she fled the world's cold breath, and made  
A temple of the pine and chesnut shade,  
Filling its depths with soul, whene'er her hymn  
Rose through each murmur of the green and dim  
And ancient solitude; where hidden streams  
Went moaning through the grass, like sounds in dreams,  
Music for weary hearts! Midst leaves and flowers  
She dwelt, and knew all secrets of their powers,  
All Nature's balms, wherewith her gliding tread  
To the sick peasant on his lowly bed  
Came, and brought hope; while scarce of mortal birth  
He deem'd the pale fair form, that held on earth  
Communion but with grief.

Ere long a cell,  
A rock-hewn chapel rose; a cross of stone  
Gleam'd through the dark trees o'er a sparkling well,  
And a sweet voice, of rich yet mournful tone,  
Told the Calabrian wilds, that duly there  
Costanza lifted her sad soul in prayer.

And now 'twas prayer's own hour. That voice again  
Through the dim foliage sent its heavenly strain,  
That made the cypress quiver where it stood  
In day's last crimson, soaring from the wood  
Like spiry flame. But as the bright sun set,  
Other and wilder sounds in tumult met  
The floating song. Strange sounds!—the trumpet's peal,  
Made hollow by the rocks; the clash of steel,  
The rallying war-cry!—In the mountain-pass  
There had been combat; blood was on the grass,  
Banners had strew'd the waters; chiefs lay dying,  
And the pine-branches crash'd before the flying.

And all was changed within the still retreat,  
Costanza's home!—there enter'd hurrying feet,  
Dark looks of shame and sorrow!—Mail-clad men,  
Stern fugitives from that wild battle-glen,  
Scaring the white doves from the porch-roof, bore  
A wounded warrior in: the rocky floor  
Gave back deep echoes to his clanging sword,  
As there they laid their leader, and implored  
The sweet saint's prayers to heal him; then for flight,  
Through the wide forest and the mantling night  
Sped breathlessly again. They pass'd—but he,  
The stateliest of a host—alas! to see  
What mothers' eyes have watch'd in rosy sleep,  
Till joy, for very fulness, turn'd to weep,  
Thus chang'd!—a fearful thing!—His golden crest  
Was shiver'd, and the bright scarf on his breast  
(Some costly love-gift) rent: but what of these?  
There were the clustering raven locks—the breeze  
As it came in through lime and myrtle-flowers,  
Might scarcely lift them;—steep'd in bloody showers  
So heavily upon the pallid clay  
Of the damp cheek they hung!—the eye's dark ray,  
Where was it?—and the lips!—they gasp'd apart,  
With their light curve, as from the chisel's art,  
Still proudly beautiful!—but that white hue—  
Was it not death's?—that stillness—that cold dew

On the scarr'd forehead?—No! his spirit broke  
 From its deep trance ere long, yet but awoke  
 To wander in wild dreams; and there he lay,  
 By the fierce fever as a green reed shaken,  
 The haughty chief of thousands—the forsaken  
 Of all save one!—*She* fled not. Day by day,  
 —Such hours are woman's birthright—she, unknown,  
 Kept watch beside him, fearless and alone;  
 Binding his wounds, and oft in silence laving  
 His brow with tears that mourn'd the strong man's raving.  
 He felt them not, nor mark'd the light veil'd form  
 Still hovering nigh; yet sometimes, when that storm  
 Of frenzy sank, her voice, in tones as low  
 As a young mother's by the cradle singing,  
 Would soothe him with sweet *aves*, gently bringing  
 Moments of slumber, when the fiery glow  
 Ebb'd from his hollow cheek.

At last faint gleams  
 Of memory dawn'd upon the cloud of dreams,  
 And feebly lifting, as a child, his head,  
 And gazing round him from his leafy bed,  
 He murmur'd forth—"Where am I?—What soft strain  
 Pass'd, like a breeze, across my burning brain?  
 Back from my youth it floated, with a tone  
 Of life's first music, and a thought of *one*.  
 —Where is she now?—And where the gauds of pride,  
 Whose hollow splendour lured me from her side?  
 All lost!—and this is death!—I *cannot* die  
 Without forgiveness from that mournful eye!  
 —Away! the earth hath lost her! Was *she* born  
 To brook abandonment, to strive with scorn?  
 My first, my holiest love!—her broken heart  
 Lies low—and I—unpardon'd I depart!"

—But then Costanza raised the shadowing veil  
 From her dark locks and features brightly pale,  
 And stood before him with a smile—oh! ne'er  
 Did aught that *smiled* so much of sadness wear.—  
 And said "Cesario! look on me! I live  
 To say my heart hath bled, and can forgive!  
 I loved thee with such worship, such deep trust,  
 As should be Heaven's alone—and Heaven is just!  
 I bless thee—be at peace!"

But o'er his frame  
 Too fast the strong tide rush'd—the sudden shame,  
 The joy, the amaze!—he bow'd his head—it fell  
 On the wrong'd bosom which had loved so well,  
 And love, still perfect, gave him refuge there—  
 His last faint breath just waved her floating hair.

F. H.

## LETTERS FROM THE EAST.—NO. XVII.

*Jerusalem.*

ONE morning we paid a visit to Procopius, a Greek bishop, who received us with great politeness. The convent is remarkably clean and neat, though the number of monks is not very large; it contains numerous apartments for the accommodation of the Greek pilgrims. The jealousy between these people and the Catholics is very great; the latter, however, possess the monasteries at Bethlehem and Nazareth, which must bring them in a pretty considerable income; but the former have lately made the most alarming encroachments in the Holy Church of the Sepulchre, where the Pope's empire, like that of the Sultan, is hastening to decay. The chapel, erected on the tomb of the Virgin Mary, in the valley, they divide between them. A procession of the Catholic priests, accompanied by several pilgrims, took place at one in the morning; and we engaged the evening before to be of the party. There was no moonlight, and, as the path was rather narrow and devious, a number of torches were carried. The object of this procession was to visit the tomb of Lazarus; but as many other sacred places were comprised in the tour, several hours were necessary for its accomplishment. It was quite dark, and about an hour past midnight, when the procession issued out of the gate of St. Stephen, and descended the side of Mount Zion in good order. The pilgrims were barefooted, and marched slowly and solemnly after the priests, who chanted as they went along. The party stopped at the Garden of Gethsemane, with signs of much grief and trouble, and sung and prayed, and then ascended Mount Olivet, over the beautiful side of which the torches cast a doubtful and glimmering light. The pilgrims were men of different ages and countries, but all discovered marks of the deepest reverence and impassioned feeling. To the priests it was too much a matter of habit and routine to excite their feelings beyond the usual level. The procession halted again on the top of the Mount of Olives, endeared by so many sacred and glorious remembrances, and, passing by the ruins of Bethphage, at last arrived at the rock, in which is hewn out the tomb of Lazarus. Every one descended into it, and the excavation was scarcely able to contain the whole number. The narrow flight of steps leading down into it allows a very partial light, even in the daytime; but now the sacred spot was vividly illuminated by the number of torches held beneath. The flame that waved in the open air as they marched along, now burnt clear and steady. On the floor of the sepulchre stood all the priests, while the pilgrims hung round and bent over them with the utmost eagerness and interest, to catch a glimpse of the tomb where the body of Lazarus had lain. It is about the size of the human form, and is hollowed out in the middle of the rocky floor. The chant was here of the most solemn and impressive kind, of the victory gained over death and the grave by the power of the cross, and of the resurrection to life eternal. Save the voices of the pilgrims and the priests, all without in the village of Bethany was hushed in the deep silence of night. When the party left the sepulchre, the daylight was already breaking; and returning slowly by the same route, the gate of St. Stephen admitted them again, as the rising sun began to crimson the East.

The road to the Dead Sea is no longer crowded, as formerly, with pilgrims of various nations, travelling to Jericho and the Jordan, to bathe in the sacred river. This journey is generally performed on foot, and is sufficiently difficult and toilsome, especially to the old and infirm. Many of these poor enthusiasts finish their earthly course in the Holy City, dying with the peculiar satisfaction of leaving their bones there. Taking Antonio, the young guide, with us from the city, we went one morning to the place to which tradition has given the name of Micklash, where the troops of Saul, and afterwards the numerous army of the Philistines, were encamped, when the Hebrews "hid themselves in caves, and in thickets, and in rocks, and in pits." The two latter designations answer extremely well to the present appearance of this part of the country; but of thickets and bushes there are none to be seen. A succession of low and barren hills lead up to the higher one of Micklash, which commands a fine view of the wilderness of St. John, the mountain and ruins of the palace of the Macca-bees, and the hill and town of Bethlehem. There are several caves on the spot, one of which contains a fine spring of water, to which we descended, and drank of it with pleasure, for the day was extremely warm. While seated there enjoying the splendid scene around, a number of women of the country approached, singing in a wild and not unmusical strain: they walked in a kind of procession, and saluting us very civilly, passed gaily on.

The aspect of the country around this spot is exceedingly barren; not a vestige now remains of the numerous woods which formerly covered it. Not far from hence probably stood the wood of Ephraim, in which was fought the battle of Absalom against his father David, when, it is said, "the wood devoured more people than the sword." The territory of Ephraim, which is a short distance hence, presents now only a succession of small and narrow valleys; very few of them have any cultivation; they are divided by barren and stony hills. Few people were met with now on the roads in travelling through Palestine: the ways were generally solitary and silent; a poor and wearied pilgrim might now and then be seen dragging his weary steps towards the sacred city; but more frequently individuals, or detached parties, were encountered belonging to one or other of the hostile Pachas, and proceeding towards the scene of action. We were joined in our route one day by a traveller from Jaffa, a native of that place, which was under the dominion of Acre. He hoped to get into the city under our countenance, and had advanced a few steps within the gate of Bethlehem, when he was rudely pulled back and questioned by the guard, who without any ceremony clapped him in prison. During the Easter week, a funeral took place at the Catholic convent: the body was brought and laid in the chapel, attended by a number of men and women; the latter were dressed in white. The organ played, the funeral chant was sung, and the whole service was conducted impressively and with decency, and without any of the clamour that so often attends oriental funerals. The body was then borne to the burial without the walls, where also the other churches have theirs. Here they come sometimes to mourn; a female, with part of her robe drawn over her head, or veiled, was seen seated by the tombs of her relatives on the summit of Mount Moriah, or along its sides, just beneath the walls. But there are

few trees to spread their shadow over the mourner, few associations of natural beauty to lend a kind of charm to grief; the Armenian, the Copt, and other Christians bring their dead, where not a spot can be found, but the ashes of a devoted people repose beneath, from the Valley of Slaughter to the Valley of the King, which, in the words of prophecy, should be filled with the bodies of the slain. The modern sepulchres of the unfortunate Jews are scattered all around. The declivities of Zion and Olivet are covered with small and ill-shaped stones, disposed with little order: these are the tombs of their fathers. In this way, with little decency and without honour, must their heads also be laid in the earth that was once their own blessed inheritance. "How is the beauty departed from Zion, and the glory from her children! they have sunk beneath the hand of their oppressor." No feeling of patriotism kindles in the bosom of a Jew; no elevating remembrance of the past glories of his country; his attachments are all intimately connected with his own fancied self-interest or aggrandisement. If he wishes ardently to breathe his last near the Valley of Jehosaphat, it is because he believes he shall be judged there at the resurrection, and that all other people will be excluded. This is not an unfrequent feeling among them, and has induced many to exile themselves from their homes, and spend their remaining days at no great distance from the revered spot. In the family of a rich Jew where we resided a few days, whose family and attendants were very numerous, the mountains of Samaria and other scenes of ancient victories were in view, where "the arm of the mighty was withered in the battle of the Lord;" but it was useless to speak of these things, they cared not for them, but spoke with eagerness of the future days, which could not be far distant, when the promised Deliverer should come, and trample all their enemies under their feet. The only marks we met with of true sensibility and enthusiasm for the memorable scenes amidst which they lived, were displayed by a Catholic monk and an aged Greek. The former had been an inmate for many years of the convent at Bethlehem; he was bent nearly double with age, but his countenance was fine and his eye full of fire. He followed us, leaning on his staff, on the lofty terrace of the monastery, which commands one of the finest views in the East, and pointed out with impassioned feeling each holy and illustrious spot. "It was there," pointing to the valley beneath, "where the shepherds beheld the heavenly hosts who announced the birth of the Redeemer; or, still nearer, where the fountain gushed out at the foot of the hill, that David desired to drink of, and his mighty men broke through, and brought him of the water." The other priests smiled at the officiousness and ardour of the old man, who seemed to have been born for any thing but a monk. This Greek lived in the middle of a wilderness, old and infirm; his habitation was humble, and he was scarcely able to move a few steps from it. All his near relatives were dead, and he was left, as it were, alone in the world. It was seldom that a stranger's step came near him, and still rarer that of an enemy; for what had he to lose? His features brightened with joy as he received us and gave us his blessing. Unlike every other Greek we met with, he asked no questions respecting his native country, or the war; but spoke only of the land where he lived,



and where he had come to die.—Having been so much delighted with our first visit to the monastery of St. Saba in the wilderness, we resolved to make a second. A pilgrim, who had come from Europe to see the holy sepulchre, begged hard to accompany us, as it was the only opportunity he could possibly have of making the journey. Having procured horses, we left Jerusalem early in the morning, without servants or guide. It was a dull and cheerless day, and the sky was covered with dark clouds. We passed down the Valley of Jehosaphat, and crossed the stream that flows from the fountain of Siloam. On the right, beneath a large sycamore, is the spot where the prophet Hezekiah is said to have been sawn asunder. A small and verdant mound, about six feet in height, extends round the tree, and was the scene of the martyrdom. It is seldom that the vicinity of trees is selected in Palestine as the theatre of miracles; rocks and gloomy caverns are generally the favourite spots.

But around this spot, as well as the tomb of Zacharias, and the magnificent cavern of the Prophet of the Lamentations, there is no memento, no chapel, not even a crucifix to draw the attention and enthusiasm of the pilgrims. This would not answer the purpose of the monks. The tombs of David and Solomon, of Abraham and Isaac at Hebron, are covered with Turkish mosques, and the foot of the pilgrim dares not approach them. Absalom has his pillar; David the cave and the fountain to perpetuate his memory; but Solomon and his glory are honoured with no vestige or monument—his reservoirs only are pointed out. The wretched village of Lazarea stands where the many palaces of his mistresses formerly stood; and the valley where his gardens bloomed beneath, still offers a verdant and pleasant promenade.

We now followed the narrow and romantic valley that divides the opposite chain of mountains, and is watered by the only stream around the city. Its murmur, from the great rarity of water, was delightful to the ear, and two or three cottages, around which are some trees, stand on its banks. The dreariness of the way was increased by the rain that now began to fall. As we looked back on the city, the walls of which terminated the view up this silent valley, we were struck by its gloomy and desolate aspect. It may be in part the effect of imagination, but when a beautiful and cloudless day lights up its deep valleys, rocks, and lonely tombs, its appearance is in the highest degree romantic and striking. But in a dark and stormy day, when the rains pour down the mountains, and the winds moan along the forsaken places, they seem to bring a warning of sorrow and affliction yet to come.

We now wound our way among the high and chalky cliffs towards the wilderness; the path was so rugged that we could not proceed very rapidly, and it was uncheered by the view of a single passenger. A young Greek monk, who was sent by the superior of the convent to attend on us, afforded a strong contrast to the rugged aspect and garb of some others of the party. His chief employment in the monastery was to attend on its chief, and not much of his time was engaged in prayers and chants. His countenance was fair and feminine, and his thick raven hair fell in long and luxuriant curls down his back; the monastic life had not thinned his cheeks, or given them the sallow hue of so many of his brethren. He was very gay and animated, and

appeared to enjoy the excursion extremely. The rain ceased, and the sky began to clear ere we arrived at the convent; and our entrance was no longer attended with difficulty, as on our first visit. The good fathers recognised us instantly, and gave us a cordial reception. The few stores of the convent were instantly put in requisition to supply us with a dinner; tolerably good wine, a luxury denied us before, as it was then fast-time, made its appearance. Were I condemned to be exiled to a monastic abode, the wild and romantic solitude of St. Saba should be my choice. The torrent of the Kedron no longer pours through the glen beneath, but its sides are formed of fine and bold precipices, around the steepes of which hang a variety of shrubs and stunted trees of the desert. No sounds but the cries of the eagle and a few other birds are heard here; and the most magnificent spectacle is the rising and setting of the sun on the Dead Sea and its fearful shores. During the feast of Easter, many pilgrims find their way to this convent from Jerusalem, to worship at the tomb of the holy St. Saba, who must have been truly a self-denying man, and less comfortably lodged than his successors. The monastery has not much the appearance of a religious retreat; its immensely strong and lofty towers frown over hill and valley, and are seen at a great distance. The Arab often casts a wishful eye at them, and would gladly set his foot in the clean and quiet cells within: poor Ibrahim, the Bedouin, who lived with his family in the cave of Engedi, and who accompanied us in our midnight walk to the Dead Sea, liked his night's lodging in the cell wonderfully better than in his own dark cave, and ate with avidity of the fine white bread and various viands set before him. The fine cakes of bread made by the monks, are objects of peculiar desire to the Arabs, as they so seldom eat meat, and are careless whether it is camel or beef; their coffee and their bread-cakes are their chief sustenance; the latter are coarse and dark, and cannot vie in flavour or aspect with those of the convents. Here too, they show the same art and foresight as in the wilderness of Sinai—they never intercept the supplies of flour sent from Jerusalem to the monastery of St. Saba, choosing rather to wait till it has been manufactured into the above-named white loaves, when they demand their tithe with loud clamour and infinite good will. Ibrahim could certainly not boast of many comforts in his mountain-abode; his residence there probably kept the pilgrims away. On our entrance we found a swarm of children around their mother, who, a dark Arab woman (a relative probably) told us, had just added another inmate to the cave where Saul and David met. No light cheered the obscure retreats of the cavern, that seemed the abode of poverty and wretchedness. Is it any wonder these men are tempted to plunder the traveller and the pilgrim! but cruelty is not in their nature, and the fidelity and caution for our safety which this poor Arab shewed throughout the journey could not be exceeded. We walked out during the evening on the hills around the convent, and were shewn the caves where so many of the saints of old resided:—this wilderness of Ziph, or Maon, was a favourite spot of theirs, as it afforded them an excellent retreat from persecution, and is surrounded by many sacred and impressive scenes. Yet nothing could present a more awful and funereal aspect than these retreats—deep and dreary valleys, hemmed in on each side

by precipices so high that the sun sinks untimely behind them, where at night, or by a partial moonlight, imagination may easily conjure up a thousand fantastic shapes, from their white chalky summits, rent asunder as if by a convulsion. The caverns, once the abode of so many martyrs, may be said to be innumerable, and are many of them in situations apparently inaccessible—in the very sides of the precipices, more than a hundred feet above the bed of the torrent. No tree, shrub, or even spring of water, gladdens the desolate scene: the curse of the Dead Sea seems to have reached even here; and many of the bones of that army of Christians slaughtered in the caves, remain to tell how nobly Christianity could sustain men who lived so holily, and died with joy in this mournful region. Some of the distant hills to the right, the sides of which were covered with a rude pasture, offered a contrast to other parts of the wilderness. We had passed these before on the way from Engedi, and seen several shepherds tending their flocks: their dress was scanty and their appearance wild, but their pipes at intervals played a strain, not very musical, but it appeared most sweet and welcome in such a solitude. The sun had set, and the air already began to grow cool, when we again returned to the convent through its huge and massive gate, which is secured with immense bands of iron. On the right, at a short distance, rises a strong and isolated tower, as if the monastery, elevated several hundred feet from the valley beneath, and environed by ramparts of rocks and mountains, stood in need of any additional defence. We formed a numerous party in the parlour round the low table on the floor; the chief of the fathers did the honours with great good will, took his glass of wine, and conversed with great animation. Like the superior of the convent of Mount Sinai, his heart seemed to feel relief in the society of strangers, and in the tidings of other lands, of his own dear country in particular. What a marked difference between the Greek and the Italian monk! on the mind of the latter his country has no hold, excites no passion or sensibility; but the church, the saints, and the pope—on these he will dwell everlastingly. But the Greek, his first question is of Greece—her war, and successes, and sufferings; for these he will forget St. Saba, Santa Catherina, his conviction that St. Peter never was at Rome, and all. The venerable chief of Sinai, how his eye lightened, and his bosom warmed, as he talked of his country! This he never forgot to do two hours at least every day, even in the depths of the desert, where he had been for so many years isolated. And at St. Saba, the poor monks crowded round our servants to hear the latest intelligence of the war. The small parlour of the convent was now brightly illumined by several lamps, and coffee was handed round. We had not now the prospect of starting from our slumbers at midnight, as before, to continue a doubtful march, but enjoyed the tranquillity of our situation. The evening chant of the good fathers, rather nasal than melodious, was heard ascending from the small but ancient chapel. The moon had risen, and cast a soft yet clear light on every strange and varied scene around: the deep glen of the Kedron beneath was wrapped in gloom, with the many and extensive caverns in its sides, but the precipices above had now lost great part of their terrors, and lifted their mountain peaks so majestically and high, as if

they scorned the loveliness of the night that rested on them. Few objects could ever present a more stern and impressive aspect than this monastery, as it stood tower above tower, with walls and buttresses of immense strength, and of a light yellow stone, on the very edge of those fearful descents; and so calm and hushed every thing around, undisturbed by even a breath of wind! No wanderer's footstep broke the silence of the desert; the Arab only had not gone to his rude tent, for he fears not at times to prowl in the shadows of the night; while the sentinel still continued on his watch-tower above, to look out over the wilderness, the fathers relieving each other in this task. What a situation for some of those wild and memorable events with which the land was once filled, and of which this convent would have been a fitting theatre, had it been other than the abode of quiet and senseless monks. Its appearance belies it, for you might swear, on approaching, that it was the abode of some bold and ruthless crusader, who had come to exterminate the enemies of the cross. The traveller in Palestine cannot refrain from often recalling with impassioned feelings, the days when chivalry, with all its charms, was spread over its faded yet illustrious scenes; when the wilderness echoed with the wandering step of the noble knight, who had left his own land to seek glory there; when the minstrel's song and the harp's wild tones were heard even in the desolate valley, or on the mount where the armies of Israel triumphed; or the lake's cold and dreary shore was lighted up by the watch-fires of the brave crusaders, who beheld every scene with enthusiastic delight, and thought it recompense enough to bleed and die on the earth that had been hallowed by the steps of the Redeemer!

It now grew late; the fathers took their leave, and left us to our repose on the soft cushions, on which we slept soundly till the rays of the sun, entering at the small windows of the divan, summoned us to rise and quit this abode of the desert. The convent contains several articles, both curious and valuable. A few of the cells are adorned with small figures of saints, very ancient and richly ornamented; but they are not held in such high veneration as to be preferred to what the monks find highly useful in this country, a little money. We purchased a St. Joseph, and a very good-looking saintess, done in filagree work of gold, and a few articles in curious workmanship of wood, brought from Germany by some of the pilgrims, who presented them to the convent as the best gifts in their power. It is amusing to see the look of surprise and dislike assumed by the good fathers when offered money in return for their hospitality; the right hand is generally placed on the breast, and the other gently waved as if to forbid the approach of the tempting metal. "My dear brother, what is this for?" said the chief of the Jerusalem convent; "our hospitality is given freely for the love of Him whom we serve;" but the good superior of St. Saba's eyes sparkled with joy as the round dollars rested on his palm; for his lonely convent seldom received so large a party. Yet of what use could the money have been to him, except to procure a few more luxuries for his cell, such as fine Cyprus wine, cordials, &c.? These we found more than once make their appearance in these habitations from a small and unsuspecting cupboard. It was a lovely morning, uncheered however by charm of "earliest birds;" the sun was bright and cloudless on the hills

and valleys without; the good fathers placed before us a substantial breakfast, and we then bade them adieu, followed by a sufficient number of their blessings. The massive gate, with its huge bolts and clasps of iron, was once more unclosed. Few indeed are the times in the course of the year that it receives the wanderer, whose prayers and entreaties for entrance are often unavailing, when he is compelled to seek shelter under the canopy of the rocks around. So far from human resort, so gloomy and unassailable, and having within its walls, caverns, dungeons, and heaps of skeletons, although of saints, it looked like the domain of Despair, in the beautiful romance of the Pilgrim's Progress. Had Bunyan, with his powers of painting, but set his foot in Palestine, how truly and vividly would every scene have opened from his pen; every other might then have been laid hopelessly down.

The path over the wilderness was much more lively and agreeable than on the former day; and we welcomed once more, after a ride of several hours, the walls of the sacred city, as they were seen at some distance at the end of the valley. The day was sultry, and as we passed the small wood of olive-trees on the right of the stream from Siloam, we beheld a party of Armenians regaling beneath its shade. They were well-dressed men, and their horses were fastened to the trees beside them; they invited us very pressingly to alight and join them at their repast. It was rather tempting, for the weather was oppressively hot, and the rivulet beautifully clear, with the cold collation and bottle of wine laid in the shade on the green bank; we declined the invitation, however, and pressed on towards the city, which we soon entered by the gate of Ephraim. The close and prison-like appearance of the streets around the convent, the mean and confined view, and the suspicious and dejected air of the few passengers in the streets, appeared oppressive and repelling after the free air and boundless prospects we had left behind. To celebrate the feast of Easter but few pilgrims had arrived in comparison of former years; yet the ceremonies customary at this period were strictly observed. Olivet and Bethany were visited every day, and the small chapel on the summit of the former attracted the chief veneration. The print of the foot of the Redeemer, the last step that he left on earth, was often kissed with the highest devotion and with tears, as well as the scene of the last passion in the garden beneath, where the marks of the falling drops are yet left on the rocks. The ceremony of the holy light, that took place during Easter, is, however, the greatest imposition practised on the poor pilgrims. On the floor of the rotunda stood every one who had arrived—not one was absent, or would have suffered any thing save mortal sickness to detain him from this wonderful scene. It took place at night, the lights were all extinguished, the vast area with the dome was wrapped in profound darkness, and the whole assembly, full of expectation, preserved a deep silence. The priests were within the sepulchre, busily employed in preparing the miracle. The eyes of all present, Greeks, Catholics, Copts, and Armenians; were intently fixed on the tomb, whence the light was to burst forth, as a token of the divine approbation, and that joy, light, and immortality were sprung from the darkness of the grave. This was the consummation of all: the processions round the sacred spot, the sprinkling of the incense,

the tears and prayers, were all preparatory to this great token, which was to seal the joy and complete the consolation of every pilgrim. On a sudden the light burst in a blaze from within the chamber of the sepulchre, and streamed on the multitude of devoted Christians around. What a moment for a painter to have caught—from the expression of doubt, anxiety, and hope, that of wild and enthusiastic joy! The shouts and cries that instantly arose were actually stunning, accompanied with clapping and waving of hands; each one crying out in his own language, many on their knees praying fervently and loudly, and all hailing with ecstasy the light, the holy, the miraculous light! It did not deceive them; for it came vivid and unfading from the sepulchre, and each eye gazed on it with such intenseness and passion, as if it was the light that was to cheer for them “the dark valley of the shadow of death,” and take from the grave its fearfulness. The men, who were by far the more numerous part of the audience, were boisterous and half frantic with their joy; but the women expressed it more by tears, and silent clasping of hands. At last, when the priests thought the scene had lasted long enough, the light was extinguished from within, and the pilgrims, nearly exhausted with their fervour, but all delighted, gradually dispersed. You would expect to find that the synagogue of the Jews was in some measure worthy of their capital; but, like the Christians, they appear to avoid every appearance of ornament or comfort without. Their chief place of worship is a sorry and mean-looking building, to which you descend by a flight of steps. It is situated in the midst of the Jewish quarter, and is supported, however, by some ancient pillars. The most striking ceremony of this people, is one which sometimes occurs without the walls of the city when they assemble to celebrate the festival of the tombs of their fathers. They are not allowed to do this without the permission of the Turkish governor, which they are obliged to obtain by the bribe of a handsome sum of money. The whole Jewish population gather together in the Valley of Jehosaphat, which is their favourite burying place; because there they are to be finally judged. The ceremony is conducted with great decency, and is without any clamour or noise. They sit for some time in silence on the tombs of their fathers, with sad countenances, and their eyes fixed on the ground. Men, women, and children, are all assembled, and it is an interesting spectacle, to see this fallen people mourning in the Valley of Jehosaphat, where their kings have offered sacrifices; where their prophets have uttered their divine inspirations; and where they believe the trump of the archangel shall finally wake them to judgment. But even this consolation of assembling round the ashes of their fathers, they are obliged to purchase with money. It is well their sensibilities are blunted, and their spirit utterly bowed, or else the draught that is given them to drink would have too much bitterness, and the iron rod of the oppressor would enter into their very soul.

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## THE SICILIAN CAPTIVE.

THE Champions had come from their fields of war,  
Over the crests of the billows far,  
They had brought back the spoils of a hundred shores,  
Where the deep had foam'd to their flashing oars.

They sat at their feast round the Norse king's board,  
By the glare of the torch-light the mead was pour'd,  
The hearth was heap'd with the pine-boughs high,  
And they flung a red radiance on shields thrown by.

The Scalds had chanted, in Runic rhyme,  
Their songs of the sword and the olden time,  
And a solemn thrill, as the harp-chords rung,  
Had breathed from the walls where the bright spears hung.

But the swell was gone from the quivering string,  
They had summon'd a softer voice to sing,  
And a captive girl, at the warrior's call,  
Stood forth in the midst of that frowning hall.

Lonely she stood—in her mournful eyes  
Lay the clear midnight of the southern skies,  
And their drooping lids—oh! the world of woe,  
The cloud of dreams, that sweet veil below!

Stately she stood—though her fragile frame  
Seem'd struck with the blight of some inward flame,  
And her proud pale brow had a shade of scorn,  
Under the waves of her dark hair worn.

And a deep flush pass'd, like a crimson haze,  
O'er her marble cheek, by the pine-fire's blaze;  
No soft hue caught from the south-wind's breath,  
But a token of fever, at strife with death!

She had been torn from her home away,  
With her long locks crown'd for her bridal day,  
And brought to die of the burning dreams  
That haunt the Exile by foreign streams.

They bade her sing of her distant land—  
She held its lyre with a trembling hand,  
Till the spirit, its blue skies had given her, woke,  
And the stream of her voice into music broke.

Faint was the strain in its first wild flow,  
Troubled its murmur, and sad and low;  
But it swell'd into deeper power ere long,  
As the breeze that swept over her soul grew strong.

“They bid me sing of Thee, mine own, my sunny land! of Thee!  
Am I not parted from thy shores by the mournful sounding sea?  
Doth not thy shadow wrap my soul?—In silence let me die,  
In a voiceless dream of thy silvery founts, and thy pure deep sapphire  
sky!

How should thy lyre give *here* its wealth of buried sweetness forth?  
Its tones, of summer's breathings born, to the wild winds of the North?

“Yet thus it shall be once, once more! my spirit shall awake,  
And through the mists of death break out, my Country! for thy sake!  
That I may make *thee* known, with all the glory and the light,  
And the beauty never more to bless thy daughter's yearning sight!  
Thy woods shall whisper in my song, thy bright streams warble by,  
Thy soul flow o'er my lips again—yet once, my Sicily!

" There are blue heavens—far hence, far hence! but oh! their glorious blue!

Its very night is beautiful with the hyacinth's deep hue!  
It is above my own fair land, and round my laughing home,  
And arching o'er the vintage hills, they hang their cloudless dome;  
And making all the waves as gems, that melt along the shore,  
And steeping happy hearts in joy—that now is mine no more!

" And there are haunts in that green land—oh! who may dream or tell  
Of all the shaded loveliness it hides in grot and dell?  
By fountains flinging rainbow spray on dark and glossy leaves,  
And bowers wherein the forest-dove her nest untroubled weaves;  
The myrtle dwells there, sending round the richness of its breath,  
And the violets gleam, like amethysts, in the dewy moss beneath!

" And there are floating sounds that fill the skies through night and day,  
Sweet sounds! the soul to hear them faints in dreams of heaven away!  
They wander through the olive-woods, and o'er the shining seas,  
They mingle with the orange-scents, that load the sleepy breeze;  
Lute, voice, and bird are blending there; it were a bliss to die,  
As dies a leaf, thy groves among, my flowery Sicily!

" I may not perish thus—farewell!—yet no, my Country! no!  
Is not Love stronger than the Grave? I feel it must be so!  
My fleeting spirit shall o'erpass the mountains and the main,  
And in thy tender starlight rove, and through thy woods again!  
Its passion deepens—it prevails!—I break my chain—I come  
To dwell a viewless thing, yet bless'd, in thy sweet air, my home!"

And her pale arms dropp'd the singing lyre,  
There came a mist o'er her wild-eye's fire,  
And her dark rich tresses, in many a fold,  
Loosed from their braids, down her bosom roll'd.

For her head sank back on the rugged wall,  
—A silence fell o'er the warrior's hall!  
She had pour'd out her soul with her song's last tone,  
The lyre was broken, the minstrel gone!

F. H.

#### LONDON LETTERS TO COUNTRY COUSINS.—NO. IV.

##### *The King's Bench and its Inmates.*

WE will not, my dear Frank, enter this paragon of prisons by the back way adjacent to Belvedere Row, as if we were ashamed of being seen go into it; but will return into the Borough Road, and enter by the principal carriage approach—which, however, leads immediately into the same court-yard as the more private entrance does. This approach resembles all the rest of the exterior of the prison,—which affects an almost pūritanical plainness of appearance—disdaining all "foreign aid of ornament," as if conscious of her secret power of holding in captivity all who come within the spell of her charms; or, at least, secure of their returning to her embraces after having once tasted of their sweets. This principal approach to the entrance is flanked on the right by the lofty buttressed wall of which I spoke in my last letter, and is in perfect keeping with it,—consisting, first, of a plain screen of brickwork, with an arched door-way cut in it on each side, for foot passengers, and an open space in the centre for carriage company. This admits you into a plain gravelled avenue, about fifty



yards in length, terminating in a triangular patch of garden on the left, and, turning abruptly to the right, ushers you into the court-yard, in which the sole actual entrance of the prison opens. This latter consists of a common arched door-way, finished by rusticated stone-work, and reached by half a dozen steps, and on passing which you find yourself in a little hall, scarcely a dozen feet square, but the air and furniture of which at once indicate the sort of domicile into which it leads.

It has been suggested, with singular infelicity, that the motto over this door should be

“Lasciate ogni speranza, voi, ch’entrate;”

which, as you are still a “country gentleman,” I must interpret to signify that “those who enter here must leave their hopes behind them,”—as old ladies do by their *paraboues* at the door of a methodist meeting: as if a prison were a modern Paraclete,

“Where heavenly pensive contemplation dwells,  
And ever-musing melancholy reigns,”

and Hope a kind of *clog*, the clatter of which would disturb the religious stillness of the place. The motto that actually does figure over the door is a much more sensible one, though it differs from the above in a single word only. It is, being “written in choice Italian,”

“Lasciate ogni *cane* voi ch’entrate;”—

or in the vulgate, “No *dogs* admitted.”

While in this little vestibule, you have plenty of time allowed you to study the above, and various other inscriptions touching the amount of fees, &c.; for the functionary whose duty it is to let Christians in and keep dogs out, usually seems in considerable doubt as to which of the two classes any given applicant for admission belongs to, and makes a point of keeping him waiting (or it may be, her,) till, by a most leisurely examination from top to toe, he has fully satisfied himself of the fact. He then,—provided there are not fewer than half a dozen persons waiting on either side of the door,—fishes up the huge polished key from the pocket of his white Witney coat, shoots the heavy-sounding bolts of the iron-bound door, and drawing it slowly open, permits the two streams, of entrances and exits, to interpenetrate each other; and the former, if they are paying their first visit, fancy they have gained the scene of their search. But they soon find that, like a boat on a canal in a hilly country, they have only passed one *lock* to reach another, where they are called upon to pay the same toll over again, of waiting beneath the half scrutinizing, half supercilious eye of the door-keeper, till a sufficient number of applicants are collected on each side the door to make it worth his while to take the trouble of turning the key. This latter operation, however, introduces you at last into the actual interior of the King’s Bench Prison; and whatever may be the hour at which you enter, places before you a living and moving picture, that I will venture to say is unique in its kind.

Let us first take a glance at the frame-work of this picture: not, however, without having, as in the duty of humanity bound, dropped our mite of money into the tin pot held in the extended hand of a

prisoner, who stands in a kind of watch-box close beside the door of entrance on the right, and to whose "attending ears" the unaccustomed softness of the *clink* sounds

"More *silver-sweet* than lovers tongues at night ;"

and who lifts up his looks from their usual leaden commerce with the ground, to see what manner of person that may be who parts with other coin than mere cumbersome copper, in return for nothing better than thanks.

If, on passing the above-named sentinel, we are reminded of being within the walls of a prison, it is by nothing but those walls themselves,—which rise to a most ambitious height, and will no more consent to be overlooked than be looked over. They occupy the whole right side of the great open court in which we now stand, but have lost all that character of puritanical plainness which belongs to the *outside* of them, by being here marked out into compartments, lined, numbered, and otherwise prepared, for the noble game of rackets,—which game constitutes the main business and amusement of the inhabitants of the prison. The centre of each of the three compartments into which this part of the wall is divided, is covered with white cement, in the form of an enormous circular mark, or bull's-eye, for the balls to strike against ; and this, together with the innumerable small patches of white left by the striking of the chalked balls,—which grow more and more numerous towards the centre point, till they there efface each other and leave nothing but a bright white focus,—produce a very singular effect.

Opposite to this wall is the great continuous and regular building in which the rooms of the prisoners are situated. This consists of a plain face of brick-work, reaching from end to end of the court—leaving, however, a passage round it at either extremity, and its flat face broken in the centre by a portion which projects a foot or so in front of the rest, and forms the chapel. This portion has a pair of plain doors of entrance, and is terminated at top by a pediment ; but all the rest of the face is merely pierced into regular ranges of windows, and on the ground-floor into small arches without doors, which serve as entrances to the different galleries into which the whole interior of the building is equally divided.

I do not mean to take you a single step within these entrances ; for to say nothing of any such enterprise leading us much too far, and detaining us too long, it would inevitably disturb, if not altogether destroy, that agreeable complacency with which I have determined that we will look on all that may chance to come before us in the course of these Epistles. That complacency encountered considerable danger from the almost tearful gratitude which appeared in the looks of the gentleman (for there was nothing in his mere appearance and manner which might have prevented him from passing for one elsewhere,) who held his hand to us as we entered. and to whom the unexpected "godsend," of a shilling instead of a halfpenny, was capable of conveying more pleasure than that other "godsend" which reached us the other day, of certain millions of Austrian gold, has yet done or will do to any one of his Majesty's subjects. Even this sight, which had good for its origin, and pleasure for its end, went nigh to upset my friendly and phi-

losophical determination of turning every thing I may send you "to favour and to prettiness." What then would be the consequence, if I were to venture within the perilous precincts where it is more than probable that all the careless looks, and it may be forced smiles, which present themselves to our observation here without, are changed into their sad opposites, and the true "secrets of the prison-house" are disclosed?—No:—imprisonment, where one can see the unobstructed light of heaven above us, and feel the fresh air blow upon us as we walk, is a mere word,—striking unpleasantly enough on the ear, and through that reaching to the imagination: but there it stops. The only real prisons are those *within* the prison. There, indeed, between the four walls of a cell, imprisonment makes itself felt; there, and there only, the word becomes a thing, and enters the very heart and soul. From them, therefore, we will henceforth keep aloof even in thought; forgetting or disbelieving (as we readily may from the scene around us) that in *this* prison there are any such places.

There is a singular difference between the English and all other civilized nations, in *this* respect,—that it is impossible for any given number of English people to be domiciliated for any length of time on a particular spot, without each one impressing something of his or her personal character even on the external appearance of the place they inhabit: so that, however uniform the character of the place may be in itself, it will never look so if inhabited by English. I pointed out to you something of this in the little garden-plots that front the houses in the Belvedere-row which looks upon the outer walls of this singular spot. But the windows of the prisoners' rooms within the walls offer still more numerous and various illustrations of the remark. The whole face of the building, as I have said, consists of one uniform piece of plain brickwork, pierced by regular ranges of windows, all alike in themselves; and yet, in point of effect, no two out of the whole are alike, and there is scarcely one that does not speak either a history or a prophecy in regard to the inhabitant of it. Those of the lower range, if not the most characteristic in this respect, are the most conspicuous,—nearly the whole of them being employed in displaying indications of the particular calling of the occupier; and almost all those callings carried on in what in my part of the world is denominated a chandler's-shop—including, among the thousand and one trades which that comprehensive title takes in, that of an eating-house! Conceive a vendor of "every thing in the world," as Mathews says,—including cold boiled beef, "and all that sort of thing,"—*exercising* his profession in a space of eight feet by eight! Not a very fatiguing exercise, one should think. And conceive of the *locale* in which such an exercise takes place being called, in letters each half as large as itself, "YORK AND LINCOLN HOUSE!" This reminds me (though I'm sure I don't know why) of a writer who, in seeking to give a familiar illustration of some particular smell, tells us that it recalls to his memory that of a baker's shop at Balsora. Another writes up, "The best shop in the Bench;"—at once with an eye to alliteration, and on the principle of condensation adopted by the Bibliopole who, determining to rival Lackington

in his own realm, wrote up, "the cheapest bookseller in Finsbury"—the former having held himself forth as "the cheapest bookseller in the world." I will not detain you by enumerating the various visible "signs and figures" by which each of these rivals, together with about a dozen others of similar pretensions, seeks to supersede his fellows. Suffice it, that all agree in the expressive particulars of a couple of red herrings—a plate of periwinkles—a loaf of bread, attended by twin twopenny ones to match—a little basket of Barcelonas—a cake of gingerbread—a square of pipe-clay—and two tobacco-pipes, crossed in conformity with the line of beauty.

But it is the upper windows of this building which display the most characteristic marks of the minds, manners, and habits of their occupants: though these latter marks are far from being sufficiently conspicuous to strike the eye of *common* observers: for which reason, my good cousin, it becomes the more incumbent on *me* to point them out to *you*! Observe, then, yonder dingy casement, dim with the dust of half a year; the upper portion shaded by a strip of tattered green stuff, that once formed part of a female vestment, but now does the office of a curtain; while the two broken panes have their fractures filled up with pieces of dirty rag, that seem to have undergone a no less degrading change of condition. The only other noticeable object about this window is a half-washed napkin, hanging outside from the cill to dry,—held there by the closed casement. There is no occasion to look *through* this window, to see the kind of inhabitants on whom it throws a sort of murky twilight. They consist of a half-pale, half-pimpled sot, cowering over his pipe, and seeming to watch the expiring ashes of his fire; a meagre and half-clothed mother, seated on the corner of an unmade bed, angrily hushing a squalling infant; while two or three other children, "pictures in little" of squalid wretchedness, are playing about upon the uncarpeted and unswept floor, and smiling at one another through their dirt.

The window to the right of this indicates inhabitants a stage above those just described: above them if it be but in the *desire* for comforts which they have not either the heart or the industry to achieve. Its curtain is rudely nailed up into the form of a festoon; the unbroken panes have been wiped just clean enough to shew how dirty they are, and the broken ones are pasted up with paper; and on the cill outside are placed a leafless geranium and a pot of orange mint.

The next step (but a very wide one) in the scale of would-be comfort and respectability, is to be seen at that window to the right, beside which the bird-cage hangs, containing a prisoner to a prisoner. The curtains are trim and neat—the glass clean and clear—the cill white-washed—and at each end of it a pot containing scarlet runners, with strings to train them up, and make them form a little arch over the centre of the casement. The inhabitants of this room have evidently made up their minds to stay here through the summer, and make the best of a lot that they could not avoid, but have not deserved. The husband is *working* at his trade, and now and then (when he forgets where he is) singing as he works; the neatly-dressed wife is plying her needle all day long; and the clean-washed children, when not "learning their books," are playing in the court below, as gaily and happily

as they did in their little garden at home. It was the misfortune, not the misconduct of these people, that brought them and keeps them here.

The only other class whose character I shall venture to sketch to you, by means of the indications afforded by the outward appearance of their domiciles, is that, an example of which inhabits yonder room, whose window overlooks the chapel-doors. The sash has been newly painted; the panes are as clean and bright as those of a country parsonage; white dimity curtains, somewhat scanty, but arranged with an eye to effect, hang on either side, and are surmounted by a fringed festoon; the lower panes (although there are no overlookers) are shaded by neat strips of white muslin; and outside the window is a little green cross-harred rail-work, to give room for the *flora domestica* which forms the most characteristic portion of this display, and consists of mignonette, geranium, and Brompton stocks, two pots of each, finished in the centre by a large broad-leaved myrtle, that has evidently, like its owners, "seen better days," and is now preserved, as they preserve their spirits and their pride, in the hope of seeing those days again. The last paragraph will explain to you the character of the inmates of this room, if its external indications have not already done so. They little thought, twelve months ago, of being in a prison; and *therefore* they do not think of being in one twelve months hence. This preserves that happy self-respect, and that wise desire for the respect of others, which together constitute the surest guarantee for the deserving of them both: of both, too, be assured these prisoners have hitherto deserved and attained no little share, in the limited sphere in which they have moved,—otherwise the mere fear of a prison, much more the reality of it, would have produced that most fatal and irremediable of all its effects, which begins in paralyzing the hope of better things, and ends in destroying all efforts towards their attainment.

But I am bestowing more time than I (or perhaps than you) have to spare, upon the mere frame-work of the picture that I promised to place before you. I will merely take a glance at the rest of it, and then proceed to the animated figures which "move and have their being" within it. I have shewn you the two portions which form the sides of the oblong square of the grand court. The end at which you enter consists of the building forming the hall of entrance, and to the right of that a detached erection, called the Strong-Room,—for refractory patients, I suppose. But the opposite end of the court presents the most remarkable portion of the mere inanimate objects connected with the building; for here is situated the market. And of all the evidences that we have yet encountered of the kind of place we are in, commend me to this as the most eloquent and decisive. Turning round the projecting extremity of the great building, you see before you a row of stalls, consisting of a butcher's, a fishmonger's, and a green-grocer's; and I will venture to say that, on any given day, the produce of them all united would scarcely furnish a moderate dinner to a moderate-sized family. Think of a butcher, and a jolly one too, sitting in full costume and in all the pride of place, with a shoulder of lean mutton and a scrag of ditto, hanging at a due distance from each other above his head, and two separate chops and a kidney spread out on the board before

him! I suppose he spares himself the trouble of asking "What d'ye buy?"

One would scarcely think, after seeing the market, (every stall of which matches the above) that there was any need of a public-kitchen in the prison. But there is such an establishment, situated in the corner of this part of the court; and it has an air of emptiness and silence about it exactly in keeping with the market from which it derive its (want of) occupation. Passing the stalls of the market, and the front of the public kitchen, we now come upon the back front of the building already described, between which and the enclosing wall there is but a narrow passage. Traversing this, and passing at the opposite extremity a coffee-house and tavern, which seems a tolerable *pendant* for the market and kitchen at the other end, we again emerge upon the great court, at the point where we entered.

And here, my dear Frank, I almost fear to proceed in my epistle—so hopeless does the task seem of sketching in an intelligible manner, and from a mere passing glance, the multiplicity of different figures that flit before me in this most comprehensive of microcosms: for it seems to have drawn together into one focus specimens of every known class in the community, and of a great many more besides. As my visit was paid, too, on the first fine day of the spring, all were abroad upon the Mall in front of the principal building, either basking in the new sunshine on the benches placed here and there, or stretching their legs and their faculties at the same time, as they paced the *parvé*, arm in arm or singly, in the characters of "prisoners at large." I must only attempt to glance at a few of them as they catch my eye; for to describe even a single example of every class, would require a volume instead of the remainder of a sheet. And, first, of the groups, which consist for the most part of trios. Look at yonder well conditioned person, flanked on either side by the happy individuals on whom he is pleased to bestow the benefit of his morning company and conversation, and who in return are prepared to laugh at his jokes as heartily to-day as if they had not heard them every day during the last week. He is a person whom nothing, not even a prison, can put out of sorts, and who thrives as well there as he would in a palace—so *impeccable* is his self-complacency. In fact, practically speaking, he knows but little difference in regard to localities. With him, the pleasantest place in the world is that in which he happens to be, and the pleasantest person in it—himself. And this latter proposition is admitted by all who associate with him; because those by whom it would *not* be admitted see at a glance that he is not for them, nor they for him. In short, wherever, or with whomsoever he may be, he must be *aut Cæsar aut nullus*—or, in terms more appropriate to the taste of his admirers, "cock of the walk." There is a compactness in his person, too, and a trimness in his attire, which make his general appearance not unlike that of the gallant biped above named, when clipped for the cock-pit. His features are finely cut, and in his youth must have been, what the ladies call handsome. A widow of five-and-thirty, or a maiden of five-and-forty, would think them so still. His whiskers (which do not match his dark hair, but are somewhat foxy) are trained almost to meet each other in a point, at the extremity of his chin; and when he turns

his head as he talks, so as to remove this latter feature from the comfortable cushion of cross-barred muslin in which it reposes, you perceive that all the lower portion of his visage denies itself to the visits of the razor. His hat (which is the newest article of his wardrobe) is worked into the smartest of cocks, and stuck half off the left side of his face, so as to shew some short locks of dark curly hair—nearly all that he has left, if the secret concealed beneath his hat were known. His coat is of bottle-green, single breasted, and cut so short in the skirt as to hover on the limits of a jacket. You may see, too, by the worn condition of the pockets, that if his arms were not occupied with those of his companions, there would be a hand stuck in each. His waistcoat is not visible, and I would not swear that he has one on—his laundress having been entrusted with his smartest (to say nothing of its being his only one) in anticipation of the friend who has promised to “take a chop” with him to-morrow, and of whom he proposes to borrow the sum of two pounds ten shillings, more or less. *Au reste*, he is *en deshabille*, his trowsers being of a faded nankeen, not a little the worse at once for washing and for the want of it; and his slippers of drab leather to match in both respects. Of the companions of this noticeable person I need not speak particularly; for a toad-eater (which contrives to flourish even here, where a toad itself would die of starvation) is the same sneaking-looking animal, whether you meet with it in a palace or a jail.

Yonder little withered Frenchman, who is standing still for a moment, and looking on the ground, as if a thought had just struck him, (as the phrase is,) affords a good contrast to the well-conditioned and well-fed comeliness of the person just described. Poverty seems to have chosen him for her board-and-bed-fellow, but time has knit their acquaintance so long and so closely together, that he seems in some sort grown fond of her; and it is *her* discipline, not that of “sharp misery,” which has “worn him to the bone.” At any rate, there is a happy twinkle in his eye, and a self-possessed *repose* in his air, which indicate any thing but active discontent; and if he can but succeed in getting the allotted sixpence a day from his creditors, he’ll be a made man. If his politics may be judged of by his *costume*, it belongs to the most “*ancien*” of “*regimes*.” His coat is of once-black cloth, every separate thread of which is as bare as the wearer’s bones, and as brown as his skin. It is buttoned close up at the throat by a single button, and from thence descends loosely to the heels, concealing every thing that is *not* beneath it; except when he walks stoopingly along, with his hands crossed behind him, in which case it flies open on either side, and discovers the remains of a pair of flannel pantaloons, which seem to be the better rather than the worse for wear, inasmuch as they have grown twice too large for the wearer. His hose are of white-worsted worn black, and his shoes (which are shoes and slippers in one) of black leather worn white.

One would suppose that the inmates of this place were collected together for the express purpose of affording contrasts to each other. Who would imagine that the gentle little creature I have just described is formed of the same flesh and blood as yonder big-boned, blustering bully; the terror and torment of the prison, I should think he must be, to all but

the few who can read "coward" in his eye? Jocky boots, with painted tops, corduroys, and a thick Witney coat, are all that is visible of his dress, except a yellow and red Belcher round his neck, and a whity-brown radical on his head, the edges of which are worn down to the brown-paper foundation, and the form altogether indefinite. He has just lost a pot of porter to that little knowing-looking kiddy—one of the "light-weights" of the ring—and is doing his best to bluster out of the bet. But the little one seems to know him better than the bystanders, and looks as if he was on the point of insinuating that he'll "have it out of his bones," if he won't pay in any other way; and this *argumentum baculinum* is, for him, the only one that carries any persuasion with it.

What is that still young, but faded and haggard-looking person, who passes by the above noisy wranglers, without seeming to know that they are there? His slim, but well-turned form, the cut of his shabby-gentle attire, and the air of his head, bespeak something above the *bourgeois*, but below the man of blood and breeding; and there is a sort of undecided character about his face, which seems to indicate that he has been all his life hovering, as it were, between two classes of society, without feeling sure to which he belonged, and therefore not being satisfied to belong to either. This, I fear, has been his bane. He is evidently married, too. It is written in the lines of his brow, and about the descending corners of his mouth. And his wife, like himself, has contrived to lift herself out of the class in which she was born, without attaining to any other; and (to pursue my conjectures as far as in reason I may) it is the necessity of keeping up "a certain appearance," which is entailed by this mischievously fastidious refinement in the tastes of this couple, that has at last lost him his situation in a public office, and brought them here. What is to become of them now, is more than he seems to dare think upon, and more than I dare trust myself to conjecture, unless I would end this epistle in a strain very different from that of its beginning.

But the truth is, I must cease my separate sketches altogether, and finish by a general glance, or I see no end to it at all. Let me observe, then, in regard to the prevalent costumes of this place, first, that the inmates indulge in every conceivable variety, with the exception of those which are worn out of doors. Perhaps the Bench does not contain a single person who, if he were by any accident to be seen outside, would not immediately be recognised as a bencher, by every little boy in the neighbourhood.

In the next place, you may almost infallibly determine the length of a prisoner's confinement from the look of his clothes. You will observe, in exactly the same class of persons, a regular gradation of shabbiness, from that of a month upwards: I say upwards, rather than downwards, because I suppose prisoners rise in the scale of their companions' estimation in proportion to the length of time they remain here. A new man, that smells of the fresh air, is almost as unpalatable to them, by comparison with themselves, as a free one that may walk out and taste it.

With respect to the particular fashions that are most patronised here, frock coats have the decided preference, because they supersede the superfluity of a waistcoat, not to mention the shirt, which is by no



means an indispensable article of prison attire. Next in favour to the frock is the short single-breasted jacket, because this is a form to which (like invalids in the army) any class of coat may be reduced, when it is no longer capable of doing duty in the regular line. Moreover, the jacket has an air about it indicative of riding on horseback, and is therefore worn here somewhat on the same principle on which cockneys wear spurs to their hessians, and carry horsewhips in their hands; namely, precisely because they are *not* going to ride.

As to the head-gear, that is pretty equally divided between the travelling-cap, the white hat, the black hat, and no hat at all; many preferring the latter fashion, probably on account of the air it gives them of being *at home*.

It only remains for me to endeavour, if possible, to convey to you a notion of the distinctive and characteristic expression of countenance which prevails almost universally, in the inhabitants of this singular spot; a sort of look which, as it never is and cannot possibly be acquired elsewhere, deserves to be designated as, *par excellence*, the prison look. And yet this look must be the result of so many contradicting feelings, that I can scarcely hope to make it intelligible to you by a description; and indeed I am by no means sure that I should succeed in making it obvious to you, even if I could point it out to your eyes as an actual appearance. You would, I doubt, be apt to reiterate upon me the words that I remember having once put into your mouth against myself, and tell me that I was, as usual, looking further into the millstone than the actual thickness of the millstone itself. But I have promised to describe to you, not what you or any one else is bound to see in the objects examined, but what they appear to me; and if, in fulfilling this promise, I present more than would otherwise exist for you, why you ought to be so much the more obliged to me. The prison look, then, of which I have spoken above, seems to be made up of the following particulars, all blended together in proportions more or less noticeable, but all present, and all modifying each other, according to their greater or less prevalence: Item, a sinister and self-involved cast about the eyes, as if their owner was in the habit of turning them inwards upon himself before he permitted them to judge of other people. Item, a contracted brow, bearing upon it an involuntary half-frown, which is balanced by a *not* involuntary half-smile, almost perpetually upon the lips. (So true is it that "a man may smile and be a villain," that in fact he cannot be much of a villain unless he is a perpetual smiler.) Item, an assumed air of easy superiority among equals in station, which is strangely contrasted by a co-existing air of conscious degradation and inferiority. Item, a studied *nonchalance* of manner before strangers and free men: as if it were not a mark of superiority rather than otherwise, to be able to owe more than one is able to pay!

Leaving you to digest these somewhat contradictory expressions into one homogeneous look, I remain, my dear Frank, your loving cousin,

TERENCE TEMPLETON.

## KING HAROLD.

" KING Harold ! the Norman is on his way !  
 I have seen him, my liege, in his battle array—  
 Full sixty thousand in harness and helm  
 From Pevensey march o'er thy English realm,  
 And William the Bastard is leading them on—  
 King of England make speed, or thy sceptre is gone !  
 O hasten thy journey by night and by day,  
 Leave the northerns behind thee and hurry away !"  
 Thus to Harold a Kentish noble said,  
 As he bow'd to the monarch his snow-plumed head,  
 And sprang from his courser with gory spur,  
 Of the tidings the weary messenger.  
 He's from Stamford gone, and city and hold  
 Pour out his axemen and slingers bold ;  
 His soldiers in brass and steel shine bright,  
 And his men at arms are a goodly sight ;  
 For their courage is high as an eagle's way  
 When she soars in the noon of a cloudless day,  
 And their hearts are link'd like the steel they wear,  
 And their honour is pure as their swords' blue glare.  
 They have enter'd Kent, where the wooded vales  
 Echo trampling steeds and wild clarion peals ;  
 And their ardours increase as the foe draws nigh—  
 " Our England, and Harold, and home " is their cry !  
 " Our England," fair realm ! they defend thee in vain,  
 And " Harold " shall bleed with the weltering slain,  
 And " home "—the charm it possess'd will be gone,  
 When the foot of the victor hath trampled it down.  
 The dwelling that stands by the wild-wood tree  
 No more shall look smiling or shelter the free,  
 But the law of the curfew, the forest, the strong,  
 Envenom " sweet home " that enchanted so long.  
 How damp'd then their ardours, how hopeless their swords,  
 Had fate but unfolded her dark records !  
 Up, warriors, in ignorance, and hie to your death,  
 'Twill be something to sell at the dearest, your breath.  
 The sun of that morning on ocean is bright,  
 And the headlands are bathed in its rosy light ;  
 The deep-blue sky in the morning's pearl  
 Is kissing the billow's snow-white curl ;  
 And the landscape, like beauty reposing, lies  
 Enwrap'd in the robe of its witcheries.  
 The black ships are drawn on the distant strand,  
 Where the billows roll gently asleep on the land ;  
 There is peace over heaven and ocean, the storm  
 Of ambition alone shall the green land deform ;  
 For the Norman masses, more rude than the shore  
 Whence they sail'd, have awaken'd the battle's roar.  
 Now they wind through long valleys and woods, now appear  
 On the hill-tops, that bristle with helmet and spear,  
 Then darken and flash in the sunbeams afar,  
 And eclipse all its crimes by the splendour of war.  
 Who are they on yon heights, where the standards unfold  
 To the scant breeze of morn their emblazonings of gold,—  
 On the hill's roomy summit that gather and loom,  
 A thunderstorm hush'd in its blackness of power ?

They're the hosts of King Harold—he watches the foe,  
 And tracks his long march through the valleys below.  
 There is courage and conduct and might's lofty will,  
 With England's rich crown to be won on that hill.  
 Methinks if the Bastard would bear it away,  
 He must pour the blood of his bravest to-day!

The Norman approaches, the battle is made,  
 A sepulchred stillness is over the glade—  
 Slow moves as in death-march, his columns' tread,  
 Valkyriurs advancing to choose out the dead.  
 One step—now another—now shouts and uproar,  
 The clang of the battle, the rush of the gore,  
 From the red lips of slaughter that gorge their repast,  
 As imagining mercy decreed it their last—  
 All rush on the terrified sense like the sound  
 Of a stifled volcano uplifting the ground.  
 But the Norman is foil'd—he advances again—  
 Again he retires—his valour is vain.  
 Eve comes!

There was carnage enough on that day,  
 When the crown of fair England was rifled away;  
 When the Norman shaft drank up the blood of her king,  
 And the land rang with shrieks and with sorrowing.  
 O long till'd was the soil for her foes, and her plains  
 Saw her sons bow'd down in the victor's chains;  
 Yet they broke them at last, and the links when free,  
 They hurl'd at all tyrants and tyranny!\*

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SECOND LETTER FROM MR. MARK HIGGINBOTHAM.

Rings, gaudes, conceits,  
 Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOWEVER fastidious, and even morbid, might have been my feelings at the assumption of my present degrading appellation, my mortification was rendered more acute by the apprehension that the fortune which it brought me would be speedily dissipated, and that I should live to bear the brand of my hateful and ridiculous name without retaining any portion of the wealth which could alone reconcile me to its infliction. Had my wife's deceased uncle poured his gold into the pitchers of the Belides, it could not more fluently have leaked away. She has imbibed the unfortunate notion that we must dazzle and out-blaze the keen eye of ridicule by our magnificence, and draw down the uplifted finger of scorn by the weight of our purses; as if we could propitiate envy by supplying it with fresh food, or blunt the shafts of malice by encasing ourselves in golden armour. "My dear," I exclaimed, "this is only attempting to smother a fire with gunpowder. Fine trappings do but emblazon deformity, and the sun himself, splendid as he is, cannot prevent mortals from prying into the spots upon his disk. We had much better be modest and appropriate, humble ourselves down to our name, pocket our money with the indignity it brings us, and henceforward be 'content to dwell in decencies for ever.'" "Heavens!" ejaculated my spouse with a horrent look, "to

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\* De Lolme was of opinion that the measures taken by William I. for binding his English subjects were the causes that brought about our free constitution.

what would it reduce us—this notion of an establishment that should be adapted to our cognominal circumstances!" To some 'Higginbotham House,' in Brunswick or Mecklenburgh Square, with one window beside the door, and two upwards; with a narrow slip of drawing-room, which, by its double fireplace and disproportionate folding-door, would fain persuade you it is capable of being subdivided into two; and a steep narrow staircase, sadly circumscribing the exploded and civic gallantry of your guests, as each pseudo-gentleman escorted a fat lady upon his arm to the twelve-foot-square dining-room. Here would your door be opened for you in the morning by your sole undersized servant in a sky-blue livery with a silver shoulder-knot; you would step into your pea-green gig with brass harness, to be conveyed every morning to St. Mary Axe; and be received on your return to your five o'clock dinner by a pale-faced wife with a red nose, a bushel of scarlet and yellow flowers in her straggling self-adjusted locks, her vulgarly fine clothes being all cut out by herself, and nearly as ill-made as the maker; who would pour sauce made of salt butter over your fish, and inquire whether she should help you to *broccilo* with your mutton. Such is your *beau idéal* of 'suiting the action to the word.' No, no, my dear Mark, I cannot, thank Heaven, bring myself down to my name, and we must, therefore, adopt the pleasanter alternative of elevating the name by the taste and splendour of the establishment to which it will be appended."

Having found by experience that the only way to be complete master of my own house is to resign its entire management to my wife, I gave her a *carte blanche* for the decoration of our new mansion in Grosvenor-square; and as the upholsterer probably knew that I had a deep purse and a shallow wit, (which I disguised under the veil of a goodnatured generosity in the settlement of accounts,) I hold him responsible for the over-gorgousness of the gildings, the gaudy magnificence of the hangings, the ponderous finery of the furniture, and all the gew-gaw flaring ostentation of rose-wood overlaid with buhl, and sattin-wood bedizened with *or-molu*. As for the designs, the forms, the taste—these my wife as eagerly claimed for herself as if any rational being would have been disposed to contest her right. I know not what demon whispered her to have a taste, unless it might be some genius of the menagerie. But that I pay so much more for admission into their company, I could almost fancy myself, as I parade my splendid rooms, to be perambulating amid the wild beasts of Exeter Change; and I mournfully anticipate the ridicule as well as the impoverishment of Pope's Sir Visto. The crest of the Somers family, which I still retain, is a bear rampant, which ferocious figure presents itself to my eye in such threatening variety that I live in perpetual dread of the fate inflicted by his living prototype of the *Jardin des Plantes* upon the unfortunate Parisian who came within his gripe. If I lounge in my arm chair, two uplifted paws are ready to plunge their talons in the calf of each leg, while an open mouth, snarling with sharp carnivorous teeth, gapes upwards to catch my overhanging hand. Sofas, consoles, commodes, ottomans, and chiffoniers, all bristle with the same revolting ornament in such various modifications of size and material, that if Mr. Martin could carry his bill, and extend it to those who are baited by this animal, as well as to those who bait it, I seriously apprehend

my tormentors would be punishable by law. But this is by no means the only monster with which I am haunted. Sprawling dragons seem to be hissing at me from each end of the curtain-pole; gorgons and chimæras gnash their teeth at me from the arabesque compartments of the papered wall; I am actually obliged to sit down upon the griffins and hippogriffs of the furniture with which my chairs are covered, and there is not a handle in the house which does not represent some hideous form, and make me shudder and revolt as it touches my fingers. "The rich buffet well coloured" serpents grace;" the everlasting bear offers itself to my hand from every article of the china dinner-service; a grinning salamander forms the very appropriate termination of the shovel, poker, and tongs; I am obliged to grasp every silver tankard by a twisted snake, as if I could handle them with as much impunity as one of the Libyan Psylli; every time I lift my wine-coolers I thrust my fingers into a satyr's jaws; and as if the heads of these various monsters were not enough, there is scarcely an article in the house, from the drawing-room table to the foot-stool, which is not supported by the protruding paws of a wild beast, or the claws of some enormous bird.

But there are classical nuisances about my mansion, which sicken me at my meals by their still more disgusting associations. An Argyll pours me out hot gravy from the entrails of a silver mermaid; I have a great regard for the god Pan, but I like not to have my beer, which I am still vulgar enough to drink, vomited from his open jaws; and though I reverence the character of a Naiad, it irketh me to see her eject from her silvery mouth the cream which I am just about to swallow. In the ardour of her astronomical taste, it pleased my spouse to have the signs of the zodiac painted upon our dinner plates, so that I have the pleasant notion of always having a crab and a scorpion in my dish, while I smear irreverent lobster sauce over the celestial fishes, cut the throat of the ram and bull with my truculent knife, stick my fork into the left eye of Aquarius or the right one of Sagittarius, and daub with half-cold fat the features of the smiling virgin or the interesting twins; and if I retire to my dressing-room to purify my hands after this wanton butchery, I am again sickened with a marble shell, into which, as Pope has somewhat coarsely expressed it,

"Two gaping tritons spew to wash your face."

Even at tea-time I am not unmolested. A kneeling Atlas supports the hissing urn upon his naked shoulders, exciting my commiseration by the notion that he must be suffering the torture of this scalding infliction at the same moment that my little boy Alfred is tickling the sole of his outstretched bronze foot, and wondering that he cannot make him laugh. In ringing the bell to have this painful object removed, I must once more clutch at a circular serpent devouring his own tail; nor can I knock at my own street-door without raising a Medusa's head, horrent with snakes, and striking against the frontal bone of a minotaur, who seems to be roaring at me as I rap.

It will be thought that I am either singularly unfortunate in my establishment, or marvellously disposed to be querulous, when I state that these annoyances, irritating as they are to a man of my nervous temperament, are by no means the most intolerable of those that I am doomed

to experience. Fashion has been pleased to decree that our drawing-rooms shall be overlaid, and littered, and lumbered with every species of trumpery rubbish known by the name of nick-nacks and curiosities; and my wife has been pleased to decree that her own apartments shall in this respect stand perfectly unrivalled. For the good of my fellow-creatures I sincerely hope that they are so, for I would not wantonly inflict upon others the daily martyrdom which I myself experience. I fear, however, that there are too many victims to this mania, for the great increase of "curiosity shops," as they are technically called, of which I believe there are a dozen in Regent-street and the Quadrant alone, affords a fearful evidence that our superfluous wealth is taking this childish and fantastic direction. From the wild beasts with which they were studded, I used to compare my rooms to Noah's Ark; but now they now rather wear the semblance of a broker's in Moorfields, or a Brobodignaggian baby-house, or a cosmopolitan lumber-room, where all the uncouth, grotesque and barbarous crinkum-crankums, gew-gaws and toys, that have been cast away as worse than worthless, have been diligently collected to form a miserable museum. Of such wretched varieties, scarce because but few people have been fools enough to manufacture them, my wife is an eager and everlasting purchaser. Ebony stands and Japan tables of all calibres are loaded with sonorous gongs, shells, Chinese shoes, glass cases of humming birds and butterflies, huge China jars and bowls, and Lilliputian tea-cups (all equally invaluable because all equally useless), Mandarins nodding their heads at me as if in mockery, tun-bellied idols, bits of lapis lazuli and malachite, jasper and soap-stone, and geological specimens arranged in frames by Mr. Nawe, and figures of bisquit and alabaster, and little boxes of French bonbons, and every thing, in short, that can be either named or imagined, provided always that it be neither useful nor ornamental. Conceive the horror of a stout gentleman like myself, being obliged to move edgeways through my own rooms, in momentary apprehension of occasioning a smash of porcelain, and knowing by sad experience that my wife is by no means "Mistress of herself though China fall." O how have I been taunted and twitted with my *gaucherie*, as I attempted to squeeze my unwieldy figure through the straits and defiles of this bazaar; and with what sorry jokes have I attempted to retaliate the attacks to which I was exposed! "Do take care, Mr. Higginbotham, you are rubbing against that beautiful bowl." "Those who play at bowls, my dear, must expect rubbers." "If you knock down that China Joss, I shall never be able to buy another so cheap." "There you are mistaken, my dear, for after a fall you always buy things cheaper"—(By the by, I admire at her calling such a bauble cheap, for I remember the auctioneer of Pall Mall, exclaiming as his hammer fell—"unly twainty-four guineas and a *haif*!") "Good gracious! Mr. Higginbotham, one would really think you were tipsy; you will certainly knock down that Mazarine cup." "And how can I do better, if I have had a cup too much?" Miserable jokes, but how could they be otherwise when the utterer was kept in a state of perpetual misery?

Nor have my guests and visitors less reason to complain than the unfortunate wight who is thus baited and beleaguered in his own house. My friend, Admiral Binnacle, whose wooden leg describes a

horizontal parabola of some extent, lately tipped down a japan table, covered with a whole wilderness of china monkeys, and though my wife really bore the calamity with firmness, the worthy Admiral, who naturally concluded they were invaluable, because they were both frightful and useless, was proportionably affected by the catastrophe, asking me, however, in a parting whisper, whether I felt authorised to set steel-traps and spring-guns in such a public thoroughfare. Old Lady Dotterel's poodle, on the very following day, jumping upon a cabinet to snap at a plumpudding-stone, made frightful havoc, shivering to atoms a china shepherd in pink tiffany ineffables, blue silk stockings, a gilt-edged cocked hat, a yellow satin waistcoat, and a flowered jacket, who from an arbour of green and silver foil, looked tenderly out upon a couple of tinsel sheep with golden hoofs, forming altogether, as my wife had often maintained, the sweetest and most natural scene of the pastoral she had ever witnessed. And what was more provoking than all, the four-footed author of the mischief, having ensconced himself behind a nest of glass-cases, and threatening to run a muck if he were maltreated, was obliged to be coaxed out of his sanctuary with a large piece of pound cake, which the unfeeling brute seemed to consider a very satisfactory set off against the plumpudding stone. Scarcely a day elapses but I hear a smash, a slap, and a squall, when the angry exclamation of "mischievous little monkey!" or "careless little hussey!" convinces me that either Alfred or Matilda have thrown down some worthless invaluable in threading this Cretan labyrinth. From squabbles with visitors and children, I am only relieved by perpetual altercations with the servants, who are so frequently accused of purloining, breaking, or misplacing some of our troublesome trumpery, that I am constantly presented with sulky looks and new faces. Forlorn as is the hope, I actually look forward with pleasure to the time when, my means becoming exhausted sooner than my wife's rage for collection, my museum must come to the hammer, like those of Fonhill, Wanstead, and so many others; and in the mean time, I live under the conviction, that one of the most pitiable objects in creation is the husband of a curiosity-collecting wife, and the keeper of an amateur bazaar.

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TO THE SPIRIT OF THE FOREST.

SPIRIT of these wild groves and dells!  
 The Muse thy power invokes—  
 Spirit of loneliness that dwells  
 Where green moss creeps, and heather swells  
 Around these ancient oaks.

Hamadryad, Sylph, or Fairy,  
 Or whate'er thy name may be,  
 Gloomy, gay, or grave, or airy,  
 I approach with footsteps wary,  
 Anxious to commune with thee.

Old thou art—thou wert presiding,  
 If tradition's lore be true,  
 O'er this forest when was riding  
 Bold Robin Hood—his archers gliding  
 Among these oaks, now seen, now hiding,  
 Ere they twang'd their bows of yew.

Then the stag in crested pride  
Wildly roam'd these woodlands o'er,  
And show'd his antlers branching wide,  
His glossy eye, his spotted side,  
Where Rayneth's still smooth waters glide  
Within their peaceful shore.

Then were these oaks in all their glory,  
Which are sear'd and blighted now,  
And tell a sad, a mournful story,  
And show the hand of time so hoary,  
In many a scathed and blighted bough.

Merry Sherwood wert thou then,  
Wide thy range, and wild thy rangers,  
When a palace deck'd thy glen,  
And holy towers appear'd in ken,  
And kings were there to welcome strangers.

Merry Sherwood art thou still,  
Though times are changed, and oaks are blighted,  
Yet there's music in the rill,  
And mirth upon the sunny hill,  
Where wild birds love to warble still,  
Delighting and delighted.

Spirit of these woodlands wild!  
Though long thy reign, it is not ended;  
For oft will Fancy's wayward child  
Wander in summer evening mild,  
In thine own groves, by thee attended:

And often in the fitful breeze  
That rustles when the leaves are falling,  
Believe thy sylvan form he sees,  
And hears thy voice amidst the trees,  
As thou wert summer days recalling.

And what though summer days are past,  
And thou art changed in voice and form,  
And thou hast clothed thee in the blast  
That whirls the leaves in eddies past,  
And ranges o'er the forest vast,  
The genius of the storm.

Yet, Spirit! I invoke thee still,  
Whether in winter's sullen reign,  
When icy fetters bind the rill,  
And Sherwood's choristers are still;  
And the sunbeams which crown the hill,  
Scarce reach the distant plain:

Or in those bright and sunny days,  
When heather blooms, and bracken's green,  
And the sun his beams displays,  
And numerous warblers tune their lays,  
And plume their wings beneath his rays,  
And harmonize the scene.

\* Clipstone Palace, said to have been built in the reign of King John; some part of the old walls still remains standing, and is yet called in that neighbourhood by the peasantry King John's Palace.



Let none thy charms presume to tell,  
 Save those who in thy groves have stray'd,  
 And found that powerful wizard-spell,  
 Which Fancy's votaries know full well,  
 And all who in thy regions dwell,  
 And love thy groves of shade.

CRITICISM ON FEMALE BEAUTY.—NO. 11.

EYES.—The finest eyes are those that unite sense and sweetness. They should be able to say much, and all charmingly. The look of sense is proportioned to the depth from which the thought seems to issue; the look of sweetness to an habitual readiness of sympathy, an unaffected willingness to please and be pleased. We need not be jealous of

Eyes affectionate and glad,  
 That seem to love whate'er they look upon.

They have always a good stock in reserve for their favourites; especially if like those mentioned by the poet, they are conversant with books and nature. Voluptuaries know not what they talk about, when they profess not to care for sense in a woman. Pedantry is one thing: sense, taste, and apprehensiveness are another. Give me an eye that draws equally from head above and heart beneath; that is equally full of ideas and feelings, of intuition and sensation. If either must predominate, let it be the heart. Mere beauty is nothing at any time but a doll, and should be packed up and sent to Brobdignag. The colour of the eye is a very secondary matter. Black eyes are thought the brightest, blue the most feminine, grey the keenest. It depends entirely on the spirit within. I have seen all these colours change characters; though I must own, that when a blue eye looks ungentle, it seems more out of character than the extremest diversity expressed by others. The ancients appear to have associated the idea of gladness with blue eyes; which is the colour given to his heroine's by the author just alluded to. Anacreon attributes a blue or a grey eye to his mistress, it is difficult to say which: but he adds, that it is tempered with the moist delicacy of the eye of Venus. The other look was Minerva's, and required softening. It is not easy to distinguish the shades of the various colours anciently given to eyes; the blues and greys, sky-blues, sea-blues, sea-greys, and even *cat*-greys.\* But it is clear that the expression is every thing. The poet demanded this or that colour, according as he thought it favourable to the expression of acuteness, majesty, tenderness, or a mixture of all. Black eyes were most lauded; doubtless because in a southern country the greatest number of beloved eyes must be of that colour. But on the same account of the predominance of black, the abstract taste was in favour of lighter eyes and fair complexions. Hair being of a great variety of tint, the

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\* *Cæsius veniam obviis leoni.* Catullus.—See *glaucus*, *cæruleus*, &c. and their Greek correspondents. *Χαρμος*, glad-looking, is also rendered in the Latin, blue-eyed; and yet it is often translated by *lævus*, a word which at one time is made to signify blue, and at another something approximating to hazel. *Cæsius*, in like manner, appears to signify both grey and blue, and a tinge of green.

poet had great licence in wishing or feigning on that point. Many a head of hair was exalted into gold, that gave slight colour for the pretension; nor is it to be doubted, that auburn, and red, and yellow, and sand-coloured, and brown with the least surface of gold, all took the same illustrious epithet on occasion. With regard to eyes, the ancients insisted much on one point, which gave rise to many happy expressions. This was a certain mixture of pungency with the look of sweetness. Sometimes they call it severity, sometimes sternness, and even acridity, and terror. The usual word was *Gorgon-looking*. Something of a frown was implied, mixed with a radiant earnestness. This was commonly spoken of men's eyes. Anacreon, giving directions for the portrait of a youth, says

Dark and *gorgon* be his eye,  
Tempered with hilarity.\*

A taste of it, however, was sometimes desired in the eyes of the ladies. Theagenes, in Heliodorus's *Ethiopics*, describing his mistress Chariclea, tells us, that even when a child, something great, and with a divinity in it, shone out of her eyes; and encountered his, as he examined them, with a mixture of the *gorgon* and the alluring.† Perhaps the best word in general for translating *gorgon* would be *ferent*; something earnest, fiery, and pressing onward. Anacreon, with his usual exquisite taste, allays the fierceness of the term with the word *kekerasmenon*, tempered. The nice point is, to see that the terror itself be not terrible, but only a poignancy brought in to assist the sweetness. It is the salt in the tart; the subtle sting of the essence. It is to the eye intellectual, what the apple of the eye is to the eye itself,—the dark part of it, the core, the innermost look; the concentration and burning-glass of the rays of love. I think, however, that Anacreon did better than Heliodorus, when he avoided attributing this look to his mistress, and confined it to the other sex. He tells us, that she had a look of Minerva as well as Venus; but it is Minerva without the *gorgon*. There is sense and apprehensiveness, but nothing to alarm. No drawback upon beauty ought to be more guarded against, than a character of violence about the eyes. I have seen it become very touching, when the violence had been conquered by suffering and reflection, and a generous turn of mind; nor perhaps does a richer soil for the production of all good things take place any where than over these spent volcanoes. But the experiment is dangerous, and the event rare.

Large eyes were admired in Greece, where they still prevail. They are the finest of all, when they have the internal look; which is not common. The stag or antelope eye of the orientals is beautiful and laming, but is accused of looking skittish and indifferent. "The epithet of stag-eyed," says Lady Wortley Montague, speaking of a Turkish love-song, "pleases me extremely; and I think it a very lively image of the fire and indifference in his mistress's eyes." We lose in depth of expression, when we go to inferior animals for comparisons with human beauty. Homer calls Juno ox-eyed; and the epithet suits well with the eyes of that goddess, because she may be supposed, with

\* "Μελαν ομμα γοργων εστω,  
Κεκερασμενον γαληνη."

† *Æthiop. Lib. 11. apud Junium.*

all her beauty, to want a certain humanity. Her large eye looks at you with a royal indifference. Shakspeare has kissed them, and made them human. Speaking of violets, he describes them as being

“Sweeter than the lids of Juno’s eyes.”

This is shutting up their pride, and subjecting them to the lips of love. Large eyes may become more touching under this circumstance than any others; because of the field they give for the veins to wander in, and the trembling amplitude of the ball beneath. Little eyes must be good-tempered, or they are ruined. They have no other resource. But this will beautify them enough. They are made for laughing, and should do their duty. In Charles the Second’s time, it was the fashion to have sleepy, half-shut eyes, sly and meretricious. They took an expression, beautiful and warrantable on occasion, and made a commonplace of it, and a vice. So little do “men of pleasure” understand the business from which they take their title. A good warm-hearted poet shall shed more light upon real voluptuousness and beauty, in one verse from his pen, than a thousand rakes shall arrive at, swimming in claret, and bound on as many voyages of discovery.

In attending to the hair and eyes, I have forgotten the eye-brows, and the shape of the head. They shall be despatched before we come to the lips; as the table is cleared before the dessert. This is an irreverent simile, nor do I like it; though the pleasure even of eating and drinking, to those who enjoy it with temperance, may be traced beyond the palate. The utmost refinements on that point are, I allow, wide of the mark on this. The idea of beauty, however, is lawfully associated with that of cherries and peaches; as Eve set forth the dessert in Paradise.

**EYEBROWS.**—Eyebrows used to obtain more applause than they do. Shakspeare seems to jest upon this eminence, when he speaks of a lover

“Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress’ eyebrow.”

Marot mentions a poem on an eyebrow, which was the talk of the court of Francis the First.\* The taste of the Greeks on this point was remarkable. They admired eyebrows that almost met. It depends upon the character of the rest of the face. Meeting eyebrows may give a sense and animation to looks that might otherwise be over-feminine. They have certainly not a foolish look. Anacreon’s mistress has them :

“Taking care her eyebrows be  
Not apart, nor mingled neither,  
But as hers are, stol’n together.  
Met by stealth, yet leaving too  
O’er the eyes their darkest hue.”

In the Idyl of Theocritus before mentioned, one of the speakers values himself upon the effect his beauty has had on a girl with joined eye-brows.

\* In one of his Epistles, beginning

“Nobles esprits de France poetiques.”

“ Passing a bower last evening with my cows,  
A girl look'd out,—a girl with meeting brows.  
' Beautiful! beautiful!' cried she. I heard,  
But went on, looking down, and gave her not a word.”

This taste in female beauty appears to have been confined to the ancients. Boccaccio, in his *Ameto*, the precursor of the *Decameron*, where he gives several pictures of beautiful women, speaks more than once of disjoined eyebrows.† Chaucer, in the *Court of Love*, is equally express in favour of “a due distaunce.” An arched eyebrow was always in request; but I think it is doubtful whether we are to understand that the eyebrows were always desired to form separate arches, or to give an arched character to the brow considered in unison. In either case the curve should be very delicate. A strait eyebrow is better than a very arching one, which has a look of wonder and silliness. To have it immediately over the eye, is preferable, for the same reason, to its being too high and lifted. The Greeks liked eyes leaning upwards towards each other; which indeed is a rare beauty, and the reverse of the animal character. If the brows over these took a similar direction, they would form an arch together. Perhaps a sort of double curve was required, the particular one over the eye, and the general one in the look altogether.‡ But these are unnecessary refinements. Where great difference of taste is allowed, the point in question can be of little consequence. I cannot think, however, with Aristo, that fair locks with black eyebrows are desirable. I see, by an article in an Italian catalogue, that the taste provoked a dissertation.§ It is to be found, however, in *Achilles Tatius*; and in the poem beginning

“ Lydia, bella puella, candida,”

attributed to Gallus. A moderate distinction is desirable, especially where the hair is very light. Hear Burns, in a passage full of life and sweetness,

“ Sac flaxen were her ringlets,  
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,  
Bewitchingly o'er-arching  
Twa laughing e'en o' bonny blue.”

It is agreed on all hands, that a female eyebrow ought to be delicate, and nicely pencilled. Dante says of his mistress's, that it looked as if it was painted.

“ The eyebrow,  
Polished and dark, as though the brush had drawn it.” ||

\* “ Κημ' εις τω αντρω συνοφρυς κορα εχθες ιδουσα  
Τας δαμαλας παρελωντα, καλον καλον ημες εφασκεν  
Ου μεν ουδε λογον εκριθην απο τον πικρον αυτα,  
Αλλα κατω βλεψας ταν ομμετεραν οδον ειρην.”

† *L'Ameto di Messer Giovanni Boccaccio.* pp. 31, 32, 39. Parma, 1802.

‡ See the *Ameto*, p. 32.

§ Barrotti, Gio. Andrea, *le chiome bionde e ciglia nere d'Alcina*, discorso academico. Padova, 1746.

|| “ Il ciglio  
Pulito, e bruin, talchè dipinto pare.”—RIME, Lib. 5.

Brows ought to be calm and even.

“ Upon her eyelids many graces sat,  
Under the shadow of her even brows.”

*Fairy Queen.*

Eyelids have been mentioned before. The lashes are best when they are dark, long, and abundant without tangling.—But I shall never get on at this rate.

SHAPE OF HEAD and FACE, EARS, CHEEKS, &c. The shape of the head, including the face, is handsome in proportion as it inclines from round into oval. This should particularly appear, when the face is looking down. The skull should be like a noble cover to a beautiful goblet. The principal breadth is at the temples, and over the ears. The ears ought to be small, delicate, and compact. I have fancied that musical people have fine ears, in that sense, as well as the other. But the internal conformation must be the main thing with them. The same epithets of small, delicate, and compact, apply to the jaw; which loses in beauty, in proportion as it is large and angular. The cheek is the seat of great beauty and sentiment. It is the region of passive and habitual softness. Gentle acquiescence is there; modesty is there; the lights and colours of passion play tenderly in and out its surface, like the Aurora of the northern sky. It has been seen how Anacreon has painted a cheek. Sir Philip Sidney has touched it with no less delicacy, and more sentiment:—“Her cheeks blushing, and withal, when she was spoken to, a little smiling, were like roses when their leaves are with a little breath stirred.”—*Arcadia, Book I.* Beautiful cheeked is a favourite epithet with Homer. There is an exquisite delicacy, rarely noticed, in the transition from the cheek to the neck, just under the ear. Akenside has observed it; but hurts his real feeling, as usual, with common-place epithets:—

“ Hither turn

Thy graceful footsteps; hither, gentle maid,  
Incline thy polish'd forehead; let thy eyes  
Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn,  
And may the fanning breezes waft aside  
Thy radiant locks, disclosing, as it bends  
With airy softness from the marble neck,  
The cheek fair blooming.”

*Pleasures of Imagination.*

The “marble neck” is too violent a contrast; but the picture is delicate.

“ Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn”

is an elegant and happy verse.

I will here observe, that rakes and men of sentiment appear to have agreed in objecting to ornaments for the ears. Ovid, Sir Philip Sidney, and, I think, Beaumont and Fletcher, have passages against earrings; but I cannot refer to the last.

“ Load not your ears with costly jewelry,  
Which the swart Indian culls from his green sea.” \*

\* “ Vos quoque non caris aures onerate lapillis,  
Quos legit in viridi decolor Indus aqua.”

*Artis Amat. Lib. 2.*

This, to be sure, might be construed into a warning against the abuse, rather than the use, of such ornaments; but the context is in favour of the latter supposition. The poet is recommending simplicity, and extolling the age he lives in, for its being sensible enough to dispense with show and finery. The passage in Sidney is express, and is a pretty conceit. Drawing a portrait of his heroine, and coming to the ear, he tells us, that

“The tip no jewel needs to wear;  
The tip is jewel to the ear.”

I confess when I see a handsome ear without an ornament, I am glad it is not there; but if it has an ornament, and one in good taste, I know not how to wish it away. There is an elegance in the dangling of a gem suitable to the complexion. I believe the ear is better without it. Akenside's picture, for instance, would be spoiled by a ring. Furthermore, it is in the way of a kiss.

Nose.—The nose has the least character, of any of the features. When we meet with a very small one, we only wish it larger; when with a large one, we would fain request it to be smaller. In itself it is rarely any thing. The poets have been puzzled to know what to do with it. They are generally contented with describing it as straight, and in good proportion. The straight nose, quoth Dante;—“*Il dritto naso.*” “Her nose directed straight,” saith Chaucer. “Her nose is neither too long nor too short,” say the Arabian Nights. Ovid makes no mention of a nose. Ariosto says of Alcina's (not knowing what else to say), that envy could not find fault with it. Anacreon contrives to make it go shares with the cheek. Boccaccio, in one of his early works, the *Ameto* abovementioned, where he has an epithet for almost every noun, is so puzzled what to say of a nose, that he calls it *odorante*, the smelling nose. Fielding, in his contempt for so unsentimental a part of the visage, does not scruple to beat Amelia's nose to pieces, by an accident; in order to shew how contented her lover can be, when the surgeon has put it decently to rights. This has been reckoned a hazardous experiment; not that a lover, if he is worth any thing, would not remain a lover after such an accident, but that we do not choose to have a member injured, which has so little character to support its adversity. The commentators have a curious difficulty with a line in Catullus. They are not surè whether he wrote

“Salve, nec nimio puella naso—

Hail, damsel, with by no means too much nose;”—

or,

“Salve, nec minimo puella naso—

Hail, damsel, with by no means nose too little.”

It is a feature to be described by negatives. It is of importance, however, to the rest of the face. If a good nose will do little for a countenance otherwise poor, a bad one is a great injury to the best. An indifferent one is so common, that it is easily tolerated. It appears, from the epithets bestowed upon that part of the face by the poets and romance-writers, that there is no defect more universal than a nose twisted or out of proportion. The reverse is desirable accordingly. A nose should be firmly yet lightly cut, delicate, spirited, harmonious in its parts, and proportionate with the rest of the features. A nose

merely well-drawn and proportioned, can be very insipid. Some little freedom and delicacy is required to give it character. Perhaps the highest character it can arrive at, is a look of taste and apprehensiveness. That of dignity is more equivocal. Junius adduces the authority of the sophist Philostratus for *tetragonal* or *quadrangular noses*,—noses like those of statues; that is to say, broad and level in the bridge, with distinct angles to the parallelogram. These are better for men than women. The genders of noses are more distinct than those of eyes and lips. The neuter are the commonest. A nose a little aquiline has been admired in some women. Cyrus's Aspasia had one, according to Ælian. "She had very large eyes," quoth he, "and was a little upon the griffin;" *ολιγον δε ην και επιγρυπος*.\* The less the better. It trenches upon the other sex, and requires all the graces of Aspasia to carry it off. Those indeed will carry off any thing. There are many handsome and agreeable women with aquiline noses; but they are agreeable in spite of them, not by their assistance. Painters do not give them to their ideal beauties. We do not imagine angels with aquiline noses. Dignified men have them. Plato calls them royal. Marie Antoinette was not the worse for an aquiline nose; at least in her triumphant days, when she swam through an antichamber like a vision, and swept away the understanding of Mr. Burke. But if a royal nose has any thing to do with a royal will, she would have been the better for one of a less dominant description, at last. A Roman nose may establish a tyranny:—according to Marmontel, a little turn-up nose overthrew one. At all events, it is more feminine; and La Fontaine was of Marmontel's opinion. Writing to the Duchess of Bouillon, who had expressed a fear that he would grow tired of Châteaue-Thierry, he says,

How can one tire in solitudes and nooks,  
Graced by the steps, enlighten'd by the looks,  
Of the most piquant of princesses,  
With little darling foot, and long dark tresses?  
A turn-up nose too, between you and me,  
Has something that attracts me mightily.  
My loving days, I must confess, are over,  
A fact it does me honour to discover;  
Though, I suppose, whether I love or not,  
That brute, the public, will not care a jot.  
The dev'l a bit will their hard hearts look to it.  
But should it happen, some fine day,  
That any thing should lead me round that way,  
A long and beaky nose will certainly not do it.†

\* Var. Hist. Lib. 12. Cap. 1.

† "Peut-on s'ennuyer en des lieux  
Honorés par les pas, éclairés par les yeux  
D'une aimable et vive princesse,  
A pied blanc et mignon, à brune et longue tresse?  
Nez troussé, c'est un charme encor selon mon sens,  
C'en est même un des plus puissants.  
Pour moi, le temps d'aimer est passé, je l'avoue;  
Et je mérite qu'on me loue  
De ce libre et sincère aveu,  
Dont pourtant le public se souciera très peu.  
Que j'aime ou n'aime pas, c'est pour lui même chose.

**MOUTH and CHIN.**—The mouth, like the eyes, gives occasion to so many tender thoughts, and is so apt to lose and supersede itself in the affectionate softness of its effect upon us, that the first impulse, in speaking of it, is to describe it by a sentiment and a transport. Mr. Sheridan has hit this very happily—see his Rivals :—

Then, Jack, such eyes ! Such lips ! Eyes so, &c. &c.

I never met with a passage in all the poets, that gave me a livelier and softer idea of this charming feature, than a stanza in a homely old writer of our own country. He is relating the cruelty of Queen Eleanor to the Fair Rosamond.

“ With that she dash’d her on the lips,   
 So dyed double red :   
 Hard was the heart that gave the blow,   
 Soft were those lips that bled.”

WARNER’S *Albion’s England*, Book viii. Chap. 41.

Sir John Suckling, in his taste of an under lip, is not easily to be surpassed.

“ Her lips were red, and one was thin   
 Compared with that was next her chin,   
 Some bee had stung it newly.”

The upper lip, observe, was only comparatively thin. Thin lips become none but shrews or niggards. A rosiness beyond that of the cheeks, and a good-tempered sufficiency and plumpness, are the indispensable requisites of a good mouth. Chaucer, a great judge, is very peremptory in this matter.

“ With pregnant lips, and thick to kiss percase ;   
 For lippes thin, not fat, but ever lean,   
 They serve of naught ; they be not worth a bean ;   
 For if the vase be full, there is delight.”

*The Court of Love.*

For the consolation of those who have thin lips, and are not shrews or niggards, I must give it here as my firm opinion, founded on what I have observed, that lips become more or less contracted, in the course of years, in proportion as they are accustomed to express good-humour and generosity, or peevishness and a contracted mind. Remark the effect which a moment of ill-temper or grudgingness has upon the lips, and judge what may be expected from an habitual series of such moments. Remark the reverse, and make a similar judgment. The mouth is the frankest part of the face. It can the least conceal its sensations. We can hide neither ill-temper with it nor good. We may affect what we please ; but affectation will not help us. In a wrong cause, it will only make our observers resent the endeavour to impose upon them. The mouth is the seat of one class of emotions, as the eyes are of another: or rather, it expresses the same emotions but in greater detail, and with a more irrepressible tendency to be in motion.

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Mais s'il arrive que mon cœur  
Retourne à l'avenir dans sa première erreur,  
Nez aquilins et longs n'en seront pas la cause.”



It is the region of smiles and dimples, and of a trembling tenderness; of sharp sorrow, of a full and breathing joy, of candour, of reserve, of a carking care, of a liberal sympathy. The mouth, out of its many sensibilities, may be fancied throwing up one great expression into the eyes; as many lights in a city reflect a broad lustre into the heavens. On the other hand, the eyes may be supposed the chief movers, influencing the smaller details of their companion, as heaven influences earth. The first cause in both is internal and deep-seated.

The more we consider beauty, the more we recognise its dependance on sentiment. The handsomest mouth without expression, is no better than a mouth in a drawing-book. An ordinary one, on the other hand, with a great deal of expression, shall become charming. One of the handsomest smiles I ever saw in a man, was that of a celebrated statesman who is reckoned plain. How handsome Mrs. Jordan was, when she laughed; who, nevertheless, was not a beauty. If we only imagine a laugh full of kindness and enjoyment, or a "little giddy laugh," as Marot calls it,—*un petit ris folletre*,—we imagine the mouth handsome as a matter of course: at any rate, for the time. The material obeys the spiritual. Anacreon beautifully describes a lip as "a lip like Persuasion's," and says it calls upon us to kiss it. "Her lips," says Sir Philip Sidney, "though they were kept close with modest silence, yet with a pretty kind of natural swelling, they seemed to invite the guests that looked on them."—*Arcadia*, Book 1. Let me quote another passage from that noble romance, which was written to fill a woman's mind with all beautiful thoughts, and which I never met with a woman that did not like, notwithstanding its faults, and in spite of the critics. "Her tears came dropping down like rain in sunshine; and she not taking heed to wipe the tears, they hung upon her cheeks and lips, as upon cherries, *which the dropping tree bedeweth*."—Book the Third. Nothing can be more fresh and elegant than this picture.

A mouth should be of good natural dimensions, as well as plump in the lips. When the ancients, among their beauties, make mention of small mouths and lips, they mean small only, as opposed to an excess the other way; a fault very common in the south. The sayings in favour of small mouths, which have been the ruin of so many pretty looks, are very absurd. If there must be an excess either way, it had better be the liberal one. A petty, pursed-up mouth, is fit for nothing but to be left to its self-complacency. Large mouths are oftener found in union with generous dispositions, than very small ones. Beauty should have neither; but a reasonable look of openness and delicacy. It is an elegance in lips, when, instead of making sharp angles at the corner of the mouth, they retain a certain breadth to the very verge, and shew the red. The corner then looks painted with a free and liberal pencil.

Beautiful teeth are of a moderate size, even, and white; not a dead white like fish bones, which has something ghastly in it, but ivory or pearly white with an enamel. Bad teeth in a handsome mouth present a contradiction, which is sometimes extremely to be pitied; for a weak or feverish state of body may occasion them. Teeth, not kept as clean as possible, are unpardonable. Ariosto has a celebrated stanza upon a mouth.

"Next, as between two little vales, appears  
The mouth, where spices and vermilion keep :  
There lurk the pearls, richer than sultan wears,  
Now casketed, now shewn, by a sweet lip :  
Thence issue the soft words and courteous prayers,  
Enough to make a churl for sweetness weep :  
And there the smile taketh its rosy rise,  
That opens upon early a paradise."\*

To the mouth belong not only its own dimples, but those of the face ;

"The delicate wells  
Which a sweet smile forms in a lovely cheek."†

The chin, to be perfect, should be round and delicate, neither advancing nor retreating too much. If it exceed either way, the latter defect is on the side of gentleness. The former anticipates old age. A rounded and gentle prominence is both spirited and beautiful; and is eminently Grecian. It is an elegant countenance, (affectation of course apart) where the forehead and eyes have an inclined and overlooking aspect, while the mouth is delicately full and dimpled, and the chin supports it like a cushion, leaning a little upward. A dimple in the chin is almost invariably demanded by the poets, and has a character of grace and tenderness.

NECK and SHOULDERS. The shoulders in a female ought to be delicately plump, even, and falling without suddenness. Broad shoulders are admired by many. It is difficult not to like them, when handsomely turned. It seems as if "the more of a good thing, the better." At all events, an excess that way may divide opinion, while of the deformity of pinched and mean-looking shoulders there can be no doubt. A good-tempered woman, of the order yeleft buxom, not only warrants a pair of expansive shoulders, but bespeaks our approbation of them. Nevertheless, they are undoubtedly a beauty rather on the masculine than feminine side. They belong to manly strength. Achilles had them. Milton gives them to Adam. His

"Hyacinthine locks  
Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
Clustering ; but not beneath his shoulders broad."

Fielding takes care to give all his heroes huge calves and Herculean shoulders,—graces, by the way, in which he was himself eminent. Female shoulders ought rather to convey a sentiment of the gentle and acquiescent. They should lean under those of the other sex, as under a protecting shade. Looking at the male and female figure with the eye of a sculptor, our first impression with regard to the one, should

\* "Sotto quel sta, quasi fra due vallette,  
La bocca, sparsa di natio cinabro :  
Qui due filze son di perle elette,  
Che chiude ed apre un bello e dolce labro ;  
Quindi escon le cortesi parolette  
Da render molle ogni cor rozzo e scabro ;  
Quivi si forma quel soave riso,  
Ch'apre a sua posta in terra il paradiso."—*Orlan. Fur. Canto 7.*

† "Le pozzette  
Che forma un dolce riso in bella guancia."—*TASSO.*

be, that it is the figure of a noble creature, prompt for action, and with shoulders full of power ;—with regard to the other, that it is that of a gentle creature, made to be beloved, and neither active nor powerful, but fruitful:—the mould of humanity. Her greatest breadth ought not to appear to beat the shoulders. The figure should resemble the pear on the tree,

“ Winding gently *to* the waist.”

Of these matters, and of the bosom, it is difficult to speak : but *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. This article is written neither for the prudish nor the meretricious ; but for those who have a genuine love of the beautiful, and can afford to hear of it. It is not the poets and other indulgers in a lively sense of the beautiful, that are deficient in a respect for it ; but they who suppose that every lively expression must of necessity contain a feeling of the gross and impertinent. I do not regard these graces, as they pass in succession before me, with the coarse and cunning eye of a rake at a tavern-door. I will venture to say that I am too affectionate and even voluptuous for such a taste ; and that the real homage I pay the sex, deserves the very best construction of the most amiable women, and will have it.

“ Fathers and husbands, I do claim a right  
In all that is call'd lovely. Take my sight  
Sooner than my affection from the fair.  
No face, no hand, proportion, line, or air  
Of beauty, but the muse hath interest in.

BEN JONSON.

A bosom is most beautiful when it presents *none* of the extremes which different tastes have demanded for it. Its only excess should be that of health. This is not too likely to occur in a polite state of society. Modern customs and manners too often leave to the imagination the task of furnishing out the proper quantity of beauty, where it might have existed in perfection. And a tender imagination will do so. The only final ruin of a bosom in an affectionate eye, is the want of a good heart. Nor shall the poor beauty which a mother has retained by dint of being no mother, be lovely as the ruin. O Sentiment ! Beauty is but the outward and visible sign of thee ; and not always there, where thou art most. Thou canst supply her place when she is gone. Thou canst remain, and still make an eye sweet to look into ; a bosom beautiful to rest the heart on.

A favourite epithet with the Greek poets, lyrical, epic, and dramatic, is *deep-bosomed*. Mr. Moore, in one of his notes on Anacreon, says, that it literally means *full-bosomed*. But surely it *literally* means what it literally says. *Full-bosomed* might imply a luxuriance every way. *Deep-bosomed* is spoken in one of those poetical feelings of contrast, which imply rather a dislike of the reverse quality, than an extravagant demand of the one which is praised. If it is to be understood more literally, still the taste is to be vindicated. A Greek meant to say, that he admired a chest truly feminine. It is to be concluded, that he also demanded one left to its natural state, as it appeared among the healthiest and loveliest of his countrywomen ; neither compressed, as it was by the fine ladies : nor divided and divorced in that excessive manner,

which some have accounted beautiful.\* It was certainly nothing contradictory to grace and activity, which he demanded.

Crown me then, I'll play the lyre,  
Bacchus, underneath thy shade :  
Heap me, heap me, higher and higher ;  
And I'll lead a dance of fire,  
With a dark, deep-bosom'd maid.

ANACREON, Ode v.

The ladies ought to understand the spirit of epithets like these: for the tight-lacing and other extravagances, of which they are too justly accused, originated in a desire, not to make the waist so preposterously small as they do make it, but to convey to their admirers a general sense of the beauty of smallness in that particular, and their own consciousness of the grace of it.

*Rosy-bosom'd* is another epithet in the Greek taste. Milton speaks in *Comus* of

“ The Graces and the rosy-bosom'd Hours.”

Virgil says of Venus,

———“ She said,  
And turn'd, refulgent with a rosy neck.†”

“ O'er her warm neck and rising bosom move  
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love ;”

GRAY.

which is a couplet made up of this passage in Virgil and another. Virgil follows the Greeks, and the Greeks followed Nature. All this bloom and rosy refulgence, which are phrases of the poets, mean nothing more than that healthy colour which ought to appear in the finest skin. See the next section of this paper, upon Hands and Arms.

A writer in the *Anthology* makes use of the pretty epithet, “*vernal-bosom'd*.”‡ The most delicate painting of a vernal bosom is in Spenser :

“ And in her hand a sharp boar-spear she held,  
And at her back a bow and quiver gay  
Stuft with steel-headed darts, wherewith she quell'd  
The salvage beasts in her victorious play,  
Knit with a golden bauldrick, which forelay  
Athwart her snowy breast, and did divide  
Her dainty paps ; which, like young fruit in May;  
Now little gan to swell ; and being tied,  
Through their thin weeds their places only signified.”

Dryden copies after Spenser, but not with such refinement. His passage, however, is so beautiful, and has a gentleness and movement so much to the purpose, that I cannot resist the pleasure of quoting it. He is describing Boccaccio's heroine in the story of Cymon and Iphigenia :—

“ By chance conducted, or by thirst constrain'd,  
The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd ;

\* See an epigram in the Greek *Anthology*, beginning

“ Εκμαινει χειλη μη ροδοκρυα, ποικιλονυθα.”

† “ Dixit ; et avertens, rosea cervice refulsit.”

‡ *Ειαιορμασθος*.

Where, in a plain defended by the wood,  
 Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood,  
 By which an alabaster fountain stood :  
 And on the margin of the fount was laid  
 Attended by her slaves, a sleeping maid ;  
 Like Dian and her nymphs, when, tired with sport,  
 To rest by cool Eurotas they resort.  
 The dame herself the goddess well express'd,  
 Not more distinguish'd by her purple vest,  
 Than by the charming features of her face,  
 And e'en in slumber a superior grace.  
 Her comely limbs composed with decent care,  
 Her body shaded with a slight cymar,  
 Her bosom to the view was only bare ;  
 Where two beginning paps were scarcely spied,  
 For yet their places were but signified.  
 The fanning wind upon her bosom blows ;  
 To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose ;  
 The fanning wind, and purling streams, continue her repose."

This beautiful conclusion, with its repetitions, its play to and fro, and the long continuous line with which it terminates, is delightfully soft and characteristic. The beauty of the sleeper and of the landscape mingle with one another. The wind and the bosom are gentle challengers.

" Each softer seems than each, and each than each seems smoother."

SPENSER'S *Britan's Ida*.

Even the turn of the last triplet is imitated from Spenser.—See the divine passage of the concert in the Bower of Bliss, *Faery Queen*, book ii. canto 12. stanza 71. "The sage and serious Spenser," as Milton called him, is a great master of the beautiful in all its branches. He also knew, as well as any poet, how to help himself to beauty out of others. The former passage imitated by Dryden, was, perhaps, suggested by one in Boccaccio.\* The simile of "young fruit in May" is undoubtedly from Ariosto.

" Her bosom is like milk, her neck like snow ;  
 A rounded neck ; a bosom, where you see  
 Two crisp young ivory apples come and go,  
 Like waves that on the shore beat tenderly,  
 When a sweet air is ruffling to and fro."†

But Ariosto has been also to Boccaccio, and he to Theocritus ; in whom, I believe, this fruitful metaphor is first to be met with. It is very suitable to his shepherds, living among the bowers of Sicily.—See *Idyl xxvii. v. 49*. Sir Philip Sidney has repeated it in the *Arcadia*. But poets in all ages have drawn similar metaphors from the gardens. Solomon's Song abounds in them. There is a hidden analogy, more than poetical, among all the beauties of Nature.

I quit this tender ground, prepared to think very ill of any person

\* *L'Ameto*, as above, p. 31. 33.

† " Bianca neve è il bel collo, e 'l petto latte ;  
 Il collo tondo, il petto colmo e largo :  
 Due pome acerbe, e pur d'avorio fatte,  
 Vengono e van, come onda al primo margo,  
 Quando piacevole aura il mar combatte.

who thinks I have said too much of it. Its beauty would not allow me to say less; but not the less do I "with reverence deem" of those resting-places for the head of love and sorrow—

"Those dainties made to still an infant's cries."

HAND AND ARM.—A beautiful arm is of a round and flowing outline, and gently tapering; the hand long, delicate, and well turned, with taper fingers, and a certain buoyancy and turn upwards in their very curvature and repose. I fear this is not well expressed. I mean, that when the hand is at rest, and displayed, the wrist a little bent, and the other part of it, with the fingers, stretching and dipping forwards with the various undulations of the joints, it ought, however plump and in good condition, to retain a look of promptitude and lightness. The spirit of the guitar ought to be in it; of the harp and the piano-forte, of the performance of all elegant works, even to the dairy of Eve, who "tempered dulcet creams."—See a picture in Spenser, not to be surpassed, as usual, by any Italian pencil:

"In her left hand a cup of gold she held,  
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,  
Whose sappy liquor, that with fulness swell'd,  
Into her cup she scruz'd with dainty breach  
Of her fine fingers, without foul empeach,  
That so fair wine-press made the wine more sweet.

Book ii. canto 12.

It is sometimes thought that hands and arms cannot be too white. A genuine white is very beautiful, and is requisite to give them perfection; but shape and spirit are the first things in all beauty. Complexion follows. A hand and arm may be beautiful, without being excessively fair: they may also be very fair, and not at all beautiful. Above all, a sickly white is not to be admired, whatever may be thought of it by the sallow Italian, who praises a white hand for being *morbida*. I believe, however, he means nothing more than a contradiction to his own yellow. He would have his mistress's complexion unspoiled by oil and macaroni at any rate. These excessive terms, as I have before noticed, are not to be taken to the letter. A sick hand has its own merits, if it be an honest one; and may excite a feeling beyond beauty. But sickness is not beauty. In the whitest skin there ought to be a look of health.\* The nails of the fingers ought to be tinged with a healthy red. When the Greeks spoke of the *rosy-finger'd* Morn, it was not a mere metaphor, alluding to the ruddiness of the time of day. They referred also to the human image: the metaphor was founded in Nature, whether the goddess's office, or person, was to be considered. My friend George Bustle used to lament, that, in consequence of the advancement of knowledge and politeness, there was no longer any distinguishing mark of gentility but a white hand. Poor George! He had better have thought otherwise. He attempted one day to shew off among us, by letting the blood be drawn out of his fingers' ends; which, acting upon an ill constitution, was the death of him. People who have nothing but a white hand to shew for their breeding, are in a bad

\* *Candidis tamen manibus rosei ruboris aliquid suffundatur.*

*Juvénal, Cap. ix. sect. 26.*

way. I would as soon trust the long nails of a Chinese dandy, who thinks it vulgar to be without talons. He supposes that nobody can be polite, whose hands retain a look of utility. Unreflecting Hi-Fong ! not to know, that beauty, grace, and utility are fellow-workers. A sculptor might as well shut up his tools.

“The instrument of instruments, the hand,”

is not a thing to be stuck in a scutchion, like a baronet's device. The most delicate need not be afraid of turning it to account, even on the score of delicacy. If it is worth any thing at all, it is worth preserving ; and a reasonable exercise of the various joints, muscles, and other useful pieces of machinery which Nature, whatever some may think, has really bestowed on that graceful member, serves to keep it in health and perfectness. Look at the delicate withered claw of some foolish old lady, West Indian for instance, who has never been suffered to lift a comb to her head, or carry a bundle of music across a threshold ; and compare it with many accomplished hands, that have been used to fifty good offices, and that remain soft and young-looking to the last. Wherever a genuine and lasting beauty is desired, the blood must be circulated.

FIGURE, CARRIAGE, &c.—The beauty of the female figure consists in being gently serpentine. Modesty and luxuriance, fulness and buoyancy, a rising, as if to meet ; a falling, as if to retire ; spirit, softness, apprehensiveness, self-possession, a claim on protection, a superiority to insult, a sparkling something enshrined in gentle proportions and harmonious movement, should all be found in that charming mixture of the spiritual and material. Mind and body are not to be separated, where real beauty exists. Should there be no great intellect, there will be a sort of intellectual instinct, a grace, an address, a naturally wise amiableness. Should intellect unite with these, there is nothing upon earth so powerful, except the spirit whom it shall call master.

Beauty too often sacrifices to fashion. The spirit of fashion is not the beautiful, but the wilful ; not the graceful, but the fantastic ; not the superior in the abstract, but the superior in the worst of all concretes, the vulgar. It is the vulgarity that can afford to shift and vary itself, opposed to the vulgarity that longs to do so, but cannot. The high point of taste and elegance is to be sought for, not in the most fashionable circles, but in the best-bred, and such as can dispense with the eternal necessity of never being the same thing. Beauty there, both moral and personal, will do all it can to resist the envy of those who would deface, in order to supersede it. The highest dressers, the highest painters, are not the loveliest women, but such as have lost their loveliness, or never had any. The others know the value of their natural appearance too well. It is these that inspire the mantua-maker or milliner with some good thought. The fantastics of fashion take it up, and spoil it. Sixty or seventy years ago, it was the fashion for ladies to have long waists like a funnel. Who would suppose that this originated in a natural and even rustic taste ? And yet the stomachers of that time were only caricatures of the bodice of a country beauty. Some handsome women brought the original to town ; fashion proceeded to render it ugly and extravagant ;

and posterity laughs with derision at the ridiculous portraits of its grandmothers. The poet might have addressed a beauty forced into this fashion, as he did his devoted heroine in those celebrated lines :

“ No longer shall the bodice, aptly laced,  
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,  
That air and harmony of shape express,  
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.”

PRIOR'S *Henry and Emma*.

No: it was

“ Gaunt all at once, and hideously little.”

It was like a pottle of strawberries, with two oranges at the top of it. Now-a-days it is the fashion to look like an hour-glass, or a huge insect, or any thing else cut in two, and bolstered out at head and feet. A fashion that gracefully shews the figure is one thing: a fashion that totally conceals it, may have its merits; but voluntarily to accept puffed shoulders in lieu of good ones, and a pinch in the ribs for a body like that of the Venus de' Medici, is what no woman of taste should put up with, who can avoid it. They are taking her in. The levelling rogues know what they are about, and are for rendering their crook backs and unsatisfactory waists indistinguishable. If the levelling stopped here, it might be pardonable. Fair play is a jewel, that one wishes to see every body enriched by. But as fashion is naturally at variance with beauty, it is also at variance with health. The more a woman sacrifices of the one, the more she loses of the other. Thick legs are the least result of these little waists. Bad lungs, bad livers, bad complexions, deaths, melancholie, and worse than all, rickety and melancholy children, are too often the undeniable consequences of the tricks that fashion plays with the human body. By a perverse spirit of justice, the children are revenged on the parents; and help, when they grow up, to pervert those who have the advantage of them.

It is a truism to say that a waist should be neither pinched in nor shapeless, neither too sudden nor too shelving, &c. but a natural unsophisticated waist, properly bending when at rest, properly falling in when the person is in motion. But truisms are sometimes as necessary to repeat in writing, as to abide by in painting or sculpture. The worst of it is, they are not always allowed to be spoken of. For instance, there is a truism called a hip. It is surely a very modest and respectable joint, and of great use to the rising generation; a sculptor could no more omit it in a perfect figure, than he could omit a leg or an arm: and yet, by some very delicate chain of reasoning, known only to the double-refined, not merely the word, but the thing, was suppressed about twenty years back. The word vanished: the joint was put under the most painful restrictions: it seemed as if there were a Society for the Suppression of Hips. The fashion did not last, or there is no knowing what would have become of us. We should have been the most melancholy, hipped, unhipped generation, that ever walked without our proper dimensions. Moore's Almanack would have contained new wonders for us. Finally, we should have gone out, wasted, faded, old maided-and-bachelored ourselves away, grown

“ Fine by degrees and beautifully less,”

till a Dutch jury (the only survivors) brought in the verdict of the



polite world,—Died for want of care in the mother. At present a writer may speak of hips, and live. Nay, the fancies of the men seem to have been so wrought upon by the recollection of those threatening times, that they have amplified into hips themselves, and even grown pigeon-breasted. Such are the melancholy consequences of violating the laws of Nature.

A true female figure, then, is falling and not too broad in the shoulders; moderate, yet inclining to fulness rather than deficiency, in the bosom; gently tapering, and without violence of any sort, in the waist; naturally curving again in those never-to-be-without-apology-alluded-to hips; and, finally, her buoyant lightness should be supported upon natural legs, not at all like a man's; and upon feet, which, though little, ought to be able to support all the rest. Ariosto has described a foot,—

“The short, and neat, and little rounded foot.”\*

The shortness, however, is not to be made by dint of shoes. It must be natural. It must also be not too short. It should be short and delicate, compared with that of the other sex; but sufficient for all purposes of walking, and running, and dancing, and dispensing with tight shoes; otherwise it is neither handsome in itself, nor will give rise to graceful movements. It is better to have the sentiment of grace in a foot, than a forced or unnatural smallness. The Chinese have three ideas in their heads:—tea, the necessity of keeping off ambassadors, and the beauty of small feet. The way in which they caricature this beauty, is a warning to all dull understandings. We make our feet bad enough already by dint of squeezing. Nations with shoes have no proper feet, like those who wear sandals. But the Chinese out-pinch an Inquisitor. I have seen a model of a lady's foot of that country, in which the toes were fairly turned underneath. They looked as if they were almost jammed into and made part of the sole. In the British Museum, if I remember, there is a pair of shoes that belonged to such a foot as this, which are shewn in company with another pair, the property of Queen Elizabeth. Her Majesty stood upon no ceremony in that matter, and must have stamped to some purpose.

But what are beautiful feet, if they support not, and carry about with them, other graces? What are the most harmonious proportions, if the soul of music is not within? Graceful movement, an unaffected elegance of demeanour, is to the figure what sense and sweetness are to the eyes. It is the soul looking out. It is what a poet has called the “thought of the body.” The ancients, as the moderns do still in the south, admired a stately carriage in a woman: though the taste seems to have been more general in Rome than Greece. It is to be observed, that neither in Greece nor Rome had the women at any time received that truly feminine polish, which renders their manners a direct though not an unsuitable contrast to those of the other sex. It was reserved for the Goths and their chivalry to reward them with this refinement; and their northern descendants have best preserved it. The

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\* “Il breve, asciutto, e ritondetto piede.”

walk which the Latin poets attribute to their beauties, is still to be seen in all its stateliness at Rome. "Shall I be treated in this manner?" says Juno, complaining of her injured dignity,—“I, who *walk* the queen of the gods, the sister and the wife of Jove?”\*—Venus, meeting Æneas, allows herself to be recognized in departing:—

“In length of train descends her sweeping gown,  
And by her graceful walk the queen of love is known.”†

DRYDEN.

A stately verse;—but *known* is not strong enough for *patuit*, and Virgil does not say the “the queen of love,” but simply the goddess—the divinity. The walk included every kind of superiority. It is the step of Homer’s ladies.

“Of Troy’s proud dames whose garments sweep the ground.”

POPE.

The painting has more of Rubens than Raphael; and I could not help thinking, when I was in Italy, that the walk of the females had more spirit than feminine grace. They know nothing of the swimming voluptuousness with which our ladies at court used to float into the drawing-room with their hoops; or the sweet and modest sway hither and thither, a little bending, with which a young girl shall turn and wind about a garden by herself, half serious, half playful. Their demeanour is sharper and more vehement. The grace is less reserved. There is, perhaps, less consciousness of the sex in it, but it is not the most modest or touching on that account. The women in Italy sit and sprawl about the doorways in the attitudes of men. Without being viragoes, they swing their arms as they walk. There is infinite self-possession, but no subjection of it to a sentiment. The most graceful and modest have a certain want of retirement. Their movements do not play inwards, but outwards: do not wind and retreat upon themselves, but are developed as a matter of course. If thought of, they are equally suffered to go on, with an unaffected and crowning satisfaction, conquering and to conquer. This is evidently the walk that Dante admired.

“Sweetly she goes, like the bright peacock; straight  
Above herself, like to the lady crane.”‡

This is not the way we conceive Imogen or Desdemona to have walked. The head is too stiffly held up; admiration is too much courted: there is a perking consciousness in it, as if the lady, like the peacock, could spread out her shawl the next minute, and stand for us to gaze at it.

The carriage of Laura, Petrarch’s mistress, was gentle; but she was a Provençal, not an Italian. He counts it among the four principal charms, which rendered him so enamoured. They were all identified

\* “Ego, quæ divum incedo reginn,” &c.

† ——— “Pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,  
Et vera incesu patuit Dea.”

‡ “Soave a guisa va di un bel pavone;  
Dirittà sopra sè, come una grua”

with a sentiment. There was her carriage or walk ; her sweet looks ; her dulcet words ; and her kind, modest, and self-possessed demeanour.

“ From these four sparks it was, nor those alone,  
Sprung the great fire, that makes me what I am,  
A bird nocturnal, warbling to the sun.”\*

And in another beautiful sonnet, where he describes her sparkling with more than her wonted lustre, he says,

“ Her going was no mortal thing ; but shaped  
Like to an angel’s.”†

Now this is the difference between the walk of the ancient and modern heroine ; of the beauty classical and Provençal, Italian and English. The one was like a goddess’s, stately and at the top of earth ; the other is like an angel’s, humbler but nearer heaven.

It is the same with the voice. The southern voice is loud and uncontrolled ; the women startle you, bawling and gabbling in the summer air. In the north, the female seems to bethink her of a thousand delicate restraints : her words issue forth with a sort of cordial hesitation. They have a breath and apprehensiveness in them, as if she spoke with every part of her being.

“ Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low,  
An excellent thing in woman.”

SHAKESPEARE.

As the best things, however, are the worst when spoiled, it is not easy to describe how much better the unsophisticated bawling of the Italian is, than the affectation of a low and gentle voice in a body full of furious passions. The Italian nature is a good one, though run to excess. You can pare it down. A good system of education would as surely make it a fine thing morally, as good training renders Italian singing the finest in the world. But a furious English woman affecting sweet utterance !—“ Let us take any man’s horses,” as Falstaff says.

It is an old remark, that the most beautiful women are not always the most fascinating. It may be added, I fear, that they are seldom so. The reason is obvious. They are apt to rely too much on their beauty ; or to give themselves too many airs. Mere beauty ever was, and ever will be, but a secondary thing, except with fools. And they admire it for as little time as any body else ; perhaps not so long. They have no fancies to adorn it with. If this secondary thing fall

\* “ E con l’andar, è col soave sguardo,  
S’accordan le dolcissime parole,  
E l’atto mansueto, umile, e tardo.  
Di tai quattro faville, e non già sole,  
Nasce ’l gran foco di ch’io vivo ed ardo :  
Che son fatto un augel notturno al sole.”—*Sonnet* 131.

In this sonnet is the origin of a word of Milton’s, not noticed by the commentators.

“ With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
Rain influence.”—*L’Allegro*.

Da begli occhi un piacer sì caldo provi.  
“ So warm a pleasure rains from her sweet eyes.”

† “ Non era l’andar suo cosa mortale,  
Ma d’angelica forma.”—*Sonnet* 68.

into disagreeable ways, it becomes but a fifth or sixth-rate thing, or nothing at all, or worse than nothing. We resent the unnatural mixture. We shrink from it, as we should from a serpent with a beauty's head. The most fascinating women, generally speaking, are those that possess the finest powers of entertainment. In a particular and attaching sense, they are those that can partake our pleasures and our pains in the liveliest and most devoted manner. Beauty is little without this. With it, she is indeed triumphant, unless affection for a congenial object has forestalled her. In that case, fascination fixed carries the day hollow against fascination able to fix. I speak only of hearts capable of being fixed as well as fascinated; nor are they so few, as it is the interest of too many to make out. A good heart, indeed, requires little to fix it, if the little be good, and devoted, and makes it the planet round which it turns.

I reckon myself a widower, though I was never wedded; and yet with all my love for a departed object, a sympathizing nature would inevitably have led me to love again, had not travelling and one or two other circumstances thrown me out of the way of that particular class of my countrywomen, among whom I found the one, and always hoped to meet with the other. When I do, she may, or may not, as it happens, be beautiful; but the following charms, I undertake to say, she will and must have; and as they are haveable by others, who are not in possession of beauty, I recommend them as an admirable supply. They are far superior to the shallower perfections enumerated in this paper, and their only preservative where they exist.

Imprimis, an eye whether blue, black, or grey, that has given me the kindest looks in the world, and is in the habit of looking kindly on others.

Item, a mouth—I do not choose to say much about the mouth, but it must be able to say a good deal to me, and all sincerely. Its teeth, kept as clean as possible, must be an argument of cleanliness in general; and, finally, it must be very good-natured to servants, and to friends who come in unexpectedly to dinner.

Item, a figure, which shall preserve itself, not by neglecting any of its duties, but by good taste and exercise, and the dislike of gross living. I would have her fond of all the pleasures under the sun, except those of tattling, and the table, and ostentation.

Fourthly, a power to like a character in a book, though it is not an echo of her own.

Fifthly, a great regard for the country.

Item, a hip.

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## AN APPEAL FROM THE OLD WORLD TO THE NEW WORLD.

“Thy towering spirit now is broke,  
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.”—SMOLLET.

“WE must not sequester into Atlantic and Eutopian schemes of government,” says Milton, speaking against visionary forms of policy ; but if we may be allowed a little play upon his words, we should maintain that at the present moment we must carry our thoughts to the American shores of that ocean in which Plato placed his Atlantis, if we wish to see any realization of Sir Thomas More’s Eutopia. The philanthropist and the friend of human advancement need not despond even when he contemplates the miserable condition of Spain, (the experimental farm of the Holy Alliance, as it has been so happily denominated,) or the degrading subjugation of Italy, both of which are so utterly contrary to the spirit of the age that they cannot possibly endure ; but let him extend his view across the Atlantic, and he will find that the numbers who have liberated themselves in that quarter infinitely exceed those who have been enslaved in Europe. It has been said that you cannot put your hand in the sea at Brighton without raising its waters, however imperceptibly, in the other hemisphere ; and it is unquestionably the pressure of despotism in Europe that has occasioned the rising of liberty in South America. Tyrants produce freemen, and in this view Ferdinand has been the greatest friend to human regeneration that ever existed. The dragon’s teeth he has sown in one hemisphere came up armed men in another ; his brutal misrule made Old Spain so hideous, that it fairly frightened New Spain into successive fits of revolution ; and his unfortunate subjects have given freedom to their transatlantic brethren, by wearing a double weight of chains upon their own necks. The Americans, in short, have taken their revenge upon the Spaniards, and have given over their masters to misery and thralldom, while they themselves are regenerated and happy.

But perhaps the most exhilarating point of view in which we can contemplate the New World, is in the prodigious expansion of knowledge and activity of the press, displayed in regions hitherto plunged in a Cimmerian darkness. We speak not of the new republics, though their intellectual energies are developing themselves with an inconceivable rapidity, so much as of those remote islands and colonies, which within our own recollection were plunged in the lowest depths of savage ignorance, and are now, by their civilization and literary progress, affording a gratifying testimony to the general advancement of the human race. We have before us at this moment the first book ever printed at Van Diemen’s land, and a not less pleasing literary curiosity—the Reports of the Missionary Stations in Tahiti and Eimeo for three successive years, *printed at Tahiti*. Let the reader recollect the state of Otaheite in Captain Cook’s time, and he will be able to appreciate the importance of the few words which we have put in italics. That he may form a more comprehensive estimate of what has been accomplished for civilization in those unpromising regions, we propose making a few extracts from the pamphlets, which will, we think, satisfy the most sceptical that the labours of the Missionaries have been productive of incalculable good, although we are of opinion that they have

hitherto done very little for rational Christianity beyond a breaking up and preparation of the soil for its future reception. From less questionable authority than their own, from captains in the navy who have touched at the Georgian islands, we have learnt that the natives, since the establishment of the missionaries, have abandoned their ferocious habits to become a humane and trustworthy race; and the papers have lately informed us, that on the same spot in New Zealand, where the crew of the *Boyd*, amounting to nearly one hundred persons, were not long since cut off and devoured by the cannibal natives, the crew of another British vessel, in an unfortunate squabble with the same people, who had gone so far as to sing their war-songs, and prepare for attack, found effectual protection by sending to the Wesleyan Missionary establishment about twelve miles distant, and getting two of the brethren to remain on board during their stay. These are facts which should for ever avert all sarcasm and ridicule; for though these hordes may not have been converted into rational Christians, they have been at least prevented from continuing to be savages and cannibals, which is a good step towards it. Even in Madagascar such progress has been made from utter darkness and ferocity, that the king has sent a deputation of young men to the Cape of Good Hope "for the purpose of being instructed in the useful sciences." If a knowledge of good government be one of them, we trust they will not apply to Lord Charles Somerset. But we proceed to our extracts, by which it will be seen that the worthy missionaries are high in the royal favour,—the most efficient mode in such countries of disseminating their doctrine.

"Wilks's Harbour.—The queen lay in at this place and was delivered of a son, June 25th. The infant, named Teritiana, his sister Aimata, the queen and her sister Pomare Vahine, were baptized at Papaoa, Sept. 10th, by the brethren Nott and Crook."

Immediately after we are favoured with a piece of intelligence which savours somewhat of the bathos, though we observe similar notices in all the reports, as if such occurrences were quite as well worth transmitting to Europe as the births and baptisms of legitimate royalty.

"April 10th. Sister Crook was safely delivered of her eighth daughter and ninth child. These are all, through the goodness of God, in good health with their parents."

The report for May 1823, after stating that the whole inhabitants of the islands are already professors of Christianity, gives the following account of the annual meeting.

"The deputation, accompanied by the brethren Barff, Orsmond and Platt, having arrived at Tahiti on Monday last from the Leeward Islands, we the brethren on Tahiti had the pleasure of meeting with them this morning at the Royal Mission chapel, Papaoa, where the king, governors, and the various officers and members of the Tahitian Missionary Society had assembled in order to commemorate the fifth anniversary of the Society. About 10 o'clock the people entered the chapel in number about 4000. After service the deputation and the missionaries dined with the queen, Pomare Vahine, the young king, the king's brother-in-law, and some of the principal chiefs, at the king's house near the royal chapel, present also several officers of the French corvette, belonging to the King of France."

Here is a very goodly beginning of the church and state union, which in process of time, if the press should be restrained and the march of

knowledge arrested by some Tahitian Czar or Austrian satrap, may, with the aid of an oriflamme, a *Sainte Ampoule*, and the holy Chrism, ripen into as much ecclesiastical wealth and gorgeousness as have lately dazzled the eyes of the loyal and pious at the French coronation. Religious architecture has already begun in the islands, for not only do the natives build for each of the brethren a dwelling-house furnished with conveniences hitherto unknown, but we are told that—

“On the 20th of February the brethren had the pleasure to lay the foundation stone of a new chapel, which is to be of an octagonal form, and built with hewn coral rock. The people are carrying on the building with spirit, observing that it will be the first house of stone erected in these islands.”

Perhaps a distinguishing characteristic of all our missionary societies is the indefatigable industry, the ingenuity, the innumerable devices with which they solicit contributions. The aggregate amount of the money thus raised would, we apprehend, startle the uninitiated reader, and puzzle him not a little as to its appropriation. In the latter amazement we have ourselves participated, when we find from these reports that the South-Sea Islands, so far from being a burthen to the parent society, are making large remittances and shipments to England. Indeed the good missionaries appear to have set about the work of contribution at Tahiti with a zeal quite as conspicuous and successful as that of their European brethren. After the Secretary of Eimco had read the report of donations for 1822,

“Ahuriro of Pare, rose and made some remarks on the reports, lamenting the smallness of the subscriptions, and exciting to fresh exertions. ‘Where,’ said he, ‘do we lay out our strength? Is it for God, or the devil? for this world, or for the next?’ He moved that the reports be received. Vara of Eimeo seconded the motion, and spoke in a very able manner. The King, he observed, had kept his promise, and supported the Society to the last; ‘and now,’ said he, ‘let us not let it go, but hold it fast till death.’ The reports being received, and ordered to be printed; Tati moved, that the Society’s oil be collected for the future into one place, and sold on the spot, to any merchant that would send for it, and give the best price; and that the money received be forwarded by the treasurer, to the treasurer of the parent society in London. Haapae, the chief of Toahotu in Taiarabu, seconded the motion, which was put and carried as before by show of hands.”

On account of their very primitive appearance, we give a list of the contributions for 1823, which for Tahiti alone “amounted to 10,804 bamboos of oil, 192 balls of arrow root, 105 baskets of cotton wool, and 17 pigs, being 1578 bamboos of oil more than last year’s report. Brother Crook exhorted them to do still more, and for this purpose recommended that female and juvenile societies be formed, as is advised by the parent society.”

Several instances of backsliding having occurred among the subscribers, whose goods were not forthcoming after they had been promised,

“Brother Nott rose to move, that the property subscribed be collected from those districts where there are no harbours, and that it shall be left at those stations or places, where ships can safely anchor to receive it: he also moved, that the collectors shall receive the property from the subscribers, at the time their names are given in, and not to leave it in their hands until a ship shall come to receive it, as has been done in past years. Tati, the Governor of Papara, supported the proposition, observing that many evils had arisen from the oil having been left with the persons subscribing it.”

After all, it is perhaps impossible to estimate or pay too highly the services of the industrious brethren, who, besides printing and distributing ten of the Epistles of Paul, have sent books to all the neighbouring islands, established schools for boys and girls in different districts, and finally inform us, that "about one hundred sofas or long chairs, and nearly the same number of tables, have been made this year at this station, (Burder's Point): they are all made of good hard wood, and some of them very neatly executed."—We place full confidence in their report, and we can hardly over-rate the merit of those who have operated the improvement, when they assure us that

"The work of civilization is also progressive. This is evident when we compare the country and people with what they formerly were. We can refer to the public roads and buildings; the large well-built boats; the decent appearance of the females in European dresses, cut out and made by themselves: and bonnets to imitate English straw, which they themselves have manufactured. These, and many other things we might mention, prove a change for the better."

It is natural that we should attach the most consequence to that which is nearest to us; but if we take a more enlarged view of the globe, and reflect that nearly the whole South American continent is starting upon a new career of improvement, under the powerful stimulus of free institutions, that the extensive regions of New South Wales, the island of Madagascar, and all those with which the Southern Ocean is studded, are following the progress of knowledge and civilization, we may be well assured that the Holy Alliance, though they may have darkened their own domains, have not prevented the sun from shining upon others; and when we feel any desponding apprehensions for the cause of human nature, on account of certain benighted portions of Europe, we may pleasantly dispel them by looking out beyond our own immediate horizon, and console ourselves for the fate of the Old World by appealing to the New.

#### THE CIVIC SQUIRE.

"And you, ye poor, who still lament your fate,  
Forbear to envy those you reckon great,  
And know, amid those blessings they possess,  
They are, like you, the victims of distress,  
While sloth with many a pang torments her slave,  
Fear waits on guilt, and danger shakes the brave."—CRABBE.

WHEN I retired from the turmoil and anxiety of business and Bishops-gate-street, to an estate which I purchased in Bedfordshire, I looked forward with not less pleasure than confidence to the enjoyment of rural tranquillity. An extensive manor and well-stocked preserves unfortunately formed a portion of my property, which speedily undeceived me as to the serenity I had anticipated. Although I was no sportsman myself, nor ever meant to be, I became presently embroiled in that civil war which is perpetually carrying on between the Squirearchy and the poachers, and was tormented by the bitterness, wrangling, litigation, trespassing, scuffling, and murdering, eternally bubbling up from that rural Pandora's box, at the bottom of which the bloody volume of the Game Laws supplies the place of Hope. It was



expected that I should distress my feelings by prosecuting every offence against enactments which I felt to be as sanguinary as they were inefficient. It was thought that I should be inhuman enough to set guns and engines for the chance trapping of my own legs, or the certain destruction of my fellow creatures; but as I was simple enough to think the lives of intelligent beings more valuable than those of partridges and pheasants, I resolved to free myself from the terror and misery of game, by extirpating it from my manor as rapidly as I could. I found that proprietors of preserves might as well be living in a hornet's nest or a hyæna's den, a sort of lodging for which I felt no *penchant*, even could I sit in it and be shooting partridges all day long. My remedial measures were prompt and vigorous. Wherever my predecessor had stuck up a notice of spring guns and steel traps, I substituted the following uncustomary announcement—"Any body may shoot over this manor." I gave public notice that I should use no precautions against poachers, nor prosecute them if they were apprehended by others upon my grounds; I converted my game-keepers into game destroyers, and sent all my other servants into the preserves with orders to kill what they liked, and permission to give away or sell what they killed. As much of the game as was not destroyed by this hostile coalition, was scared away to the neighbouring estates; in a few weeks I was enabled to thank heaven that there was not a hare or a pheasant upon my grounds; I repaired the fences broken down by the poachers and others, who quickly abandoned the territory where there was nothing further to be got; and at length sate down in peace without having before my eyes the fear of midnight gunpowder, morning prosecution, and perpetual hostility.

All this, however, was deemed flagrant and outrageous, high treason against the royalty of the ramrod, by the neighbouring tyrants of the trigger, who after many loud and indignant confabulations among themselves, and one or two individual remonstrances with the offender, appointed a deputation to wait upon me, and expose to me all the horrors which, like a second Catiline, I was about to bring down upon my unhappy country. Taking therefore an affectionate leave of their pointers, whose cause they felt themselves about to advocate as well as their own, some four or five sure shots presented themselves to me one morning, and very pathetically set forth the necessity of encouraging country gentlemen to reside upon their estates, the dangers of innovation in these radical times, and the enormity of departing from the wise practices of our venerable ancestors, &c. &c. &c., according to the established formula in all such cases made and provided.

"I am a very poor speechifier, gentlemen," said I, "but I have been looking a little into this matter lately, and I'll tell you in as few words as possible what I think about it. It appears to me that by the law of nature all men are equally entitled to pursue and seize such wild animals of the earth, or birds of the air, as cannot be proved to be particular property, with no other restriction than that of not trespassing on private grounds without the owner's leave. And so it was once held; but when the Normans came in, they discovered, by a monstrous fiction, that the right and property in all game vested exclusively in the king, who might, however, authorise others by licence to pursue and destroy it; and this is the precious origin of our present most sapient

law. The privilege can of course be only purchased by the rich, and thus, by a perversion of all equity, the food which nature must have meant in preference for the poor and hungry, is monopolised by those who are already satiated with the fat of the earth. If there be any common sense or natural right in the law, why is it limited to particular birds and beasts? why not extended to rats and mice, and sparrows and tomtits? or why, indeed, not pushed out to sea, and rigorously exercised upon sprats and mackerel, oysters and herrings? Quite ridiculous! you exclaim. Not at all. King John did in fact lay a total interdict upon *all* the winged, as well as the fourfooted creatures, to which we may perhaps owe Magna Charta, quite as much as to the patriotism of the barons; and had the monarch been as fond of fishing as of hunting, he would probably have included the tenants of the deep in his claim. His arbitrary enactment has been modified; but, if unjust in part, surely it is unjust in the whole, for how can you decide which of the wild birds and beasts were made by God Almighty for the gentlemen, and which for the rabble?

"Really, my worthy neighbours, it does not seem very creditable to your resources that you cannot kill time in the country, unless you have some innocent fowl or animal to kill with it, an excuse much more natural in the mouth of an ignorant savage, who has, moreover, the plea of actually shooting for his dinner, than from the lips of well-fed and well-educated men in civilized life, many of whom are magistrates and legislators. It may be true, that by your residence upon your estates, you enable a few tradespeople to live; but it is equally true that by your traps and spring-guns, as well as by your enforcement of these sanguinary laws, you occasion a good many fellow-creatures to die, so that, upon the whole, humanity may be no great gainer by your presence. For my part, I consider these statutes to be not less inefficient than inhuman, for heavy penalties only raise the value of the commodity, and high prices will beget poachers, just as high duties beget smugglers. I cannot alter them, but I can evade their mischief and annoyance by having nothing subject to their exercise; and thus, gentlemen, you have my reasons for routing out all the game upon my estate. I was reading to-day of some beast, (wasn't it the Musk animal?) that bites off the bag in which its perfume is contained, when hard pressed by the hunters, and is thus suffered to escape. I have made a somewhat similar compromise with the poachers, and am happy to inform you that I am no longer worried and tormented. You continue to enforce unjust and useless laws, and must not wonder if you are pretty often called upon to exchange your peace of mind for a partridge. You don't know my nephew Vincent, a monstrous clever young man, who is now at Cambridge. He sent me last week a copy of verses upon this very subject, and though some of his unmannerly terms are quite inapplicable to my present auditors, they are so germane to the matter that I hope you will excuse my reading them to you. This is what the saucy fellow writes.

Philanthropists may preach in vain,  
 Christians may echo back the strain,  
 Jurists may scold and wrangle,  
 But country life, they must confess,  
 Is insupportable unless  
 Squires may hunt and mangle.

Agrarian boobies! who admit  
 So plentiful a lack of wit,  
 That for a short-lived season  
 Your dullness cannot have recourse  
 To any intellectual source,  
 Or exercise of reason;  
 Large-acred fools! ye may be right,  
 'Gainst time and vapours to unite,  
 (Those coalesced encroachers)  
 And yearly struggle to appease  
 Your wing'd or four-legged deities  
 With sacrifice of poachers.  
 Pass laws that Draco would disown,  
 Let guns and gins be thicker strown,  
 Shoot, banish, trap the peasant;  
 Since Game must live, let none compare  
 A fellow-creature with a hare,  
 A Christian with a pheasant.  
 But hope not vainly to unite  
 Respect, esteem, and peaceful right,  
 With sanguinary rigour;  
 If ye must live the oppressor's life,  
 Look for his enmities and strife,  
 Ye Tyrants of the trigger!

Thus I concluded my speech, the longest I had ever made, except when I was once Chairman of the Fishmongers' Company, and I am happy to see that it had the effect of freeing me from the intrusions of the game-preservers, as effectually as my previous measures had enabled me to get rid of the game, so that, by the blessing of Heaven, I now possess my house and grounds in peace, unvisited by either squires or poachers.

The sporting season, or, in other words, the period of the rural civil war, is now approaching; and as it is not impossible that other civic squires may have made the same sort of country investment as myself, and be equally exposed to the strife, torment, and bloodshed of the Game Laws, I have thought it right to send a statement of my case to the New Monthly Magazine, that they may know how to escape from their miseries, and, by imitating my example, be made partakers of my present enviable tranquillity.

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EPIGRAM.

*From Martial.*

SLY Paul buys verse as he buys merchandise,  
 Then for his own he'll pompously recite it—  
 Paul scorns a lie—the poetry is his—  
 By law his own, although he could not write it!

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## BAR ORATORY.

THE feeble growth or total absence of eloquence, before Lord Erskine, is a standing contumely against the English Bar. But however commonplace the reproach, there is something curiously anomalous in the fact. Civil liberty is not alone the noblest object, but the true source of legitimate eloquence. Yet France, with her absolute monarchy and corresponding institutions, produced respectable if not accomplished models of oratory in her courts, when England, with a free constitution and the most popular of tribunals, had not one advocate penetrated with the sacredness, or conscious of the dignity of his calling.

This penury at the Bar contrasts still more curiously with the redundant eloquence of English poetry and prose. Hume has suggested as a cause, that the study of our law requires the drudgery of a whole life; that its genius is intolerant, if not incapable, of eloquence. But French jurisprudence, somewhat less technical, was quite as laborious—embracing the learning of text-books and commentators, criminalists and civilians, to a vast extent. The example of France, therefore, refuted Hume's suggestion, even when he wrote. That of Lord Erskine, with some exceptions still nearer, deprives it of all colour at the present day. Successful practice at the Bar is compatible, perhaps even congenial, not with eloquence alone, but with liberal attainments and the highest range of knowledge, in public business, literature and science. This position, half a century ago, would scarce have been admitted to the dignity of paradox, or the honours of refutation. There is now no truth more conspicuously proved by living example.

But whence the singular phenomenon of a long and seemingly hopeless barrenness of oratory in our courts? Probably no single cause produced or can account for it. One seems to be that the sphere of oratory at the English Bar was greatly, and is still considerably, circumscribed. Up to the 7th William III. the law disallowed full defence by counsel, at least the judges did, in felony and treason; and it continues to be withheld in felonies even now. No such restriction ever existed in France. There the advocate escorted the accused through every stage and every step of the trial, upon the facts and circumstances as well as the law of the case. But the chief and blighting influence in England appears to have been the tyranny and insolence with which the judges and crown-lawyers abused justice and enslaved the Bar, on the one side—the corrupt and quailing spirit of the Bar itself, on the other.

The name of Lord Bacon is justly held the pride and glory of his country; but it were well for his country and his fame that he had never been chancellor, law-officer, or lawyer; this, without reference to the trite subject-matter of his impeachment and disgrace. The sagacious spirit, rich imagination, and nervous style of Bacon, must be sought elsewhere than in his pleadings and judgments; or, if any traits be discerned, they are subordinate and rare. The disastrous servility and sordid ambition of this great man are truly mournful. He not only prostituted his conscience, but sacrificed his taste, in pure sycophancy to the pedant king. His reasoning power, in the philosopher supreme, degenerates with the lawyer to curious sophistry—his wit and learning to quaint pedantry and puerile allusion—his court panegyrics to flat-

teries and conceits. Witness the arguments in support of imposts by prerogative, against the privileges of *habeas corpus* and bail; his speeches in the Star-chamber against law, liberty, and reason; and his various personal addresses and allusions to the sovereign. Presenting a petition of grievances, unwillingly, as organ of the House of Commons, to the Harlequin-Solomon on the throne, he says, "Only this, excellent sovereign, let not the sound of grievances, though it be sad, seem harsh to your princely ear. It is but *gemtus columbæ*—the mourning of a dove, &c." One of the pleadings least unworthy of him is his charge in the Star-chamber on the duelling case. But even here, though untrammelled by politics, he volunteers a servile homage to the insolence of aristocracy and power. The offenders, it should be observed, were not of the higher orders. "It is not," says he, "amiss sometimes in government, that the greater sort be admonished by an example made in the meaner, and that the dog be beaten before the lion." The sycophant lawyer, who thus violated British justice and vilified human nature, could never touch the eloquence of the Bar—which is essentially the eloquence of justice, humanity, and freedom. It would have even been a state-crime in the eyes of Lord Bacon. He denounced a barrister (Whitlocke) in the Star-chamber, for the offence of presuming to give his opinion as counsel on a question of prerogative. But at last the most auspicious occurrence of his life—his disgrace, disenchanting and released him; and now, abandoning courts and kings and politics, for solitude, philosophy, and science, his genius assuming its proper stature and natural movements, produced those writings which have not merely immortalized his name, but redeemed or cast into shade the vices of his life and character.

Sir Edward Coke's is another name repeated by lawyers with something of idolatry. It is almost an impertinent truism to say, that he was profoundly learned in the law—that he even possessed *stamina* and acquirements which might have made an orator—a sagacity acute and clear, if slightly fantastical—valuable and varied reading—a minute acquaintance with the remains and models of antiquity. But these endowments were lost upon the groveling lawyer and servile politician. It is true, indeed, that as he had deeply imbibed, so he strenuously defended the principles of the ancient common law of tenures. But again, his conscience here was not tried very severely; and he seems governed not so much by a sense of legal right and enlightened justice, as by the crazy zeal of an antiquary for a favourite pursuit. In his capacity of a criminal and constitutional lawyer, he appears alike recalcant to law and freedom. The Star-chamber jurisdiction was vindicated and praised by him. He justified the legality of benevolences, after having previously declared against them. He gave a shuffling approbation of imposts by the crown, and held that persons committed by warrant of the privy council, for secrets of state (*arcana imperii*) were not entitled to *habeas corpus* and bail. He read, it is true, a pitiable recantation of this last opinion in parliament, at a subsequent period, and in a succeeding reign, being now converted into a patriot by his disgrace at court! Defending himself with one of his habitual conceits, that "his decision was not yet twenty-one years old, but under age," and the still more revolting judicial reason, "that many traitors were confined *per mandatum concilii* at the time," he adds,

with something between effrontery and *naïveté*, "I confess when I read Stamford and had it in my hands, I was of that opinion, *at the council table*; but when I perceived that some members of this house were taken away even in the face of this house, and sent to prison, and when *I was not afar off from that place myself*, I went back to my book, and *would not quit till I had satisfied myself*." No one at all versed in English history, is uninformed of his behaviour to Raleigh and Essex on their trials. After outraging the most accomplished scholar, the most gallant gentleman, and perhaps the truest patriot of his age with the rhetoric of such expressions, as "vile," "execrable," "odious," "viper," "traitor,"—and this, iniquitously breaking in upon the just defence of a man speaking for his life and honour; he says, "the king's safety and thy clearing cannot agree—go to, I will lay thee on thy back for the arrantest traitor," &c. At length one even of those unprincipled commissioners who condemned Raleigh, had the grace to blush at the scandalous ruffianism of the crown counsel. "Be not," said Lord Cecil, "so impatient, Mr. Attorney,—give him leave to speak."—"How!" exclaims Mr. Attorney, "if I be not patiently heard, you encourage traitors, and discourage us. I am the king's sworn servant, and must speak." The following note next follows in the report of the trial.—"*Mr. Attorney now sat down in a chafe, and would not speak until the commissioners urged and entreated him. After much ado he went on and made a large repetition, &c. and at the repeating of some things, Sir Walter interrupted him, saying, 'he did him wrong.'*" "Thou art," rejoins Mr. Attorney, "the most vile and execrable traitor that ever lived."—"You speak," says Raleigh, "barbarously, indiscreetly, and uncivilly." The demeanour of the illustrious prisoner throughout this singular contest presents a noble opposition of calm dignity, high breeding, and superior reason. The petulance of the court minion "sitting down in a chafe" is a finishing trait of character. Eloquence, according to Longinus, is denied the political slave. The maxim applies equally to the political minion. He may be, like Sir Edward Coke, a pedant, a sophist,—at most, a rhetorician. It is denied him to be an orator. The foregoing are revolting proofs of his servility and insolence. The following still more curious *morceau* from his elaborate speech in the gunpowder treason case, may be taken as an example of his quaintnesses, conceits, and pedantries on the most solemn occasions—with the additional sin of buffoonery.

"S. P. Q. R. was sometimes taken for these words, *Senatus Populusque Romanus*; the "senate and people of Rome:" but how they may truly be expressed thus,—"*Stultus populus querit Romanum*"—"a foolish people that runneth to Rome." (Next comes the following apologue.) "The cat having a long time preyed upon the mice, the poor creatures at last, for their safety, contained themselves within their holes; but the cat finding his prey to cease, as being known to the mice, that he was indeed their enemy and a cat, deviseth this course following, viz. changeth his hue, getteth on a religious habit, shaveth his crown, walks gravely by their holes. And yet perceiving that the mice kept their holes, and looking out, suspected the worst, he formally, and father-like, said unto them, *Quod fueram non sum, frater: caput aspice tonsum!*" "Oh, brother, I am not as you take me for, no more a cat; see my habit and shaven crown!" Hereupon some of the more credulous and bold among them were again by this deceit snatched up: and, therefore,

when afterwards he came as before to entice them forth, they would come out no more, but answered *Cur tibi restat idem, vix tibi præsto fidem*. "Talk what you can, we will never believe you; you have still a cat's heart within you. You do not watch and *pray*, but you watch to *prey*." And so have the Jesuits, yea, and priests too, for they are all joined in the tails, like Sampson's foxes, Ephraim against Manasses, and Manasses against Ephraim, but both against Judah."

Much would be expected from the new impulses and improved English style which marked the reign of Charles I. But not a man appeared at the bar to burst its fetters or so much as clank its chains, even during those stirring moments when the vindication of principles and the shock of parties unmanacled the genius of the nation and of liberty. Lord Clarendon (then Mr. Hyde) has left a striking sketch of what the ministers of English law were at this period. "It is," he says, "no marvel that an irregular, extravagant, arbitrary power, like a torrent hath broke in upon us, when our banks and our bulwarks, the laws, are in the custody of persons who have rendered that study and profession, which in all ages had been of an honourable estimation, so contemptible and vile, that it would tempt men to that quarrel with the law itself, which Marcius had to the Greek tongue, who thought it a mockery to learn that language, the masters of which lived in bondage." The ship-money case, a spectacle of animating and sublime excitement, failed to exalt the counsel to the level of the subject. As dry technical law arguments, their speeches prove ability and research—no more. Mr. Halborne, one of the counsel for Hampden, after "hoping his Majesty will excuse them" for arguing the case at all, throws out a timid, tampering allusion to the bearings of the case as a matter of state and government. "If," he says, "any matter or consideration of state come in my way, I will tread as lightly as I can. I shall be very wary and tender." But the Chief Justice (Finch) soon rebukes him by saying, "It belongs not to the Bar to talk of government." Even the ambitious daring spirit of St. John, also counsel against the crown, reposed in a disquisition purely technical and legal. This may be explained upon either of two suppositions—that the more active and independent of the Bar disdained it as a theatre for their ambition; or they despaired of a struggle on such unequal terms with profligate and all-powerful judges. The House of Commons was, in truth, the only arena, where that first and dearest liberty—the liberty of speech, wrestled for existence. It was there the champions of power and liberty, of monarchy and the people, the ambitious and the faithful, the patriot, the zealot, the courtier, the demagogue, respectively arrayed themselves. There was displayed the sage yet inspiring eloquence of Pym, who felt from his advanced years, only the precious advantage of grave authority and maturer counsel, together with that rare and still more precious disregard of death and danger—the essential spring of all great enterprise—which a spirit above the common order derives from the reflection, that he stakes but a few sad years of remaining infirmity and age, against his country's freedom and his own glory. There shone forth the noble ambition and gallant patriotism of Hampden—the dark, ardent, subtle, daring and dangerous spirit of St. John—the generous faith and honest hatred of Holles—the artful, sagacious,

yet enthusiast genius of the younger Vane—and, it should not be omitted, the respectable virtue of Clarendon, and the classic patriotism of Falkland.

During the Commonwealth the Bar continued barren and degraded as before. The Judges, indeed, used their absolute authority with some appearance of decorum, and sometimes an eloquent appeal to the obvious sense of the laws—the rights of Englishmen—the sacredness of justice—the common feelings of humanity, rang in the courts, to the very hearts of the people. But it is the accused, not the counsel, who is inspired to a passing movement of eloquence. Colonel Lilburne, a remarkable person of that period, addresses the jury on his trial in the following bold, eloquent, and affecting strain:—

“And therefore, as a freeborn Englishman, and as a true Christian that now stands in the sight and presence of God, with an upright heart and conscience, and with a cheerful countenance, I cast my life, and the lives of all the honest freemen of England, into the hands of God, and his gracious protection, and into the care and conscience of my honest jury, who, I again declare, by the law of England, are the conservators and sole judges of my life, having inherent in them alone the judicial power of the law, as well as fact: you judges that sit there, being no more, if you please, but cyphers to pronounce the sentence, or their clerks to say amen to them; being at the best, in your original, but the Norman Conqueror’s intruders. And therefore, you, gentlemen of the jury, are my sole judges, the keepers of my life, at whose hands the Lord will require my blood. Therefore I desire you to know your power, and consider your duty both to God, to me, to your own selves, and to your country. And the gracious assisting spirit and presence of the Lord God Omnipotent, the Governor of Heaven and Earth, and all things therein contained, go along with you, give counsel and direct you, to that which is just, and for his glory!”

The following note is subjoined to this passage in the record of the trial:

“The people with a loud voice now cried amen, amen, and gave an extraordinary great hum; which made the judges look something untowardly about them, and caused Major-general Skippon to send for three more fresh companies of foot-soldiers.”

After the Restoration, too, when the Bar, more oppressed by the judges, became still more barren of virtue, eloquence, and reputation, the regicides, so called, and others upon whom the reaction fell, defended themselves in person, with an eloquence of peculiar and striking character—fervid, redundant, figurative, and sincere; but so tinged with sectarian bigotry and fanatical inspiration—so overcharged with huge metaphor and Scriptural allusion, as to be alike alien to the business of the world and the principles of taste. Vane defended himself with capacity as well as enthusiasm—vindicated triumphantly his innocence of the particular treasons, but glorying in a cause, the sanctity of which he was prepared to seal with his blood.\* The trials of Russell and Sidney are memorable as atrocious mockeries of justice and the law. In a word, Jeffries was the judge. Lord Russell, according to

\* The verdict and the sentence against Vane were notoriously illegal; and Charles promised to interpose his prerogative of mercy. But, as if for the sake of sharing the infamy of the court and jury, he violated his royal word. There is another party, in retrospect, to this base transaction—it is Hume, who has disingenuously slurred it over in his History.



Hume, made a weak defence. The fairer presumption is, that he saw defence was unavailing; and this seeming weakness was a resigned and virtuous tranquillity;—perhaps he also yielded something to his amiable nature, unwilling to compromise his family and friends by using a tone of more frank and undaunted freedom. Sidney, a republican and sage, whose talents were more exercised, and who aspired more at the setting splendour of a *nobile lethum*, defended himself with greater expertness and *éclat*. But neither affected eloquence; and the Bar, whilst these two illustrious patriots were judicially murdered by infamous juries and a tyrant judge, remained silent as the grave. The trials of Hampden (the grandson), prosecuted, or persecuted, for a misdemeanor, when the charge of treason broke down—of Sir Samuel Barnardiston, tried for a similar offence, in gross violation of private correspondence between friends—both admitting full defence by counsel, yet exhibit no traces of eloquence. In the next short reign, disastrous to the sovereign, but auspicious to the nation, one occasion occurred which should have waked the eloquence of earth and heaven—the trial of the Seven Bishops. But even in these proceedings, long and laboured as they are, the accused, invested with all that is most inspiring in personal innocence, devoted patriotism, spiritual veneration, and political liberty—the public heart beating for their destiny, and bowing homage at their feet—the first talents of the Bar—Lord (then Mr.) Somers, the finest talent of the country, engaged in the defence—with all this, the pleadings never rise beyond plain reasoning and mere legal research.

In fine, so paralyzed was the Bar, that it continued impervious and unaffected by the electric virtue of the Revolution. Even when the 8th William III. provided the aid of counsel to address the jury in treason, the advocate seemed unconscious of the removal of his bonds, and the enlargement of his sphere of liberty. The first case under the statute was that of Rookwood. Sir Benjamin Shower, his leading counsel, and a person of the first eminence at the Bar, scarcely availed himself of his privilege. Like a manumitted slave, he dared not yet persuade himself that he was free. He seems afraid of volunteering even an objection of law. “My Lord,” he says, “we are assigned as counsel in pursuance of an act of parliament, and we hope that nothing which we shall say in defence of our client will be imputed to ourselves. If,” he continues, “*we refused to appear*, we thought it would be a proclamation to the world that we distrusted your candour towards us in our future practice on other occasions.” It should not be passed over that the Chief Justice—and it was Holt—cuts him short, rather churlishly, with—“Look you, Sir Benjamin Shower, go on with your objections; let us hear what you have to say.” And, after all, there is nothing like a set speech in defence to the jury.

A new and illustrious age of literature—the age of refined language, pure taste, polished style, and chastened eloquence—of wit, and sense, and fancy, and philosophy—now succeeded, or had already commenced. But it was the age peculiarly of fine writing,—with so much, therefore, of the excellences of art and discipline, as to be unfavourable to the bold and tumultuous licence of diction, construction, and emotion, which Oratory asserts for herself. The style of Swift would be admirable at the Bar; but it should never, as indeed it could never,

be the leading one. How much of what is called Swift's style resides in his singular cast of thought, wit, humour, wisdom, and imagination! And who could be endured as his imitator? It is, then, not at all surprising that the Bar, which had already failed to seize a congenial style of eloquence by which it was surrounded, should not adopt that which was uncongenial to it. Accordingly, in the most important trials of this period, political or private, there is nothing beyond short and negligent statement, and desultory or interlocutory discussion between the court and all the counsel of both sides. The affair of the Duchess of Norfolk affording matter the most prolific of eloquence in later times—the basest profligacy and the highest rank—was treated without eloquence, or even a set speech. In the trial of Sacheverel, at the bar of the Lords, the speeches of Lawyers are decidedly inferior. In the case of Franklin, tried for a libel in "*The Craftsman*," written by Lord Bolingbroke, the defence is not alone ineloquent, but common-place.

At length, when about the middle of the century that eloquence of free minds, created and inspired by Lord Chatham with little aid, and sustained by him without an equal, flourished in the senate, the Bar felt something of sympathy or emulation, and ventured in the wake of parliament, upon the untried current of oratory. The best, and one of the first specimens of this new eloquence in the courts, is to be found in the trial of Elizabeth Canning—one of the most truly curious affairs in the history of our jurisprudence. Nine innocent lives were compromised, and two creatures on the verge of execution, "because," as a witty foreigner then in England said, "Elizabeth was pretty and could tell lies." He might have added, because jurors were blockheads, and the populace credulous and cruel. Those who are not acquainted with this trial, which made so much noise in its day, will understand enough of it from the following sketch, somewhat humorously dramatised, but mainly correct, by the same foreigner in his immortal defence of the family of Calas.

"Elizabeth had quitted the house of her parents, and disappeared for a month, when she returned thin, emaciated, and her clothes in tags, 'Good God! in what condition are you returned! Where have you been? Whence are you come? What has befallen you?' 'Alas, my dear aunt, as I passed through Moorfields, in order to return home, two strong ruffians threw me down, robbed me, and carried me off to a house ten miles from London.'

"Her aunt and her neighbours wept at this tale. 'Oh, my dear child! Was it not to the house of that infamous Mrs. Webb, that the ruffians conveyed you? for she lives about ten miles from town.' 'Yes, aunt, it was to Mrs. Webb's.' 'To a great house on the right?' 'Yes, aunt.' The neighbours then described Mrs. Webb: and the young Canning agreed, that she was exactly such a woman as they described her. One of them told Miss Canning, that people played all night in that woman's house; that it was a cut-throat place, where young men resorted to lose their money and ruin themselves. 'Indeed it is a cut-throat place,' replied Elizabeth Canning. 'They do worse,' said another neighbour, 'those two ruffians, who are cousins to Mrs. Webb, go on the highway, take up all the pretty girls they meet, and oblige them to live on bread and water, until they consent to abandon themselves to the gamblers in the house.' 'Good God! I suppose they obliged you, my dear niece, to live upon bread and water.' 'Yes, aunt.' &c. &c.

The victims of this girl's wicked falsehoods having been saved, she was herself indicted for perjury. Her trial afforded the strongest ex-

citement and the finest sphere to the counsel, and, for the first time, not in vain. Their speeches aim at dialectics in a better style, the constructions and movements, and energy, and fervour of legitimate declamation—something, in fine, which may be called elaborate and avowed oratory. The more inspiring side, from the peculiarity of the case, was that of the crown—on behalf of which Mr. Davy made an excellent reply. A single passage from his peroration will suffice as an example, and deserves moreover to be quoted for its eloquence.

“Of all the crimes (says he) the human heart can conceive, perjury is the most impious and detestable. But the guilt of this person is so transcendent as to defy aggravation. To call upon the God of truth, in the most solemn form, and on the most awful occasion, to attest a falsehood—to imprecate the vengeance of Heaven upon her guilty head—to prostitute the law of the land to the vilest purpose—to triumph in the destruction of an innocent fellow-creature—to commit a murder with the sword of justice—and then, having stript her own heart of all humanity, to insinuate herself, by all the arts of hypocrisy into the compassion of others—such is the peculiar sin of this person, not yet twenty years of age!”

The progress of eloquence from this period, and the distinctive merits of those who became eminent in the new generation which immediately succeeded at the bar. demands, even in mere outline, a separate notice.

#### THE GREEK WOMAN.\*

SHE look'd upon the friends around  
Her silent bed of death,  
Her pale lip utter'd not a sound,  
No sigh disturb'd her breath;  
'The hectic hue was deep  
Upon her hollow cheek;  
She saw the mourners weep  
With resignation meek,  
But tearless was that black deep eye,  
Its fount of grief had long been dry.—

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\* See “Letter from the East,” vol. 10, page 353, N. M. M. The wife of a Greek, “a young woman of uncommon loveliness, seeing her husband departing, stood on the shore stretching out her hands towards the boat in vain, and exploring in the most moving terms to be taken on board. The Greek saw it without concern or pity, and without aiding her escape bade his companions hasten their flight. This unfortunate woman, left unprotected in the midst of her enemies, struggled through scenes of difficulty and danger, of insult and suffering, till her health and strength failing, with a heart broken by sorrow, brought her to her death-bed \* \* \* \* \*.”

Her husband returned at “last, when the enemy had retreated, and the Greeks had sought their homes again; and learning her situation was touched with the deepest remorse. But all hope of life was then extinguished; her spirit had been tried to the utmost; love had changed to aversion, and she refused to see or forgive him.” \* \* \* \* \*

“Her friends, with tears entreated her to speak to and forgive her husband; but she turned her face to the wall, and waved her hand for him to be gone. Soon the last pang came over her, and affection conquered; she turned suddenly round, raised a look of forgiveness to him, placed her hand in his, and died.”

She could not force another tear,  
She'd wept her last away,  
And lay serene without a fear,  
Nor pray'd recovery.  
Her spirit, worn and tried,  
Was noble still and strong,  
The tomb alone could hide  
Her suffering and her wrong.  
Her heart had broke, but still 'twas great;  
And, spurning love, knew how to hate.

There lay she beautiful and pale,  
Her dark locks on her breast,  
With looks that told a touching tale  
How she should be at rest—  
With looks that from her wee  
In indignation broke,  
And seem'd to come and go  
Whene'er her spirit spoke,  
And to her soul recall'd the ill  
She could not brook though it might kill.

He who had won her from the shore  
Had like a coward fled—  
Had seen her stretch her arms—implore  
His pity on her head—  
Had left her to the foe,  
And ruthless Moslem chain—  
No marvel that she now  
Could never love again :  
Though keen remorse had wrung his soul,  
He well had merited the whole.

She turn'd her face toward the wall,  
And, speechless, waved her hand  
That he might go, nor thus recall  
What she could not command,  
Her broken heart's, distaste  
For her affection's blight,  
The love which he had cast to waste,  
Her earthly sole delight—  
That he might take her scorn and go,  
The assassin of her hope below.

Death struck her pallid loveliness—  
One pang—a second came!—  
As life went out, her hate grew less,  
Love cast a parting gleam ;  
Its momentary ray  
• Broke on her long, long gloom,  
Dispersed her hate away,  
And lit her to the tomb ;  
She turn'd and grasp'd his hand, and her glazed eye  
Told him she could forgive now she could die.

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## THE THOMPSON PAPERS.

## No. XIII.

*Hall, Sussex, 13th June, 1825.*

POSITIVELY, my dear Thompson, I could not endure the drudgery of the House of Commons any longer, though I am willing to allow you and your fellow clerks of the nation full credit for the perseverance with which you carry on the public business. Among the various requisites for an M. P. surely a good constitution and the power of defying sleep altogether, like the Speaker, or of only waking now and then for a division, like our Somersetshire friend, may be deemed the most indispensable. In watching over the national constitution, I have half-ruined my own. Saint Stephen has had his revenge, for his quondam chapel has made more martyrs than the persecutors under whom he suffered. Besides, as I believe you will readily confess, I got out of humour as well as out of health, irritated with the fate of the Catholic relief bill, the success of which I considered so vitally essential to the peace and consolidation of the empire. Now, however, that I have had time for a little calm consideration, I am disposed to look back upon the events of the present Session with great complacency, as likely to produce infinite good, although they fell short of that consummation so devoutly to be wished. In all my parliamentary experience I never remember so noble an expurgation of inveterate prejudices, so much honest and manly conversion from old errors, so frank and disinterested a homage to the omnipotence of Truth. It is not only of incalculable advantage that the bill should have passed the Commons; but all the details connected with its progress have been so eminently productive of union, reconciliation, and brotherhood, that the natural exasperation of its failure will be neutralized by the universal benevolence elicited in its partial success. For the first time in our recollections, England and Ireland were both in a state of profound tranquillity, party spirit was nearly extinct, we possessed a semi-liberal ministry, who had deservedly become so popular that they were receiving daily eulogiums even from the radicals; there was no subject of difference but this one, and, as if desirous of giving us an antepast of that universal fellowship of love which its removal would generate, the individuals of all persuasions recommending that measure, evinced an undeviating suavity of manner and an amalgamation of kindly feeling that was never before witnessed in any political discussion. All private resentments were deposited upon the altar of patriotism; prejudice yielded to conviction, and the Session must ever be considered a glorious one for the country if it were only for the noble and enlightened conduct of Mr. Brownlow, and the death-blow that he has given to the furious and detestable Orange faction.

One circumstance remarkably developed in the whole proceeding, and which indeed forms the peculiar characteristic of the present age, is the advancement of the commonalty in tolerance and liberality, or, in other words, in knowledge, while a large proportion of the upper ranks remain in a stationary if not a retrogressive state; a fact which, if it be true that knowledge is power, most materially alters the relative

importance of the two classes, and strikingly illustrates the necessity of a new adjustment of the political machine. Thus the Commons, growing wiser with the age, pass bills, and the Lords throw them out with greater majorities than could be reasonably anticipated; the ignorance is on the side of age and title, and so exactly does this hold true, that the pyramid of blind bigotry is crowned with the most illustrious dignitaries, even beyond the Woolsack, and up to him whose angry and stubborn denunciations have made all his friends sincerely wish, 'so help them God!' that he would pay his tailor's bill and hold his tongue. The upper ranks formerly merited that designation, for they were superior in knowledge, as well as in every other description of power; but this is no longer the case,—the *under* ranks have passed them in the race of knowledge—they have not been idle and stationary, as if they thought the world stood still;—and though, from the mere force of habit, the upper ranks may continue to talk of their inferiors, it might be rather puzzling to some of them to point out where they could be found.

And now, my dear Thompson, what excuse can I make for inflicting upon you these *ex cathedra* politics, knowing that you relish them but little? I must declare the truth, as folks say when they are terribly at a loss for decent plea, and assure you that when I took up my pen I merely meant to invite you to ——— I shall as soon as the Session is over; and that like a genuine M. P. I could not arrive at this conclusion without adverting to those most important proceedings *quorum pars minima fuit*. Promise me to come, and I shall look at his Majesty's most gracious speech with even more pleasure than usual.

Yours faithfully,

No. XIV.

——— Hall, Yorkshire,

June 30th, 1825.

DEAR THOMPSON,

The Rev. Mr. Fetlock and myself have committed to the House of Correction, under the game-laws act, on suspicion of poaching, a labourer of yours, John Sparrow, upon the information of the parson's hind. Fetlock says he has no wish to be severe on the fellow, but only to give him three months at the tread-mill as a gentle warning. I advise you, therefore, *sub rosa*, to get the affair managed at the Sessions by appealing against the conviction. The evidence will not do him much mischief, as I have strong reason for believing (out of my magisterial capacity this hint) that the poor devil had only been making love in the parson's copse, as he was never before suspected of poaching, and an old sweetheart of his was seen on the road hard by when he was accused of the act. My Rev. brother of the quorum would listen to no suggestion of the kind, and we must not differ about trivial affairs. You know his overbearing way.

I am, dear Thompson,

Very sincerely yours, &c.

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P. S. Sir Harry desires me to say he has lost the wager about the claret, and is fully prepared to arrange it, when you come down, over some prime Heidelberg he has just received at the park.

## No. XV.

MY DEAR UNCLE,

Brighton, 15th June, 1825.

Unless you had the most dutiful and exemplary of nieces, you would hardly expect to be recreated with an epistle, after your refusal to come down to us in the Easter Holidays, or to pledge yourself to a visit in the autumn. Indeed, I should not have dismissed my choler against you with a *va! via!* but for two reasons: first, that I am the most placable of mortals, and last, but by no means least, that I have a favour to beg of you. Here we are again at Brighton, but why we should have quitted London in the very ecstasy and crisis of the season, I am sure you will never be able to guess. You know, when the worthy Peer says "I make it a principle to do so and so," there is no other appeal than to shrug up the shoulders, and ejaculate (inaudibly will be safest) *bien des personnes se font des principes à leur fantaisie*. This was my sole resource when he exclaimed, on receiving a letter of solicitation from one of the performers—"I make it a principle to go out of town at the benefit-time;" and as he is tolerably executive in converting his wishes into acts—hey, presto, pass! *nous voilà à Brighton*. Fond as he is of theatrical amusements, he cannot tolerate this mode of remunerating the performers, which he considers degrading to those who receive, and painful to those who bestow. Taking tickets and remaining at home, has too much the air of alms-giving; and as to going—*c'est hors de la question*, too much for friendship, by at least two hours of time, and a whole infinitude of vulgarity. Nor will he admit that the performers should be remunerated in some other way, for he says they are all overpaid already; and at this season, he always launches his *beau idéal* of a new theatre, the attractions of which he marshals in the following order—"No benefits—no galleries—no afterpiece—to begin at nine o'clock—to be of a moderate size." Of the success of such an establishment, some notion may be formed from the fashionable patronage extended to the French play in Tottenham Street; and as you parliamentarians are omnipotent, I really wish you would get over this terrible monopoly of the regular theatres, as they facetiously term themselves, and realize the peer's scheme.

Had not our flight from London been so rapid, I should have told you of my unfortunate *étourderie* on being presented at the Drawing-room. On account of the cold wet weather, the careful Countess insisted on my wearing red clogs over my white satin shoes, into which I accordingly slipped my dutiful feet, and out of which, in the flutter and agitation of my first appearance at Court, I quite forgot to withdraw them! To her utter horror and dismay, she discovered this appalling piece of *gaucherie* just as I was about to be presented; but having the presence of mind to say nothing, she concealed me as well as she was able, and after the ceremony, covered my retreat so effectually with her own copious flounces, that I escaped in the crowd with only a partial titter from Lady ——— and her sister, neither of whom ever lose an opportunity of annoying any of their particular friends. We have been afraid to mention the occurrence to the Peer, so pray consider this affair of the clogs as a profound secret. It will probably transpire fifty years hence in some great person's Memoirs, perhaps in my own. Madame Roland, you know, has immortalized matters equally important.

*Graces à Dieu!* I have nearly filled my sheet; and as I am determined not to put the sole object of my letter in a postscript, as it is said we ladies are very apt to do, I proceed at once to the favour which I had to solicit. There is a rumour of *another* Drawing-room, at which the Peer has made a sort of half promise that I should be present, and yet he seems more than half desirous of not going up to town again; so that I live in daily terror of his "making it a principle" to remain at Brighton. Now, before this *fiat* is pronounced, do, my dear uncle, use your well-known influence to get him back to London, if it be only for a day or two. A word about the Apsley suit, and the advisableness of seeing Mr. Hart, would summon him from five times the distance; for you know, "he makes it a principle" to attend to his duty as an executor—and a most excellent principle it is, especially when it takes people up to London a day or two before the Drawing-room. The mode, however, I leave to your superior judgment; but accomplish this little affair for me, somehow, my dear uncle, or I know not how long it may be before I shall again subscribe myself

Your affectionate niece,

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P. S. The Court Dress you were so kind as to give me, and for which I again offer you my thanks, was *universally admired*, which is one of the reasons why I wish to go again. I told every body it was *your* present, and *your* taste. If you get me taken to this expected Drawing-room, I pledge myself not to go in red clogs!

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No. XVI.

Dublin, June 1st, 1825.

DEAR SIR,

The Hussars are ordered home from this cursed foreign service, and before long, I trust, will be in snug quarters at Brighton or Windsor. I bargain for the former to be near you, and occasionally attack your champagne and green tea again. That we shall not be far from the "people of the Horse Guards" is pretty certain, for S—— tells me the Colonel has just received notice of a change of uniform, and that it is a new fancy in certain quarters, to which we shall no doubt be approximated, that we may exhibit the cut. I shall, therefore, have to draw upon you for 500*l.* in your capacity of my guardian. This perpetually altering our dress puts us to great expense; but as Lord G—— says, "it serves to keep *plebs* out of the corps."

Since I wrote the above, I have seen the order for changing our regimentals. Sky-blue morocco half-boots, with silver spurs having platina rowels (an invention in our regiment), orange housings, pea-green facings and linings, upon a ground of dark blue, yellow cossack trowsers worked with scarlet embroidery, pearl braidings across the jacket fronts, and ermine hussar caps after the fashion of the German cavalry, with the sack having a silver bell pendent at the end, like a fool's cap. Mustachios to be worn *à la Turque*, black and red in alternate troops. Pyeballs and skewballs, blacks and bays, to alternate through the regiment when in line. Thus, after our expatriation, we



shall return more brilliant in appearance than ever, and as irresistible in our attacks upon the beauties of the Steyne, as the Hussars are superior to all his Majesty's other troops, cavalry or infantry. I hope, if Angelsea comes stumping here with his Cossacks (as they say he wishes) in search of a campaign, that he will do us the favour to leave us behind him till the gloss is worn off our new *fits*.

Will you be kind enough to ask my cousin Sabi, with my best compliments, or any other more prevailing mode of solicitation, if she will desire her millinery woman to send me six dozen of white silk pocket handkerchiefs. They must have a narrow gold border, one fourth of an inch wide, according to regimental regulation. We have agreed unanimously to adopt them as more elegant, and at the same time more agreeable in the use, than any others; and it becomes every gentleman in the army to patronize them, if it be only for their effect on the skin. S—— says they are like the conferences we used to have in Park Lane, at Lady Mary V——s, both mollifying and amiable. We are highly entertained with the disputation between Harriet Wilson and her friend, Julia Johnstone. The Hon. C—— P—— who has been, as you know, appointed our chaplain, calls it the "Stews-arian controversy." I do not clearly comprehend his meaning in using that term, for he said, in his sermon last Sunday, that the "arian" was a heresy, and he seemed disposed to rub it down at a great rate; but what has arianism got to do with the two girls? I never heard they were deemed otherwise than orthodox in their belief, though perhaps a little wanting in good works.

I've cut dead with Lucy Drummond, so you may be perfectly easy in that affair. I loved her from my soul, and should never have got over my melancholy, if the mess had not invited a numerous party the next day, and if I hadn't (being at the bottom of the table) caught a cursed head-ache that made me think of nothing else; she was a devilish fine animal, notwithstanding, and my taste is still unimpeachable. Col. D——, of ours, says that her beauty and symmetry are first-rate, and her paces admirable. I gave up my prospect of happiness with her more in conformity to regimental opinion than my own. You know I am open and candid. Chiboque, a new cornet of ours, was the first to advise me to cut the concern; for both he and Lord A—— declare they saw her eat Cheshire cheese—ay, downright Cheshire! at a ball and supper we gave the other day. Think of this in the wife of an officer of his Majesty's Hussars. Lord U—— too declares he saw her malting the same evening, but would not tell me of it at the time, out of regard to my feelings. Think, think! my dear sir, of such a beautiful creature as Lucy Drummond drinking porter! Poh! Thus your fears of my marrying Lucy without a fortune may be now dissipated. It has been proposed at the mess, that we shall none of us marry any but women of title and family. I am inclined to think there will be a dissentient or two among us on this point: G—— swears it originated with the Colonel, to get off his daughters; for he complained the other day, that all the young sprigs of nobility were neglecting their equals for actresses and singing-girls, and that girls of rank were left cursedly on hand. Can it be wondered at, when they are drilled for the market so openly by their mammas, that a dog without a nose might smell out the trick? Keeping-wares they are, and ever will be, though it is not their own faults. G—— swore the other day he'd be "most

particularly d——d" (our regulation oath,) if he assented to this proposal. He even hinted he would first sell out of the regiment.

The next time you hear from me, will be on your side the water; and I look with great pleasure to the time of gazing again at the thick ancles on the Steyne, and shaking you heartily by the hand to declare to you how truly

I am,

Dear Sir,

P. S. My bay charger is dead of the staggers. If a neat *cab* comes in your way, pray purchase it for me, as I shall sell my present jarvey on my arrival in town; the bog-trotting country has fondered it past hope of repair.

No. XVII.

*Broad Street Buildings, 17th May, 1825.*

DEAR SIR,

You have been misinformed as to the great advance in all articles of West India produce, the prices being now very little better than when you last favoured us with a call in the City. There was, indeed, a sudden rise both in these and in spices of all sorts, occasioned by speculators in the money-market, who having now realised their profits, have left their incautious imitators to pay the smart-money. Although we have received no sugars from your estates in Grenada, since the arrival of the *Friend's Adventure*, Captain Hacklestone, we shall have pleasure in complying with your request, and have accordingly lodged a credit for you at our banker's, on whom your drafts to the amount of 3000*l.*—say three thousand pounds,—will meet due honour. This sum we shall place to the debit of the Palmi te estate.

It is not very easy to answer your question as to the effect likely to be produced in the City by the late alteration of the duties on manufactured articles and raw materials, as some months must elapse before the experiment can be fairly tried, and in the mean time people speak of the new regulations as they have affected their own immediate interests. Almost every body had speculated upon the expected changes; those who have made money in consequence, eulogize Mr. Huskisson to the skies, while the losers condemn his judgment in that particular article wherein he has disappointed their calculations. There seem, certainly, to be some just grounds of complaint; for the growers of Cape wine, who from particular exemptions in point of duty were encouraged to embark considerable capital in the business, have not been considered in the late reductions, and are told, in answer to their complaint, that when they learn to grow a better wine, they will be enabled to raise the price!

For our own parts, we not only think the new regulations likely to prove highly advantageous to the country in general, but shall be glad to see the same principle extended to agricultural produce, protected by a moderate duty, so as to preserve us from that mischievous seesaw of prices occasioned by an alternation between total restriction and open ports. Mr. Huskisson is certainly a very superior man; and in nothing has he shown a more enlightened mind than in liberating the bonded foreign corn, whereby several thousand quarters of our

own, which we bought upon speculation several years ago, will at length be brought into the market.

We have, however, our City Lord Chancellors, who pique themselves upon their adherence to things as they have been, *because* they have been; and, like an illustrious Duke in our own country, and the enlightened king Ferdinand in another, declare, with all due solemnity, that they will continue to be as ignorant as they always have been, so help them God! These gentry expect the great wheel of time to stand still, because they don't know how to wind up their own stupid little watches! Our Common Council sages of this stamp shake their heads, and recall the good days of Mr. Vansittart, who so short a time ago, when these very measures were pressed upon his attention by the Opposition, pronounced them to be visionary and revolutionary, and fraught with convulsion and ruin to the country:—and then they very profoundly observe, that there cannot be much difference between his time and Mr. Huskisson's. Perhaps not; but there may be a marvellous one between the two heads. Poor Van! how must he, and such blind sticklers for antiquity as the Chancellor, be horror-stricken at these radical innovations!

Having thus, to the best of our ability, complied with your request, we beg to enclose your account current to this day, leaving a balance in our favour, after charging you the three thousand pounds, of 562*l.* 13*s.* 11½*d.* which is carried to your debit in the new account, and of which you will please to acknowledge the receipt in conformity.

We are, dear Sir,

Your obedient humble servants,

— and Co.

# No. XVIII.

SIR,

*Frant, Sussex, 22d May.*

Your Gothic cottage at this place is going on rapidly; the floorings to the first story all laid. Went over yesterday to Eridge Castle, and saw Lord Abergavenny's bailiff, who has given us leave to fill up the small pond, and inclose the bit of ground beyond the paddock. Don't at all agree, Sir, that we shouldn't carry it a story higher, as always intended: much better come down yourself, and you'll say same as I do. Know I am only a builder, a practical man, and never went to Greece and Italy, which I always thought a great humbug, for what suits them can't suit us, because of the difference of climate. As well expect us to wear the same clothes. I could have staid at home and built a better church than the new one in Regent Street, which they tell me is copied from one abroad. I never went to Rome or Athens, but when I build an Opera house wall, it shall stand its ground; and when I get the job of a new Custom-house, I shall make my arches rest upon the tops of the piles, and not between them, so as to bring down my building in three or four years. None of the new public buildings in London high enough. Look at the Board of Trade in Whitehall, which they have attempted to heighten by two balustrades at top. Like a dwarf with two cocked hats upon his head: don't look a bit the taller. New wall of the Bank just as bad: pillars very well, because they are only copies; but look at the top. Little carved squares, and little odd triangles. All little and angular: makes your

eyes ache to gaze at them. Understand the builder gives lectures upon architecture which are very clever. Dare say he understands every thing except the practice, while I know every thing except the theory : think I have the best of it.

Shall go on with second story unless I hear from you to the contrary. Meantime please send a bank post bill per return for same amount as last, as there is no more money at the Wells banking house. Can't go on clearing the ground beyond the paddock for want of hands, as the men are all out setting up the hop-poles, but no delay in the building. Hoping you'll soon come down, am, Sir, yours to command,

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LONDON LYRICS.

*The Two Sisters.*

BORN of a widow tall and dark,  
Whose head-piece ne'er at whist errs :  
Where York Gate guards the Regent's Park,  
There dwelt two loving Sisters.

Gertrude, ere twelve years old, would quote  
John Locke, and took to wisdom :  
Emma (I happen well to know 't)  
On all such topics is dumb.

The stars that gem yon vaulted dome  
Are swept by Gertrude's besom ;  
Emma, unless when driving home  
From Almack's, never sees 'em.

Gertrude o'er Werner's Scale will run  
Slate, limestone, quartz, and granite,  
And name the strata, one by one,  
That coat our zig-zag planet.

But Emma, bent on ball or rout,  
Soon of such converse weary is,  
And even nothing knows about  
The O-o-litic Series.

Gertrude, unmoved by doubt a jot,  
Knows from the "Sketch" of Evans  
What dwarfs in faith descend, and what  
Tall Titans scale the heavens.

The grand piano Emma greets  
With fingers light and plastic ;  
But never like her sister beats  
The drum ecclesiastic.

*That*, dipp'd in blue, with lofty air  
Men's would-be Queen discovers :  
*This*, dress'd in white, seems not to care  
If men prove foes or lovers.

"Twixt sense and folly free to choose,  
So different, so unequal,  
Can man dwell long in doubt ? My Muse  
With wonder sings the sequel !

Darts oft-times fly of merit wide—  
(So wills the purblind urchin)  
Emma, light Enima, blooms a bride  
And Gertrude fades a virgin !

## FAREWELL TO THE DART.

A LONG farewell! ye cliffs of terror,  
 And scenes of beauty, oh adieu!  
 And thou, fair Dart, the loveliest mirror,  
 Where Nature's eye her charms may view!—  
 Farewell, ye glens with heathbell blue,  
 Ye flowery brakes of waving gold!  
 Oh, ere this heart be cold to you,  
 The turf must clothe my bed of mould!

The star of beauty gems the heaven,  
 Where in soft blue the pale moon towers,  
 And faintly sigh the gales of even,  
 Pillow'd on banks of breathing flowers:—  
 Who doth not love through twilight's bowers  
 Beneath yon gentle star to rove,  
 And "dream\* away uncounted hours"  
 In lonely glen or shadowy grove?

For airy harps are breathing there,  
 Responsive to the murmuring springs,  
 And spirits wing the twilight air,  
 Attuning soft the solemn strings:—  
 Wrapt Fancy hears their gliding wings,  
 Sees each bright form and golden lyre,  
 Drinks in each note that round her rings,  
 And mounts with them their cars of fire!—

Nymph of the eve, beneath thy reign  
 The selfish cares of light decay,  
 And grief and passion's withering train  
 Fleet from thy shadowy realms away:  
 Mild guardian of the gates of day,  
 Sweet soother of the mourner's breast,  
 Oh that thy calm this heart might sway,  
 And lull each earth-born pang to rest!

Oh might I linger here for ever  
 Reclined on Nature's fostering arms,  
 And, as a fondled child, endeavour  
 To lift the veil that hides her charms!  
 My breast the fond idea warms—  
 But every link of clay must part;  
 And life with all its vain alarms,  
 Must change for thee, blue-rolling Dart!

Yet oft, old Ocean's fairest daughter,  
 Shall memory on thy beauties ponder;  
 And oft along thy winding water  
 Shall Fancy's eye delighted wander:—  
 Once more, farewell, each loved mæander!—  
 Ye scenes that woke these lays, farewell!—  
 Weak lays!—but none can love ye fonder,  
 None deeper feel the life-bound spell!

\* Lord Byron's Lament of Tasso.

## MILTON'S TREATISE ON CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.\*

THE public expectation excited by the intelligence of this work having been discovered, has not been disappointed. His Majesty having liberally ordered that it should be published, it has appeared within a reasonable time, and has been edited by a respectable translator.

Milton's biographers have successively stated, that about the time when he retired from public business, he entered on the composition of three great works, although the misfortune of his blindness had already befallen him. † Those works were, *Paradise Lost*, a Latin *Thesaurus*, and a body of *Divinity*, compiled from the Holy Scriptures. His immortal epic was first published in 1667. Of his Latin *Thesaurus* Symmons says, that the materials which he amassed occupied in MS. the bulk of three large folios; but they were left by him in too indigested a state to be fit for publication. It is said, however, that they were advantageously employed by the editors of the Cambridge Dictionary, to whom they were probably given by Phillips. But neither Dr. Symmons, nor any other biographer of Milton, knew what had become of his *System of Theology*, which Wood, apparently by mistake or misinformation, entitles "*Idea Theologicæ*,"—nor even in what language it had been written. All that could be ascertained was, that it had been at one time in the hands of Cyriac Skinner, who, as every one in the least acquainted with Milton's history knows, was his favourite pupil and attached friend. It is in a sonnet to him that the poet has left recorded his heroic feelings of fortitude under the calamity of blindness. In another sonnet addressed to him, he alludes to Cyriac's descent from the Lord Chief Justice Sir Edward Coke.

In the latter part of the year 1823, a Latin manuscript, bearing the title "*Tommasi Miltoni Angli De Doctrina Christiana, ex Sacris duntaxat Libris petita*," was discovered by Mr. Lemon, in the course of his researches in the old State Paper Office, situated in what is called the Middle Treasury Gallery, Whitehall. It was found in one of the presses, loosely wrapped in two or three sheets of printed paper, with a large number of original letters, and other curious papers, relative to the Popish plots in 1677 and 1678, and to the Rye-house plot in 1683. The same parcel likewise contained a complete and corrected copy of all the Latin letters to foreign Princes and States written by Milton while he officiated as Latin secretary; and the whole was enclosed in an envelope, superscribed "To Mr. Skinner, Merch<sup>t</sup>." By whom, or by what means, or at what time this interesting relic was deposited in the State Paper Office, can at present be only matter of conjecture, every trace of its existence having been lost for nearly a century and a half. But that it is, as it is entitled, a work of Milton, can admit of no rational

\* A Treatise on Christian Doctrine, compiled from the Holy Scriptures alone by John Milton. Translated from the original by Charles R. Sumner, M. A. Librarian and Historiographer to his Majesty, and Prebendary of Canterbury.

† It has been ascertained by Robert Lemon, sen. Esq. deputy keeper of his Majesty's state papers, the gentleman to whom we are indebted for the discovery of this MS. that Milton retired from active official employment as Secretary for Foreign Languages about the middle of the year 1655. His former salary of 288*l.* per annum was changed into a pension of 150*l.* to be paid to him for life out of his Highness's Exchequer.

doubt. The idea of forgery being fairly to be put out of the question, its title and contents speak for its authenticity. The writer in one passage expressly identifies himself with Milton, in referring to one of his own works. The handwriting resembles that of persons known to have written for Milton. The opinions have a general Miltonic character. It is true that some of them exceed, in the latitude of their departure from popular belief, whatever Milton has directly expressed in his other writings; and there are tenets advanced which it may be doubted if any man could have promulgated in that age with personal safety. The work was not probably finished till Milton had seen the triumph of high-church principles restored; and even among religionists in general, he must have foreseen that his dogmas would excite animosity. His mind looked far into the future, and had a proud and prescient consciousness of being destined to be heard by posterity. Whether his religious opinions be right or wrong, it was doing no injustice to his contemporaries, if he believed that they had not temper sufficient to give the truth a fair hearing. For him to defer the promulgation of his sentiments, was not to suppress them; it was only preserving what he conceived to be the light of pure doctrine, till it could be revealed in the atmosphere of calmer times. We may easily imagine, then, that he intended this body of theology to be a posthumous work; and among his friends there could not be a more likely or worthy depository of his MS. than Cyriac Skinner. Mr. Lemon, the discoverer of the MS. satisfactorily conjectures, that the well-known republican principles of Cyriac exposed him to the suspicion of participating in some of the plots which prevailed during the last ten years of Charles the Second's reign, and that his papers were seized in consequence. On this supposition, the Milton MS. would come into the possession either of Sir Joseph Williamson or of Sir ~~Joseph~~ Jenkins, who were successively the principal Secretaries of State from 1674 to 1684, and who both bequeathed their manuscripts to his Majesty's State Paper Office.\*

The MS. itself consists (as the Editor informs us) of 735 pages closely written on small quarto letter-paper. The first part is in a small and beautiful Italian hand, being evidently a corrected copy prepared for the press, and without interlineations of any kind. It was written, Mr. Lemon (who is well acquainted with the handwritings of that period) supposes, by Mary, the second daughter of Milton, and is full of such mistakes as would be natural to a copyist imperfectly acquainted with the learned languages. The remaining three-fifths of the MS. are evidently in a different hand, and are supposed by Mr. Lemon to be the penmanship of Edward Philips, Milton's nephew. This part of the volume is interspersed with numerous interlineations and corrections, and in several places with small slips of writing pasted in the margin. These corrections are in two distinct handwritings, different from the body of the MS., but the greater part of them un-

\* From further particulars stated by the translator, it appears probable that the work was seized in Holland, by the agents of Charles's Government, and that it had previously passed into the possession of a brother of Cyriac Skinner. But the facts are involved in some obscurity, and instead of detailing them, we must refer the reader to the Preface itself.

doubtedly written by the same person who transcribed the first part of the volume. Hence it is probable, continues the Editor, that the latter part of the MS. is a copy transcribed by Philips, and finally revised and corrected by Mary and Deborah Milton from the dictation of their father, as many of the alterations bear a strong resemblance to the reputed handwriting of Deborah, the daughter of Milton, preserved in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge.\*

This work embraces all the principal points of Christian faith and duty.\* It is pregnant with the biblical learning of Milton, but it has one peculiarity seldom to be found in his other prose works, namely, an exemption from any appearance of polemical indignation or asperity. Nowhere has the great author shewn himself more self-possessed and unruffled by the recollections of the world. He seems absorbed in the Scriptures, and in religious logic; and his style, as far as we can judge from the translation, is unusually unambitious and unlaboured. At the same time, if the splendid eloquence which we might expect from Milton be missing, we have his accustomed and pious deference to Scripture authority, blended with his wonted acuteness of controversial powers, and with the strength of his Scripture-clad memory. Even on the grounds of argument where we like him least, we recognize his characteristic independence; for, devoted as he was to Scripture authority, no man was so hardy in interpreting the Scriptures for himself.

The most striking heresies of Milton with regard to the established

\* Book I.—*Of the Knowledge of God*.—Of the Christian Doctrine, and the number of its Divisions. Of God. Of the Divine Decrees. Of Predestination. Of the Son of God. Of the Holy Spirit. Of the Creation. Of the Providence of God, or of his General Government of the Universe. Of the Special Government of Angels. Of the Special Government of Man before the Fall; including the institutions of the Sabbath and of Marriage. Of the Fall of our first Parents, and of Sin. Of the Punishment of Sin. Of the Death of the Body. Of Man's Restoration, and of Christ as Redeemer. Of the Functions of the Mediator, and of his threefold Office. Of the Ministry of Redemption. Of Man's Renovation, including his Calling. Of Regeneration. Of Repentance. Of Saving Faith. Of being planted in Christ, and its effects. Of Justification. Of Adoption. Of Union and Fellowship with Christ and his Members; wherein is considered the Mystical or Invisible Church. Of imperfect Glorification; wherein are considered the Doctrines of Assurance and Final Perseverance. Of the Manifestation of the Covenant of Grace, including the Law of God. Of the Gospel, and of Christian Liberty. Of the External Sealing of the Covenant of Grace. Of the Visible Church. Of the Holy Scriptures. Of particular Churches. Of Church Discipline. Of perfect Glorification; including the Second Advent of Christ, the Resurrection of the Dead, and the General Conflagration.

Book II.—*Of the Service of God*.—Of Good Works. Of the Proximate Causes of Good Works. Of the Virtues belonging to the Service of God. Of External Service. Of Oaths and the Lot. Of Zeal. Of the Time for Divine Worship; wherein are considered the Sabbath, Lord's Day, and Festivals. Of our Duties towards Man, and the general Virtues belonging thereto. Of the first Class of Special Virtues connected with the Duty of Man towards himself. Of the second Class of Virtues connected with the Duty of Man towards himself. Of the Duties of Man towards his Neighbour, and the Virtues comprehended under those Duties. Of the Special Virtues or Duties which regard our Neighbour. Of the second Class of Special Duties towards our Neighbour. The second Class of Special Duties towards our Neighbour continued. Of the Reciprocal Duties of Man towards his Neighbour; and specially of Private Duties. Of the remaining Class of Private Duties. Of Public Duties towards our Neighbour.



faith are concerning the doctrine of the Trinity—Church discipline—the Sabbath, and Marriage.

In vain had the good Bishop Newton recommended Milton as in general very orthodox. Calton affirmed, with more penetration, that the poet had said nothing about the Messiah in *Paradise Lost* which an Arian might not have said; and accordingly Milton denies, in the present work, the generation of Christ from all eternity. On this mysterious point he discusses all the texts of Scripture that have ever been adduced in favour of Trinitarianism, concluding with that respecting the three witnesses, which he decidedly rejects as suppositious. On the subject of the Holy Spirit, he thus concludes:

“Lest however we should be altogether ignorant who or what the Holy Spirit is, although Scripture nowhere teaches us in express terms, it may be collected from the passages quoted above, that the Holy Spirit, inasmuch as he is a minister of God, and therefore a creature, was created or produced of the substance of God, not by a natural necessity, but by the free will of the agent, probably before the foundations of the world were laid, but later than the Son, and far inferior to him. It will be objected, that thus the Holy Spirit is not sufficiently distinguished from the Son. I reply, that the Scriptural expressions themselves, *to come forth, to go out from the Father, to proceed from the Father*, which mean the same in the Greek, do not distinguish the Son from the Holy Spirit, inasmuch as these terms are used indiscriminately with reference to both persons, and signify their mission, not their nature. There is however sufficient reason for placing the name as well as the nature of the Son above that of the Holy Spirit in the discussion of topics relative to the Deity; inasmuch as the brightness of the glory of God, and the express image of his person, are said to have been impressed on the one, and not on the other.”

On the subject of the Sabbath, Milton unhesitatingly contends that the Jewish law of the Sabbath having been repealed, no particular day of worship has been appointed by divine commandment in its place. “It remains to be seen, he says, on what they ground their opinion, who maintain that the first day of the week is to be observed as set apart for public worship by divine institution, in the nature of a new Sabbath. Whether the festival of *the Lord's day* (an expression which occurs only once in Scripture, Rev. i. 10) was weekly or annual, cannot be pronounced with certainty, inasmuch as there is not (as in the case of the Lord's supper) any account of its institution, or command for its celebration, to be found in Scripture. If it was the day of his resurrection, why, we may ask, should this be considered as the Lord's day in any higher sense than that of his birth, or death, or ascension? why should it be held in higher consideration than the day of the descent of the Holy Spirit? and why should the celebration of the one recur weekly, whereas the commemoration of the others is not necessarily even annual, but remains at the discretion of each believer.”

In noticing the text at Acts xx. 7. where it is related that the Disciples dwelling at Troas came together to break bread on the first day of the week: who, he says, shall determine with certainty whether this was a periodical meeting, or only held occasionally, and of their own accord?

“Hence we arrive at the following conclusions: first, that under the gospel no one day is appointed for divine worship in preference to another, except such as the church may set apart of its own authority for the voluntary

assembling of its members, wherein, relinquishing all worldly affairs, we may dedicate ourselves wholly to religious services, so far as is consistent with the duties of charity; and secondly, that this may conveniently take place once every seven days, and particularly on the first day of the week; provided always that it be observed in compliance with the authority of the church, and not in obedience to the edicts of the magistrate; and likewise that a snare be not laid for the conscience by the allegation of a divine commandment, borrowed from the decalogue; an error against which Paul diligently cautions us, Col. ii. 16. *Let no man therefore judge you, &c.* For if we under the gospel are to regulate the time of our public worship by the prescriptions of the decalogue, it will surely be far safer to observe the seventh day, according to the express commandment of God, than on the authority of mere human conjecture to adopt the first. I perceive also that several of the best divines, as Bucer, Calvin, Peter Martyr, Musculus, Ursinus, Gomarus, and others, concur in the opinions above expressed."

No one acquainted with his prose works, is ignorant of Milton's notions respecting divorce.\* It has been allowed, that in his tracts on that subject he makes out a strong case, and fights with arguments which are not easily to be repelled. The whole context of the Holy Scriptures, the laws of the first Christian Emperors, the opinions of some of the most eminent early reformers, and a projected statute of Edward VI. are adduced by him for the purpose of demonstrating, that by the laws of God, and by the inferences drawn from them by the most virtuous and enlightened men, the power of divorce ought not to be rigidly restricted to those causes which render the nuptial state unfruitful, or which taint it with a spurious offspring. It is singular that Napoleon, who had never heard of Milton's controversy, viewed the matter in the same light, and uttered expressions and arguments which remind us of those of Milton. At the hazard of giving offence by supporting an unpopular opinion, we hesitate not to say that we consider Milton's reasoning on the subject of divorce to be irrefragable; and the present laws respecting the indissolubility of marriage to be founded neither in Scripture nor common sense, but to be hostile both to these and to human happiness. But we say this as no prelude of our assent to the doctrine which the reader will find, with some surprise, advanced by Milton in the present work, on the subject of Polygamy. On the contrary, we regret that the champion of what we consider the most rational doctrine respecting divorce, should have bequeathed the opinions which are found in the chapter on marriage in the present work---

"It appears to me sufficiently established by the above arguments that polygamy is allowed by the law of God; lest however any doubt should remain, I will subjoin abundant examples of men whose holiness renders them fit patterns for imitation, and who are among the lights of our faith. Foremost I place Abraham, the father of all the faithful, and of the holy seed, Gen. xvi. 1, &c. Jacob, chap. xxx. and, if I mistake not, Moses, Numb. xii. 1. *for he had married (a Cushite, marginal translation, or) an Ethiopian woman.* It is not likely that the wife of Moses, who had been so often spoken of before by her proper name of Zipporah, should now be called by the new title of a Cushite; or that the anger of Aaron and Miriam should at this time be suddenly kindled, because Moses forty years before had mar-

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\* Namely, the tracts entitled *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*; *The Judgment of Martin Bucer, concerning Divorce*; and the tract called *Tetrachordon* and *Colasterion*.

ried Zipporah ; nor would they have acted thus scornfully towards one whom the whole house of Israel had gone out to meet on her arrival with her father Jethro. If then he married the Cushite during the lifetime of Zipporah, his conduct in this particular received the express approbation of God himself, who moreover punished with severity the unnatural opposition of Aaron and his sister. Next I place Gideon, that signal example of faith and piety, Judg. viii. 30, 31. and Elkanah, a rigid Levite, the father of Samuel ; who was so far from believing himself less acceptable to God on account of his double marriage, that he took with him his two wives every year to the sacrifices and annual worship, into the immediate presence of God ; nor was he therefore reproved, but went home blessed with Samuel, a child of excellent promise, 1 Sam. ii. 10. Passing over several other examples, though illustrious, such as Caleb, 1 Chron. ii. 46, 48. vii. 1. 4. the sons of Issachar, in number *six and thirty thousand men, for they had many wives and sons*, contrary to the modern European practice, where in many places the land is suffered to remain uncultivated for want of population ; and also Manasseh, the son of Joseph, 1 Chron. vii. 14 : I come to the prophet David, whom God loved beyond all men, and who took two wives, besides Michal ; and this not in a time of pride and prosperity, but when he was almost bowed down by adversity, and when, as we learn from many of the psalms, he was entirely occupied in the study of the word of God, and in the right regulation of his conduct. 1 Sam. xxv. 42, 43. and afterwards, 2 Sam. v. 12, 13. *David perceived that Jehovah had established him king over Israel, and that he had exalted his kingdom for his people Israel's sake ; and David took him more concubines and wives out of Jerusalem.* Such were the motives, such the honourable and holy thoughts, whereby he was influenced, namely, by the consideration of God's kindness towards him for his people's sake. His heavenly and prophetic understanding saw not in that primitive institution what we in our blindness fancy we discern so clearly ; nor did he hesitate to proclaim in the supreme council of the nation the pure and honourable motives to which, as he trusted, his children born in polygamy owed their existence. 1 Chron. xxviii. 5. *of all my sons, for Jehovah hath given me many sons, he hath chosen, &c.* I say nothing of Solomon, notwithstanding his wisdom, because he seems to have exceeded due bounds : although it is not objected to him that he had taken many wives, but that he had married strange women ; 1 Kings xi. 1. Nehem. xiii. 26. His son Rehoboam desired many wives, not in the time of his iniquity, but during the three years in which he is said to have walked in the way of David, 2 Chron. xi. 17, 21, 23. Of Joash mention has already been made ; who was induced to take two wives, not by licentious passion, or the wanton desires incident to uncontrolled power, but by the sanction and advice of a most wise and holy man, Jehoiada the priest. Who can believe, either that so many men of the highest character should have sinned through ignorance for so many ages ; or that their hearts should have been so hardened ; or that God should have tolerated such conduct in his people ? Let therefore the rule received among theologians have the same weight here as in other cases ; "The practice of the saints is the best interpretation of the commandments."

With all deference to Milton, we cannot help thinking that the Polygamy permitted to the Patriarchs is no more an argument for its legality in the eye of reason and Christianity, than the primitive marriages of brothers and sisters is a justification of incest. From such marriages the Patriarchs themselves sprung. In compliance, however, with our object, which was simply to describe the book, we abstain from troubling the reader with dissertation.

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## AGRIGENTUM.

THOU relic of a mighty state!—  
 Thou solitary patriarch! desolate  
 Mid a strange generation—in our eyes  
 Saddening the land, the laughing paradise  
 That reigns around, where thou and only thou  
 Art seen with faded greatness on thy brow,  
 Grey ruin's wreck—column and frieze, and wall,  
 In perish'd glory—shaft and capital  
 Mouldering away! Thy marble pile appears  
 A lone and ancient tomb o'er buried years,  
 And unknown men, that have all pass'd away  
 And left thee sole memento of the day  
 When the wreath'd victim to thy gate they led,  
 While clouds of incense hover'd overhead,  
 And the stoled priest and awestruck multitude,  
 And laurel'd bard, and chief of hardihood,  
 Throng'd to thy unknown worship.

——— There is much  
 To lure the wandering spirit home,  
 When gazing where the ground is such,  
 That sacred dust is spurn'd beneath  
 The footsteps of all things which breathe;  
 When palace, temple, turret, dome,  
 Have left their ruins torn and bare,  
 And not one ancient mortal there—  
 One outline of his form—one shade  
 Of what he was flung back for fancy's aid.  
 Fane of dead ages! I have been  
 Nigh thee and heard a fragment fall  
 From thy riven cornices, and seen  
 Thy massy pillars, hewn for all  
 We of eternity conceive  
 Or can conceive, in ruin stand,  
 Afar from my own native land,  
 Where men thy grandeur ill believe.  
 The moon is like a shield of blood  
 Emerging from the silent waves—  
 The sea of splendor, the proud flood,  
 That many a land of history laves,  
 The record of lost realms, the crown  
 Of ocean greatness, power, and fame,  
 The grave of navies and renown  
 That should be link'd with many a name  
 Sleeping a thousand fathoms down  
 In those blue waters. They roll'd by  
 Long ages ere this temple rose, and now  
 No sign of waste or age is on their brow,  
 They do not feel a like antiquity—  
 Eternal youth is theirs.—Roll on, bright waves,  
 O'er men and realms and long-forgotten graves!  
 Egyptian, Grecian, Roman gone,  
 And Carthage site no stone upon!  
 Nought save a few wild ruins left,  
 Where the owl broods in crack and cleft,  
 And the unsocial lizard crawls,  
 Trailing along the shapeless walls,  
 That serve to buttress ivy and green leaves

Mocking their greyness, while their tottering craves  
 A sigh at proud man's vain endeavour  
 To build with hands his tower of glory,  
 His monument of dust and story—  
 Yet *Ætna's* fire is darken'd never,  
 And these bright waters roll as ever!  
 The moonlight pours out in a flood,  
 And silyering over land and sea,  
 With a broad track of placid light,  
 Makes upon ocean's solitude  
 A path for spirits of the night  
 That joy in her tranquillity.  
 Now thoughts unutterable rise,  
 And shapes of unveil'd mysteries,  
 And wishes (oh, how vain they be!)  
 That man unchanged and changeless were,  
 Like those eternal rocks—that he  
 His own works might at least survive,  
 Nor find all things his race outlive.  
 Vain dream! how prone we are to rear  
 Temples of hope upon despair!  
 Enough—proud ruin, prouder theme,  
 Relic of everlasting Greece,  
 That wanted not thy aid nor fame  
 To triumph—for her resting-place  
 Is fresh as in her summer-days:  
 Perennial green is on her bowers,  
 Her fanes may fall as ruin lays  
 Its withering touch on halls and towers,  
 But her great name can shew in truth  
 The eagle's renovated youth.  
 Thou, Temple, art her labour—thou—  
 I've seen thee, like a mighty stone  
 Cast by some giant of the sky  
 Where haughty Alpine summits frown—  
 A lofty glorious ruin now  
 Of a departed majesty,  
 The moonbeams sleep upon thee—shades  
 In massy grandeur thou hast cast  
 A garment round thee—awe pervades  
 Thy cell, and pavement, and walls,  
 That slumber like the patriot dead  
 Who cannot wake when freedom calls.  
 An atmosphere of glories past  
 Hangs round thee, as round memory's brow  
 Sad music's note in young life heard,  
 That never half so sweet appear'd,  
 So melancholy sweet as now—  
 Deepening its charm with years, the strain  
 Sinks in the heart, nor sinks in vain.  
 Ye massy colonnades, farewell!  
 Ye still will be when long is dead  
 The fleeting race that now ye view—  
 And hoarier yet shall be your head—  
 Buying like Man your length of years  
 With dead friends, loneliness, and fears.

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## GRIMM'S GHOST.

## LETTER XXVI.

*Anti-out of Town Company.*

THE rage for new joint-stock companies, owing to a recent hoax in the neighbourhood of Bartholomew-lane, is a little on the wane in this overgrown metropolis. The people who hang about Capel-court have jumped headlong into many a scheme for pearl-diving, gold-digging, Thames-preaching, road-railing, and Jeremy Bentham knows what beside. Most of them have got a (lame) ducking for their pains. At first it was who but they: but when it came to "cashing-up," affairs assumed a soberer complexion. Unlike the Whitfield process, a "call" brought them to their senses, and latterly the likeness of all projects, old or new, has been drawn in darkness and shadow. It is now discovered that the Egyptian Trading Company brings home nothing but mummy-dust for snuff-takers: the produce of the swamps of Brazil is alleged to be only beneficial to toad-eaters; and as for the British Fishing Company, notwithstanding its capital of 500,000*l.* sterling, I would not stand in its chairman's shoes for the best John Dory that ever was brought to Quin's table. So widely has the drag-net of this association been spread, that actions for false imprisonment are (I happen to know) depending against its trustees at the suit of Mr. Codd of Hull and Mr. Pike of Bridgwater. Mr. Herring the comedian, who was most unceremoniously looked out of Commodore Trunnion, in Astley's amphitheatre, has indeed, like his theatric predecessor Macklin, consented to stay proceedings on payment of costs—people who have their benefit to make should not create enemies. But Mr. Salmon of Devizes is determined to go to a jury.

Let us not, however, in our zeal to discourage visionary projects, throw a damp upon those which tend to manifest utility. We may sneer at plans for climbing the Andes, and for diving into the Caspian sea; but that man must have a strange notion of the ridiculous who can attempt to cast ridicule upon the latest and most rational of projects, which has recently made its appearance in Capel-court, under the title of the new Grand Joint-stock Anti-out-of-Town Company! The prospectus, which now lies before me, paints in lively colours the strong dislike which people in general have to going into the country. Then why go they? It may be asked, "Poor man! how gat he there?" The answer is obvious! Honour requires it! the same fondness for character which induces us to measure distances at Chalk-farm, sit out a house-dinner at the Alfred, drive in a cabriolet with a pair of round shoulders, and a couple of kid-leather gloves parallel with one's eyes along Regent-street, or read Tremaine quite through without missing a page of the third volume, hurries some of us to the sands of Ramsgate, and others to the brick pavement of Brighton—"modo Thebis, modo Athenis." No sooner, says the prospectus, does July arrive, than the good people of London begin to be cross-examined out of their habitations. Nobody admits that he means to stay in town. One talks of Broadstairs, and means indeed to take a tour of the whole Isle of Thanet to look after the harvest; one intends to pop over to France, and perhaps take a peep at Holland: a third has never seen Edinburgh, and a fourth, who picks his teeth seven days in the week at

the Medusa Club, where he purchases endurance for five guineas per annum, has been so pressed both to take a month's shooting at Lord Bagwell's in Berkshire, and to stay in a house with some nice girls three miles from Maidstone, that he really does not know which to decide upon. Survey these several parties, continues the prospectus of the new company, when they have arrived at their place of rural destination, and what does the view present? A sad picture of ennui! The yawns of the individuals are absolutely appalling! The tourist through the whole Isle of Thanet amuses himself by trying to pitch pebbles through the spokes of a bathing-machine at Margate: the popper over to France and peep-taker at Holland halts at Calais, gets a glimpse of the ex-dandy Brummel, and regales himself with a slice from a yard and a half of sour bread, and still sourer wine at Quillac's: while the third, who has never seen Edinburgh, puts into Scarborough, horribly sea-sick, goes to the theatre, and meets with that melancholy accident, a comic song between the acts! The member of the Medusa Club luckily stays where he is, as nobody will endure him where he is not.

"To check these heroes, and their laurels crop,  
To bring them back to reason—and their shop!"—

to dissipate that sickness of stomach which the smell of wild roses and the sounds of lowing cattle and twittering chaffinches are calculated to create in the natives of London; in short, to give to shareholders the semblance of visiting the country, while they in reality remain in town, are the objects which the founders of the Anti-out-of-Town Company have in view. The capital is half a million, and there are 5000 shares. A handsome edifice is already erected upon an area of waste land in Whitefriars. From this building, a sub-way under the streets of London conducts to Bond-street in the west, and to the Royal Exchange in the east; with diverging under-paths to the Lyceum, the Haymarket-theatre, Astley's, and the Circus. There is a handsome dining-room and drawing-room looking out into a clean well-paved court-yard; and the prints that adorn the walls of these two apartments are so selected as carefully to exclude all hateful ideas of mountains or meadows. They consist of a front view of Carlton-palace; the spire of Saint Bride's Church as at present opened to Fleet-street, with Hone's shop-window in shadow; the execution of Lord Balmerino upon Tower-hill; the Light-horse Volunteers mounting guard at the corner of Shoe-lane, in Fleet-street aforesaid; Abraham Newland, cut off at the knees like his Chevy Chase predecessor Witherington; Tom Paine, William Wilberforce, and Madame Vestris drawing on a white kid glove. At first a back view of Sadler's Wells, with the pipe-field adjacent, was suspended over the chimney-piece; but this has been since removed as exciting ideas of too pastoral a cast. All sparrows are carefully chased from the premises, and people are hired to cry milk and sweep at the proper hour in the morning. There is a grand piano-forte in the drawing-room, but no songs are allowed to be sung to it but such as, "Oh, London is a fine Town." "Hark, the merry Christchurch Bells." "From your rocks, storming Lannow, I fly;" and "Ye shall walk in silk attire." Miss Martha Mac-treble begged hard for "Twas within a mile of Edinburgh Town," but, on a reference to the directors, it was determined that it was at least three

quarters of a mile out of the rules. The dinner is handsome and well-served, and a sprig of London pride is laid upon each member's plate. The sub-ways to which I have alluded, conduct such gentlemen as have nothing to do, to their clubs in Pall Mall East and its environs. Mock mustachios and evanescent chin tufts are provided at the bar, enveloped in which, by way of concealment, they may boldly read the papers at the Union, call for coffee at the United Service, peep at a poet at the Athenæum, or applaud Tarrare the Tartar chief from a latticed box at the Lyceum. Such gentlemen as are engaged in commerce may, by the same subterraneous means, issue forth from the cellars under the Royal Exchange, emerge at Batson's, sneak over to the Baltic, bid for Molasses, Scammony, Gum Mastic, and dry Memel calf-skins in Mincing-lane, and afterwards, replunging into Cimmerian darkness, join their old associates in Whitefriars.

"As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice  
Bears Pisa's offerings to his Arethuse."

There is a large room in the upper part of the edifice entirely appropriated to models in cork of all the principal watering-places. Upon these a Scottish gentleman in black lectures every morning at 12, giving the spectator a correct notion of Jacob's ladder, the light-house pier, and Sir William Curtis's house at Ramsgate; the two libraries and arched excavation of cliff at Broadstairs; the number of steps that lead up to the church at Whitby; the battery walk at Hastings, with the library at one end of it, where a young lady favours the company with a bravura song; the chain-pier at Brighton, shewing how the company may either ascend through the cliff, or get out further on, if they wish to go to the York Hotel; not to mention the well walk and church-yard at Cheltenham, and the Sussex Arms and pan-tiles (I beg their pardon, the esplanade) at Tunbridge Wells. An attendance at a single course of these lectures will enable any lady or gentleman, with ordinary attention, on emerging from their month's quarantine, so to swear that they have been at all, any or either of the above-mentioned places, that I defy Charles Phillips himself to cross-examine them out of the allegation. This is a saving of time, trouble, and expense, which is at once worth more than all the money.

Into this asylum, as into a nunnery, will, I have no doubt, temporarily retire many a Devonshire-street dowager, who now shuts her front windows and steals out for exercise backward, amid the hostile hoofs of the curry-combed animals in Devonshire Mews. Here she will neither be broiled by the sun upon Brighton Downs, nor cut in twain by the East wind at the corner of Albion-place, Ramsgate; but she may, and doubtless will, on quitting her seclusion, complain of having endured both. Into this retreat, as into a monastery, will gladly wander many a junior barrister from Fig-tree Court adjacent, whose half-guinea motions, "few and far between," debar him from the Brighton race-course; whose relations in Cumberland are not over anxious for another view of his visage; and who, surveying Vincent Wing with a mournful eye, wonders what the long vacation means by yawning from the 22d of June to the 7th of November. Hither, too, will drop in many a dweller in the regions of Finsbury, who would "rather meet the devil himself" than a waggon drawn by a team of oxen. Several rare exotics are hung up in the pantry of the Institution.



for the edification of gentlemen of the last-mentioned fraternity, consisting of a stuffed bird, called a pheasant, in the mouth of a stuffed animal called a pointer. Another stuffed bird, called a Partridge, with a broken wing and seven leaden shots in its belly, and an embowelled quadruped called by Linnæus a hare. A few lectures upon these animals, and the method of slaughtering them, delivered by the same gentleman in black, will authorise and enable an inhabitant of Austin or Crutched Friars to boast of bagging his three brace and a half as boldly as Nimrod himself. Great events often spring from trivial causes. The magnificent scheme of the Joint-stock Anti-out-of-Town Company sprang from a record of the following well-known anecdote of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. "Father," said the son of the poet, "when I was last at Newcastle, I went down into a coal-pit."—"The more fool you, Tom!"—"Nay, Sir, surely it is gratifying to be able to say that one has been down into a coal-pit."—"Oh! I have no objection to your *saying* it." It only remains to add, that the physician of the Anti-out-of-Town Company is Doctor Street, the solicitor is Mr. Lane, and the standing counsel is Mr. Alley.

THE TEN THOUSAND AT THE SACRED MOUNT.\*

THEY had seen Cynaxa's field,  
Where they fought so vainly well—  
For though back in rout the foemen reel'd,  
Yet the princely Cyrus fell!  
Could it aught avail to them  
That the golden eagle † fled?  
He, who fought for Susa's diadem,  
Was among Cynaxa's dead—  
Their pæan had drown'd the parting groan  
Of him who struck for a grave or throne!  
They had heard Euphrates rush  
In the might of his own deep wave,  
They had seen the infant Tigris gush  
From his far Armenian cave:  
They had seen the Ephesian pile, ‡  
The hut of the mountaineer,  
And fought through many a red defile  
With the sling, the shaft, and spear:—  
Of their brave ranks some of the bravest lay  
In a nameless grave of foreign clay.  
Underneath the snow-born pines  
Of the wild Carduchian hills,  
They had thought of their country's vines  
By the foeman's icy rills:  
At the eagle's scream they had thought  
On the nightingales of home:—  
"Could such," they had ask'd, "be the lure that wrought  
Upon Greeks from Greece to roam?" "....."  
As they thought of the hour, when they blindly sold  
Ten thousand swords for a stranger's gold.

\* So called by Xenophon and Arrian, in addition to its local name of Theche.

† The royal standard of Persia. It was seen upon a neighbouring eminence after the battle.

‡ The temple of the Ephesians of Diana, to whom Xenophon had vowed an offering, which, upon his return to Greece, he paid.

— They are scaling Theche's side—  
Their van is on Theche's brow—  
What means the pause of the martial tide,  
And the earthquake-cry below ?—  
To the sword the tired arm glanced,  
And the languid foot trod proud ;  
Over each worn cheek the stern blood dapp'd,  
Like the fire-flash over the cloud ;  
The hero woke in each weary man—  
For they deem'd the foe\* was upon their van !  
On they rash'd as to the fight,  
But it was no battle-word ;  
For " the Sea ! the Sea ! " from the mountain's height  
In a thousand shouts was heard !—  
" The Sea ! the Sea ! "—that cry  
Secin'd the end of toils and fears ;  
And, of all that host, not a freeman's eye  
But was dim with rapturous tears,  
As he saw from the Sacred Mount again,  
Like a line of blue cloud, the distant main !  
At the shout, the eagle swung  
From his airy far away,  
And the Colchian † pheasant sprung  
From his dark wood to the day !—  
All bright fell the westering sun  
On the warriors' moving arms :  
By file upon file the height was won,  
Till an Army's glad alarms  
Arose—as if life and liberty  
Were in one far glimpse of a stranger sea !  
It was long ere the echoes were still  
That around and afar replied—  
Long, ere on the Sacred Hill  
The shouts of a myriad died.  
Then rose the full tones of a lyre,  
And a young voice swell'd the sound :  
Every eye through its tears shot fire,  
As the warriors throng'd around :  
They lean'd on their spears in a tranced ring,  
Mute as the Nine round the Delphic king.  
'Twas a pale Greek girl, ‡ whose hand  
There stray'd the deep chords among,  
And who pour'd in the stranger's land  
The soul of her country's song.  
Light was wan to the dark of her eye,  
As it flash'd on the distant sea ;  
She swept the strings, though her breast throbb'd high,  
With a hand all firm and free ;  
And rich was the voice, and proud the strain,  
She gave to the winds of the Euxine main.

\* So great was the tumult, that Xenophon thought it necessary to bring up the rearward cavalry, under the impression that the van had been attacked.

† It may not be generally known, that the *pheasant* derives its name from the *Phasis*, a river of Colchia. The Argonauts are said to have introduced it into Europe.—Colchia lay between the army and the sea.

‡ It is no inconsistency to introduce a Grecian female at such a time and place : several are known to have accompanied the ten thousand through all the difficulties and dangers of their celebrated retreat.

*Ode.*

All hail—all hail—thou glorious Sea!—

These burning tears alone may tell  
With what deep joy I welcome thee,

And see thy blue Elysium swell

Again—again—as if my soul

Shared in thy own exulting roll!

We have been strangers all too long,

For I was born the ocean's child;

To thee I gave my early song,

When hope and home around me smiled—

Ere yet love taught, in lands afar,

To trace the crimson steps of war.

I saw the light in Homer's \* isle—

And every island child is thine;

But never did thine azure smile

Seem, even to me, so all divine

As now, when first I view once more

Thy face—the pledge of dangers o'er!

Dear to the free thy chainless waves—

And I was born among the free:

Long have I breathed the air of slaves—

But still, oh still, to thine and thee

My heart would turn, and pine to gaze

Upon thee, as in early days.

I saw the sweet Cayster wind,

I pass'd the broad Euphrates' flood,

I heard swift Tigris chafe behind,

On wild Araxes' banks I stood;—

But all their waters roll'd in vain—

My heart was on the free blue main!

Our vows are heard, our task is done—

Victors! the sea before you lies!

The amaranthine wreath is won,

That with the dying never dies!—

Yours will be memories to inspire

The patriot's heart, the poet's lyre!

Your arms have lit a † Phasis' banks,

New to the sound of Jason's name;

And, warriors! yet your victor ranks

Will dim the light of Argo's fame,‡

When yonder deep shall idly foam

Behind the barks it wasted home.

Farewell the fear of foreign graves!

'Tis not for *you*, in hostile earth,

To mingle with the dust of slaves,

Far from the bright land of your birth;—

No! share, where your free fathers died,

Their slumber's peace, their memory's pride.

\* Chios, said to be the birth-place of Homer.

† The Phasis, which the Greek army had left behind them, was distinct from the Colchian Phasis, renowned for one of the most daring undertakings of early navigation, the expedition of the Argonautic heroes under Jason.

‡ The Euxine sea, upon which they looked, was that which had been traversed by Jason in the Argo.

Pile high the trophy\*—let it stand  
 In future years the tale to tell,  
 How, through the proud barbarian's land,  
 Ye fought your way so redly well!—  
 Where is the orient's sword or chain?  
 The† myriad see the main again!—

J.

THE FAMILY JOURNAL.—NO. IX.

Conversation of Swift and Pope.

I PROCEED to give my cousin Apsley's account of his second dinner at Twickenham, where he had the happiness of meeting Swift:—

July 15, 1727.

At length the *dies optanda* came. Shall I confess my weakness? I could do nothing all the morning but walk about, now reading something of the Dean's or Mr. Pope's, and now trying to think of some smart things to say at dinner! I did not say one of them. Yes, I made an observation on Sannazarius, which was well received. I must not forget the boatman who took me across the water from Sutton. "Young gentleman," says he, "if I may make so bold, I will tell you a piece of my mind."—"Well, pray do."—"Why I am thinking you're going to see your sweetheart, or else the great poet yonder, Mr. Pope."—"Why so?" said I, laughing."—"Why," said he, "your eyes are all in a sparkle, and you seem in a woundy hurry." I told him he had guessed it. He is in the habit of taking visitors over; great lords, he said, and grand ladies from court; "and very merry, too, for all that." He mentioned Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and others. Upon asking if Dr. Swift was not one of the great writers, "Ay, ay," said he, "let him alone, I warrant him: he's a strange gentleman." The boatman told me, that one day the Dean, "as they called him," quarrelled with him about a halfpenny. His reverence made him tack about for some whimsey or other, and then would not pay him his due, because he did not tell him what the fare was the moment he asked. "So his Deanship left a cloak in the boat, and I took it up to him to Mr. Pope's house, and he came out, and said—'Well, sirrah, there's some use in frightening you sneaking rascals, for you bring us back our goods.' So I thought it very strange; and says I, 'Your Reverence thinks I was frightened, eh?'—'Yes,' says he, as sharp as a needle, 'haven't you done an honest action?' So I was thrown all of a heap to hear him talk in such a way; and as I didn't well know what he meant, I grew redder and redder like, for want of the gift of the gab. So, says I at last, 'Well, if your Reverence, or Deanship, or what you please to be called, thinks as how I was frightened, all that I says is this: d—n me, (saving your Reverence's presence) if Tom Harden is a man to be frightened about a halfpenny, like some folks that shall be nameless.'—'Oh, ho!' says Mr. Dean, looking scared, like an owl in an ivy-bush, 'Tom Harden is a mighty pretty fellow, and must not be

\* Xenophon says, that a triumphal monument was constructed upon the hill—at whose instigation he does not seem to have known.

† i. e. the Ten Thousand.

flouted; and so he won't row me again, I suppose, for all he has got a wife and a parcel of brats.' How he came to know that, I can't say. 'No, no,' says I, 'I'm not so much of a pretty fellow as that comes to, if that's what they mean by a pretty fellow. It's not my business to be picking and choosing my fares, so that I gets my due; but I was right about the halfpenny for all that, and if your Reverence wants to go a swan-hopping another time, you knows what's to pay.' So the Dean fell a laughing like mad, and then looked very grave, and said, 'Here, you Mr. John Searle, (for that's Mr. Pope's man's name,) here, make Mr. Thomas Harden acquainted with the taste of your beer; and do you, Mr. Thomas, take back the cloak, and let it stay another time in the boat till I want to return; and, moreover, Thomas, keep the cloak always for me to go home o' nights in; and I will make it worth your while, and leave it you when I am dead, provided it's worn out enough (I shall never forget all the odd things he said, for I talked 'em over with Mr. Searle): and, harkee, Mr. Thomas Harden,' says he, 'remember,' says he, 'and never forget it, that you love your wife and children better than your pride, and your pride,' says he, 'better than a paltry dean; and those are two nice things to manage together.'—And the Dean has been as good as his word, young gentleman, and I keep his cloak; and he came to my cottage yonder one day, and told my wife she was the prettiest creature of a plain woman he ever saw (did you ever hear the like o' that?) and he calls her Panope, and always asks how she does. I don't know why he calls her Panope, mayhap because her pots and pans were so bright; for you'd ha' thought they'd been silver, from the way he stared at them.\*

Having heard of the Dean's punctuality, I was afraid I should be too late for my good behaviour; but Mr. Thomas re-assured me, by saying that he had carried his Reverence across three hours before from Richmond, with Madam Blount. "He is in a mighty good humour," said he, "and will make you believe any thing he likes, if you don't have a care."

I was in very good time, but found the whole party assembled, with the exception of Mrs. Pope. It was the same as before, with the addition of the Doctor. He is shorter and stouter than I had fancied him, with a face in which there is little remarkable at first sight, but the blueness of the eyes. The boatman, however, had not prepared me for the extreme easiness and good-breeding of his manners. I had made a shallow conclusion; I expected something perpetually fluctuating between broad mirth and a repelling self-resumption. Nothing could be more unlike what I found. His mirth afterwards was at times broad enough, and the ardour and freedom of his spirit very evident; but he has an exquisite mode throughout, of maintaining the respect of his hearers. Whether he is so always, I cannot say. But I guess, that he can make himself equally beloved where he pleases, and feared where he does not. It must be owned, that his mimicry (for he does

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\* Probably from a strange line in Spenser, where he describes the bower of Proteus:

"There was his wonne; ne living wight was seene,  
Save one old nymphe, light Panope, to keep it cleane."

*Fairy Queen, Book 3.*

not disdain even that sometimes) would not be so well in the presence of foolish people. I suppose he is cautious of treating them with it. Upon the whole, partly owing to his manners, and partly to Mr. Pope's previous encouragement of me (which is sufficient to set up a man for any thing), I felt a great deal more at my ease than I expected, and was prepared for a day as good as the last. One of the great arts, I perceive, of these wits, if it be not rather to be called one of the best tendencies of their nature, (I am loth to bring my modesty into question by saying what I think of it,) is to set you at your ease, and enlist your self-love in their favour, by some exquisite recognition of the qualities or endeavours on which you most pride yourself, or are supposed to possess. It is in vain you tell yourself, they may flatter you. You believe and love the flattery; and, let me add, (though at the hazard of making some readers smile,) you are bound to believe it, if the bestowers are men of known honesty and spirit, and above "buying golden opinions" of every body. I am not sincere when I call it an art. I believe it to be a good-natured instinct, and the most graceful sympathy; and having let this confession out, in spite of myself, I beg my dear cousins, the readers, to think the best they can of me, and proceed. The Dean is celebrated for a way he has of setting off his favours in this way, by an air of objection. Perhaps there is a little love of power and authority in this, but he turns it all to grace. Mr. Pope did me the honour of introducing me as a young gentleman for whom he had a particular esteem. The Dean acknowledged my bow in the politest manner; and after asking whether this was not the Mr. Honeycomb of whom he had heard talk at the coffee-house, looked at me with a serious calmness, and said, "I would not have you believe, sir, every thing Mr. Pope says of you." I believe I blushed, but without petulance. I answered, that my self-love was doubtless as great as that of most young men, perhaps greater; and that if I confessed I gave way to it in such an instance as the present, something was to be pardoned to me on the score of the temptation. "But," said he, "Mr. Pope flatters beyond all bounds. He introduces a new friend to us, and pretends that we are too liberal to be jealous. He trumpets up some young wit, Mr. Honeycomb, and fancies, in the teeth of all evidence, moral and political, that we are to be in love with our successors." I bowed and blushed indeed, at this. I said, that whether a real successor or not, I should now, at all events, run the common danger of greatness, in being spoilt by vanity; and that, like a subtle prince in possession, the Dean knew how to prevent his heirs presumptive from becoming of any value." The Doctor laughed, and said with the most natural air in the world, "I have read some pretty things of yours, Mr. Honeycomb, and am happy to make your acquaintance. I hope the times will grow smooth as you get older, and that you will furnish a new link some day or other to re-unite friends that ought not to have been separated." This was an allusion to certain Whig patrons of mine. It affected me much; and I gladly took the opportunity of the silence required by good-breeding, to lay my hand upon my heart, and express my gratitude by another bow. He saw how nearly he had touched me; for turning to Mr. Pope, he said gaily, "There is more love in our hates, now-a-days, than there used to be in the loves of the wits, when you and I were as young as Mr. Honey-

**comb.** What did you care for old Wycherley, or what did Wycherley care for Rochester, compared with the fond heats and vexations of us party-men?" Mr. Pope's answer was prevented by the entrance of his mother. The Dean approached her as if she had been a princess. The good old lady, however, looked as if she was to be upon her good behaviour, now the Dean was present; and Mrs. Martha Blount, notwithstanding he pays court to her, had an air of the same kind. I am told he keeps all the women in awe. This must be one of the reasons for their being so fond of him, when he chooses to be pleased. Mr. Walscott, whose manners are simple and sturdy, could not conceal a certain uneasiness of admiration; and though a great deal more at home than I had looked to be, I partook of the same feeling. With Mr. Pope all is kindness on one part, and pleased homage on the other. Doctor Swift keeps one upon the alert, like a field-officer. Yet externally he is as gentle, for the most part, as his great friend.

The dinner seemed to be still more neat and perfect than the last, though I believe there were no more dishes. But the cookery had a more consummate propriety. The Dean's influence, I suppose, pierces into the kitchen. I could not help fancying that the dishes were sensible of it, and submitted their respective relishes with anxiety. The talk, as usual, began upon eating.

*Mr. Pope.*—I verily believe, that when people eat and drink too much, if it is not in the ardour of good company, they do it not so much for the sake of eating, as for want of something better to do.

*Dr. Swift.*—That is as true a thing as you ever said. When I was very solitary in Ireland, I used to eat and drink twice as much as at any other time. Dinner was a great relief. It cut the day in two.

*Mr. Pope.*—I have often noticed, that if I am alone, and take up a book at dinner-time, and get concerned in it, I do not care to eat any more. What I took for an unsatisfied hunger, leaves me—is no more thought of.

*Dr. Swift.*—People mean as much, when they say, that such and such a thing is meat and drink to them. By the same rule, meat and drink is one's book. At Laracor, an omelet was Quintus Curtius to me, and the beef, being an epic dish, Mr. Pope's Homer.

*Mr. Walscott.*—You should have dressed it yourself, Mr. Dean, to make it as epic as that.

*Dr. Swift.*—Faith! I was no hero, and could not afford the condescension. A poor vicar must have a servant to comfort his pride, and keep him in heart and starvation.

*Mr. Walscott.*—If people eat and drink for want of something better to do, there is no fear that men of genius will die of surfeiting. They must have their thoughts to amuse them, if nothing else.

*The Dean.*—(with vivacity.) Their thoughts! Their fingers' ends, to bite till the blood come.—That, Mr. Walscott, depends on the state of the health. I was once returning to dinner at Laracor, when I saw a grave little shabby-looking fellow sitting on a stile; I asked him what he did idling there. He answered, very philosophically, that he was the merry Andrew lately arrived, and that, with my leave, he would drink my health, in a little more fresh air, for want of a better draught. I told him I was a sort of merry Andrew myself, and invited him to dinner. The poor man became very humble and thankful, and turned

out a mighty sensible fellow ; so I got him a place with an undertaker, and he is now merry in good earnest. I put some pretty thoughts in his head, before he left me. A cousin of mine sent them me from Lisbon, in certain long-necked bottles, corked and sealed up. My Lord Peterborough has a cellar full of very pretty thoughts. God grant we all keep our health ! and then, young gentleman, (looking very seriously at me, for I believe he thought my countenance expressed a little surprise)—and then we shall turn our thoughts to advantage for ourselves and for others.

*Mrs. Pope.*—If there's any gentleman who could do without his wine, I think it must be my lord. When I was a young woman, I fancied that all great generals were all tall stately persons, with one arm a-kinbo, and a truncheon held out in the other hand ; and I thought they all spoke grand, and like a book.

*Dr. Swift.*—Madam, that was Mr. Pope's poetry, struggling to be born before its time.

*Mrs. Pope.*—I protest, when I first had the honour of knowing my Lord Peterborough, he almost frightened me with his spirits. I believe he saw it ; for all of a sudden he became the finest, softest-spoken gentleman that I ever met with ; and I fell in love with him.

*Mrs. Blount.*—Oh, Madam, I shall tell ! and we'll all dance at my lady's wedding.

I do not know which was the handsomer sight ; the little blush that came over the good lady's cheek as she ended her speech, or the affectionate pleasantness with which her son regarded her.

*Mr. Pope.*—You did not fall in love with Lord Peterborough because he is such a fine-spoken gentleman, but because he is a fine gentleman and a mad-cap besides. I know the tastes of you ladies of the civil wars.

*The Dean.*—'Tis a delicious rogue ! (and then, as if he had spoken too freely before strangers,) 'tis a great and rare spirit ! If all the world resembled Lord Peterborough, they might do without consciences. I know no fault in him, but that he is too fond of fiddlers and singers.

*Mr. Pope.*—Here is Mr. Honeycomb, who will venture to dispute with you on that point.

I said Mr. Pope paid me too great a compliment. I might venture to differ with Doctor Swift, but hardly to dispute.

*Dr. Swift.*—Oh, Mr. Honeycomb, you are too modest, and I must pull down your pride. You have heard of little Will Harrison, poor lad, who wrote the Medicine for the Ladies, in "The Tatler." Well, he promised to be one of your great wits, and was very much of a gentleman ; and so he took to wearing thin waistcoats, and died of a birthday suit. Now thin waistcoats and soft sounds are both of 'em bad habits, and encourage a young man to keep late hours, and get his death o' cold.

I asked whether he could not admit a little "higher argument" in the musician than the tailor. Shakspeare says of a flute, that it "discoursed excellent music ;" as if it had almost been a rational creature.

*Dr. Swift.*—A rational fiddlestick ! It is not Shakspeare that says it, but Hamlet, who was out of his wits. Yes, I have heard of a flute discourse. Let me see—I have heard a whole room full of 'em discourse. (And then he played off an admirable piece of mimicry, which



ought to have been witnessed, to do it justice.) Let me see—let me see. The flute made the following excellent remarks—*Tootle, tootle, tootle, tootle,—tootle, tootle, tootle, tee;*—and then again, what I thought a new observation—*Tootle, tootle, tootle, with my reedle, tootle, rec.* Upon which the violin observed, in a very sprightly manner, *Niddle, niddle, niddle, niddle, niddle, niddle, nce,* with my *nce,* with my long *nee;* which the bass-viol, in his gruff but sensible way, acknowledged to be as witty a thing as he had ever heard. This was followed by a general discourse, in which the violin took the lead, all the rest questioning and reasoning with one another, as hard as they could drive, to the admiration of the beholders, who were never tired of listening. They must have carried away a world of thoughts. For my part, my deafness came upon me. I never so much lamented it. There was a long story told by a hoboy, which was considered so admirable, that the whole band fell into a transport of scratching and tootling. I observed the flute's mouth water, probably at some remarks on green peas, which had just come in season. It might have been guessed, by the gravity of the hearers, that the conversation chiefly ran upon the new king and queen; but I believe it was upon periwigs; for turning to that puppy Rawlinson, and asking him what he concluded from all that, he had the face to tell me, that it gave him "a heavenly satisfaction."

We laughed heartily at this sally against music.—Dr. Swift was very learned on the dessert. He said he owed his *fructification* to Sir William Temple. I observed that it was delightful to see so great a man as Sir William Temple so happy as he appears to have been. The *otium cum dignitate* is surely nowhere to be found, if not as he has painted it in his Works.

Dr. Swift.—The *otium cum digging potatoes* is better. I could shew you a dozen Irishmen (which is a great many, for thriving ones,) who have the advantage of him. Sir William was a great, but not a happy man. He had an ill stomach. What is worse, he gave me one. He taught me to eat platefulls of cherries and peaches, when I took no exercise.

A. H.—What can one trust to, if the air of tranquillity in his writings is not to be depended on?

Mr. Pope.—I believe he talks too much of his ease, to be considered very easy. It is an ill head that takes so much concern about its pillow.

Dr. Swift.—Sir William Temple was a martyr to the "good sense" that came up in those days. He had sick blood, that required stirring; but because it was a high strain of good sense to agree with Epicurus and be of no religion, it was thought the highest possible strain, in any body who could go so far, to live in a garden as Epicurus did, and lie quiet, and be a philosopher. So Epicurus got a great stone in his kidneys; and Sir William used to be out of temper, if his oranges got smutted.

I thought there was a little spleen in this account of Temple, which surprised me, considering old times. But if it be true that the giddiness, and even deafness, to which the Dean is subject, be owing to the philosopher's bad example, one can hardly wonder at its making him melancholy. He sat amidst a heap of fruit without touching it.

Mr. Pope.—Sir William, in his Essay on Gardening, says, he does not know how it is, that Lucretius's account of the gods is thought

more impious than Homer's, who makes them as full of bustle and bad passions as the meanest of us. Now it is very clear : for the reason is, that Homer's gods have something in common with us, and are subject to our troubles and concerns ; whereas Lucretius's live like a parcel of *bon-vivants* by themselves, and care for nobody.

*The Dean.*—There are two admirable good things in that essay. One is an old usurer's, who said, that "no man could have peace of conscience, that run out of his estate." The other is a Spanish proverb ; that "a fool knows more in his own house, than a wise man in another's."

The conversation turning upon our discussion last time respecting anglers, the Dean said he once asked a scrub who was fishing, if he ever caught the fish called the scream. The man protested he had never heard of such a fish. "What!" says the doctor, "you an angler, and never heard of the fish that gives a shriek when coming out of the water? It is true, it is not often found in these parts ; but ask any Crim Tartar, and he will tell you of it. 'Tis the only fish that has a voice ; and a sad dismal sound it is." The man asked, who could be so barbarous as to angle for a creature that shrieked. "That," says the doctor, "is another matter but what do you think of fellows that I have seen, whose only reason for hooking and tearing all the fish they can get at, is that they do *not* scream." I shouted this *not* in his ear, and he almost shuffled himself into the river.

*Mr. Walscott.*—Surely, Mr. Dean, this argument would strike the dullest.

*Dr. Swift.*—Yes, if you could turn it into a box on the ear. Not else. They would fain give you one meantime, if they had the courage ; for men have such a horror of the very notion of doing wrong, that they would rather do it, than be told of it. You know Mr. Wilcox of Hertfordshire (to Mr. Pope) ; I once convinced him he did an inhuman think to angle ; at least I must have gone very near convincing him ; for he cut short the dispute, by referring me to his friends for a good character. It gives me the spleen to see an honest man make such an owl of himself.

*Mr. Pope.*—And all anglers perhaps, as he was ?

*Dr. Swift.*—Very likely, 'faith. A parcel of sneaking, scoundrelly understandings get some honest man to do as they do, and then, forsooth, must dishonour him with the testimony of their good opinion. No : it requires a very rare benevolence, or as great an understanding, to see beyond even such a paltry thing as this angling, in angling times ; about as much as it would take a good honest-hearted cannibal to see further than man-eating, or a goldsmith beyond his money. What ! isn't Tow-woo a good husband and jaw-breaker ; and must he not stand upon reputation ?

*Mr. Walscott.*—It is common to hear people among the lower orders talk of "the poor dumb animal," when they desire to rescue a cat or dog from ill-treatment.

*The Dean.*—Yes ; and the cat is not dumb ; nor the dog either. A horse is dumb ; a fish is dumber ; and I suppose this is the reason why the horse is the worst used of any creature, except trout and grayling. Come : this is melancholy talk. Mrs. Patty, why didn't you smoke the bull ?

*Mrs. Blount.*—Smoke the bull, Sir?

*Dr. Swift.*—Yes; I have just made a bull. I said horses were dumb, and fish dumber.

*Mrs. Pope.*—Pray, Mr. Dean, why do they call those kind of mistakes bulls?

*Dr. Swift.*—Why, Madam, I cannot tell; but I can tell you the prettiest bull that ever was made. An Irishman laid a wager with another, a bricklayer, that he could not carry him to the top of a building, in his hod. The fellow took him up, and at the risk of both their necks landed him safely. "Well," cried the other, "you have done it; there's no denying that; but at the fourth story I had hopes."

*Mr. Pope.*—Doctor, I believe you take the word *smoke* to be a modern cant phrase. I found it, when I was translating Homer, in old Chapman. He says, that Juno smoked Ulysses through his disguise.

Mention was made of the strange version of Hobbes. *Mr. Pope.*—You recollect, Mr. Honeycomb, the passage in the first book of Homer, where Apollo comes down to destroy the Greeks, and how his quiver sounded as he came.

"Yes, Sir," said I, "very well;" and I quoted from his translation:

Fierce as he moved, the silver shafts resound.

*Mr. Pope.*—I was speaking of the original; but that line will do very well to contrast with Hobbes. What think you of

His arrows chink as often as he jogs?

*Mr. Pope* mentioned another passage, just as ridiculous. I forget something of the first line, and a word in the second:—speaking of Jupiter,—

With that—his great black brow he nodded

Wherewith (astonish'd) were the powers divine:

Olympus shook at shaking of his god-head;

And Thetis from it jump'd into the brine.

*Mr. Pope.*—Dryden goodnaturedly says of Hobbes, that he took to poetry when he was too old.

*Dr. Swift.*—(With an arch look.) Perhaps had he begun at forty, as Dryden did, he would have been as great as my young master.

*Mr. Walscott* could not help laughing to hear Dryden, and at forty, called "my young master." However, he was going to say something, but desisted.

I wish I could recollect many more things that were said, so as to do them justice. Altogether, the day was not quite so pleasant as the former one. With Mr. Pope, one is both tranquil and delighted. Doctor Swift somehow makes me restless. I could hear him talk all day long, but should like to be walking half the time, instead of sitting. Besides, he did not appear quite easy himself, notwithstanding what the boatman said; and he looked ill. I am told he is very anxious about the health of a friend in Ireland.

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## THE LADY OF THE CASTLE.

*From "The Portrait-Gallery," an unfinished Poem.*

THOU seest her pictured with her shining hair  
 (Famed were its tresses in Provençal song),  
 Half braided, half o'er cheek and bosom fair -  
 Let loose, and pouring sunny waves along  
 Her gorgeous vest. A Child's light hand is roving  
 'Midst the rich curls, and oh ! how meekly loving  
 Its earnest looks are lifted to the face  
 Which bends to meet its lip in laughing grace !  
 —Yet that bright Lady's eye methinks hath less  
 Of deep, and still, and pensive tenderness,  
 Than might besecm a Mother's !—on her brow  
 Something too much there sits of native scorn,  
 And her smile kindles with a conscious glow,  
 As from the thought of sovereign beauty born.  
 —These may be dreams !—but how shall woman tell  
 Of woman's shame ?—that radiant creature fell !  
 That Mother left that Child !—went hurrying by  
 Its cradle—haply not without a sigh—  
 Haply one moment o'er its rest serene  
 She hung—but no ! it could not thus have been,  
 For *she pass'd on* !—forsook her home and hearth,  
 All pure affection, all sweet household mirth,  
 To live a gaudy and dishonour'd thing,  
 Sharing in guilt the splendors of a King !

Her Lord, in very weariness of life,  
 Girt on his mail for scenes of distant strife ;  
 He reck'd no more of glory ; grief and shame  
 Crush'd out his fiery nature, and his name  
 Died silently. A shadow o'er his Halls  
 Crept year by year ; the Minstrel pass'd their walls,  
 The Warder's horn hung mute : meantime the Child  
 On whose first flowering thoughts no parent smiled,  
 A gentle girl, and yet deep-hearted, grew  
 Into sad youth, for well, too well, she knew  
 Her Mother's tale !—Its memory made the sky  
 Seem all too joyous for her shrinking eye ;  
 Froze on her lip the stream of song, which fain  
 Would there have linger'd ; flush'd her cheek to pain  
 If met by sudden glance, and gave a tone  
 Of sorrow, as for something lovely gone,  
 Even to the Spring's glad voice !—Her own was low  
 As drooping bird's—there lie such depths of woe  
 In a *young* blighted spirit !—Manhood rears  
 A haughty brow, and Age hath done with tears,  
 But Youth bows down to misery, in amaze  
 At the dark cloud o'ermantling its young days ;  
 And thus it was with her !—A mournful sight  
 In one so fair—for she indeed was fair,—  
 Not with her Mother's dazzling eyes of light,  
 Her's were more shadowy, full of thought and prayer,  
 And with long lashes o'er a white-rose cheek  
 Drooping in gloom ; but tender still, and meek

*The Lady of the Castle.*

Still that fond Child's!—and oh! the brow above,  
 So pale and pure! so form'd for holy love  
 To gaze upon in silence!—but she felt  
 That love was not for her—though hearts would melt  
 Where'er she moved, and reverence, mutely given,  
 Went with her, and low prayers, that call'd on Heaven  
 To bless the young Isaure.

———— One laughing morn,  
 With alms before her Castle-gate she stood,  
 'Midst peasant groups; when breathless and o'erworn,  
 And shrouded in long weeds of widowhood,  
 A stranger through them broke: the orphan maid,  
 With her soft voice and proffer'd hand of aid,  
 Turn'd to give welcome; but a wild sad look  
 Met her's, a gaze that all her spirit shook,  
 And that pale woman, suddenly subdued  
 By some strong passion in its gushing mood,  
 Knelt at her feet, and bathed them with such tears  
 As rain the hoarded agonies of years  
 From the heart's urn; and with her white lips press'd  
 The ground they trod; then, burying in her vest  
 Her brow's quick flush, sobb'd out, "Oh undefiled!  
 I am thy Mother!—spurn me not, my Child!"

—Isaure had pray'd for that lost Mother—wept  
 O'er her stain'd memory, while the happy slept  
 In the hush'd midnight; stood with mournful gaze  
 Before yon picture's smile of other days;  
 But never breathed in human ear the name  
 Which weigh'd her being to the earth with shame!  
 —What marvel if the anguish, the surprise,  
 The dark remembrances—the alter'd guise,  
 Awhile o'erpower'd her?—from the weeper's touch  
 She shrank—'twas but a moment—yet too much  
 For that all-humbled one!—its mortal stroke  
 Came down like lightning's,—and her full heart broke  
 At once, in silence!—heavily and prone  
 She sank, while o'er her Castle's threshold-stone  
 Those long fair tresses—*they* still brightly wore  
 Their early pride, though bound with pearls no more—  
 Bursting their fillet, in sad beauty roll'd,  
 And swept the dust with coils of wavy gold!

Her child bent o'er her—call'd her—'twas too late—  
 Dead lay the wanderer at her own proud gate!  
 The joy of courts, the star of knight and bard—  
 —How didst thou fall, oh! bright-hair'd Ermengarde!

F. H.

## RUSSIAN TRAVELLING SKETCHES.—NO. II.\*

I WILL honestly avow that I was highly delighted with my perambulations in the vicinity of Moscow. Here I had expected to find the indications of barbarism in a savage country at every step of my progress; in place of which I beheld some of the most romantic and agreeable scenery which surrounds any of the capitals of Europe with which I am acquainted; I remarked noble mansions, splendid villas, and elegant churches, every where built in the Italian style of architecture; and, besides, I was astonished by the enormous size of some princely establishments; I saw gardens laid out in fine style, and hot-houses and orangeries, as they are called, producing choice fruits in abundance in the frigid climate of the North; I observed the walls of a number of the mansions of the nobles covered with paintings, some of them by the greatest masters of the art; I examined a few collections of minerals and other natural productions; and I visited one of the most extensive botanic gardens in the world. I then exclaimed, Is this Russia? But the human mind is apt to be misled by first and rapid conceptions, and therefore I must now proceed to enter into the details of my rambles. The reader will pardon me, however, if I should follow no regular order; for I must inform him, that I am one of those beings who love to be unconstrained in their wanderings and in their writings. I shall begin my present sketches by the history of a place little known.

*Melnitsa*, also called *Kuzminka*, is a fine villa, situated about six miles to the south-east of Moscow, in the middle of woods and cultivated lands. Unfortunately, from its low situation, the view is very limited. This estate belonged to the late Prince Michael Galitsin, and is now the property of his son Prince Serge Galitsin, one of the most gentlemanly, most civilized, and best informed of the Russian nobles. Within these few years he has spent a vast sum of money in making improvements about this country residence. The mansion-house is not large, but is neat and commodious, and the numerous edifices around it, together with a fine church—the general concomitant of every nobleman's country seat of any consequence throughout the empire—give *Melnitsa* a cheerful and noble appearance. The surrounding grounds are laid out with much taste, and fine gravel-walks wind by the sides of lakes and woods. As Prince Galitsin displays great good sense and refined taste in all his undertakings, as he is a liberal-minded man, and as he intends to continue his improvements, this estate will, in a short time, be rivalled by few in the vicinity of Moscow.

I dined with the prince in handsome style, and afterwards was astonished and gratified by a visit to an adjoining small hospital for this nobleman's slaves, so well arranged, so clean, and so admirably managed, that it would do honour to the first city in the world. In fact, it is the miniature of the celebrated Galitsin's Hospital at Moscow, which was built by the prince's relations, and is under his able direction.† Attached to the hospital is a neat apothecary-shop, well supplied with medicines of the best quality. The establishment is superintended by Dr. Quinland, assisted by a vassal of the estate.

\* Continued from p. 55, vol. 14.

• † Vide Lyall's Moscow.

The doctor, who is of Irish extraction, has spent a great part of a long life in the Galitsin family, has been handsomely treated by different members of it; and now, in his advanced years and infirm state of health, has here a happy asylum, where he expects to terminate his days. The conduct of the present prince, to whom he is attached, does honour to human nature, and calls forth the most lively gratitude.

Prince Serge Galitsin is one of the representatives of a very ancient family of the Galitsins; I say Serge Galitsins, because there are different families of this name in Russia, nearly every one of which can reckon many princes belonging to it. Perhaps there are not less than fifty or sixty Prince Galitsins in Russia, which renders it absolutely necessary to add their Christian names for the sake of distinction.

Prince Serge Galitsin might be quoted as one of the best specimens of a well-educated, well-polished, and well-informed Russian nobleman. From his appearance, his dress, his conduct, and his conversation, he might vie with most individuals of his rank in any of the capitals of Europe. He is a very active man, and much of his time is devoted to the service of the public and of humanity. He is the chief director of the Hospital at Moscow which bears his own name; and with the assistance of the medical attendant, has carried that institution to a pitch of perfection which surprises every foreigner, whether in respect of its external or internal appearance, or of its general management. He is also one of the directors of the great Foundling Hospital, of the Lombard, &c.; and may be reckoned a most useful citizen, and an honour to his country. He is also one of the many nobles who have been separated from their wives soon after marriage. The prince had his property, and so had the princess: they were unhappy together, and therefore thought it more advisable to have separate establishments. This is quite *à-la-mode* in Russia; and the parties sometimes carry their condescensions, after separation, to a pitch which to many must appear extraordinary and ridiculous. For instance, I know a prince of an ancient family, who, after having had a number of children by his lady, agreed to a separation. She now resides with her father, as well as the children, and the prince makes an annual visit to see them, and pass a week or two at his father-in-law's: and once or twice the princess has made a visit to her husband at his country estate. These are strange doings!!!

*Ostankovo*, more frequently called *Ostankino*, consists of a small village, in which a truly noble mansion is situated. It lies to the north of Moscow, and about two miles distant from the *Troitskaya Zastava*, (or barrier), on a great plain, varied by gentle slopes in the bosom of gardens, lakes, lawns, pastures, corn-fields, woods, and forests.\* *Ostankovo* belonged to the late Count Nikolai Petrovitch Sheremetof, and is now in possession of his son, the richest noble in the Russian empire.

The palace of *Ostankino* is remarkable for the chaste style of its architecture, and the harmony and general beauty of its proportions. It consists of a fine façade, the centre of which is adorned by six

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\* In James's Travels we find it stated, that at a grand fête given to the Emperor Alexander, after his coronation, by Count Sheermetof, the road for a hundred versts was lighted by lamps. This is really the extreme of extravagance; for *Ostankino* is only about three versts distant from the nearest barrier of the city.

Corinthian columns, over which rises a handsome pediment with a dome behind it, while each of the sides has six Ionic columns; and of two long paltry advancing detached wings, which greatly hurt the effect of the body. Between these wings passes a fine balustrade, inclosing a court and penetrated by a gate on each side. The pillars at the sides of the gates were formerly surmounted by excellent equestrian statues, which were so injured during the French invasion in 1812, that they have lately been removed. Before this noble mansion is a small lake, fringed with wood, and generally covered, during the fine season, with geese and swans. At a short distance from it is elevated a handsome old white-washed church, overtopped by a number of green domes, which add great beauty to the place;—the effect of which is much diminished, however, by the meanness of some of the offices and adjoining houses.

The gardens are very extensive, and have been laid out with taste. Walks run to great distances, on all sides, among the woods. A number of small lakes adjoining each other, form the north boundary of the pleasure grounds, and have a beautiful appearance in spring and summer. At present only a small part of the gardens is kept in order; in these is preserved the absurd taste of cropping the trees, in numerous short avenues, into the most fantastic, unnatural and disagreeable figures. A number of large and beautiful cedars, in their native luxuriance, form a complete contrast to the eye: one of these is distinguished for its immense size and its great age. The hot-houses and green-houses are very numerous, and produce abundance of various fine fruits, especially oranges and lemons, some thousands of which are annually sold at the great market of Moscow. The gardens are under the direction of Mr. Manners, an Englishman, who, I believe, has not been allowed to consult his own taste in their distribution.

So much for the exterior of Ostankino: let us now return to the palace. Its apartments are very numerous and spacious; all the floors are inlaid and variegated; many of the walls are hung with tapestry; and the furniture is rich and splendid. In the second story is a handsome and elegant theatre, where the slaves of the Count, according to the custom of Russia, occasionally perform national plays. What attracts most attention, however, is the collection of paintings, of various schools, in a badly lighted picture-gallery, but few of which are master-pieces; a number of statues, especially two of Venus and one of Apollo; urns, vases, mosaicks, antiques; about half a dozen beautiful malachite tables, as well as a number of lapis lazuli and marble ones; besides many other curiosities. A fine statue of Catharine II., as well as the statues and busts of the present Emperor Alexander, and of the Imperial family, in one of the rooms on the ground-floor, and a painting of the late Emperor Paul, habited in the Imperial mantle, which was executed by one of the proprietor's slaves, all deserve particular regard. A remarkably fine statue of Hygeia, which was brought from Athens, claims the highest attention, and rather astonishes the beholder, in a country that has been esteemed by some the abode of barbarism. The drapery is beautifully executed; but, in consequence of an accident, the head and arms were ruined, and have been but very indifferently replaced. It is said that this statue, in its present dilapidated state, is valued at 9000 roubles, or about



400*l.* sterling. An inscription on its base indicates when, and by whom, it was made, but the copy of it I cannot find among my memoranda. The armoury, in the right wing, contains many coats of mail; the arms of different Asiatic tribes and European nations; gaudy horse caparisons, as saddles, saddle-cloths, bridles, stirrups, &c. &c. The velvet saddle of Charles XII. of Sweden, adorned with turquoises and calcedonies, which was taken by Field-marshal Sheremetof at the battle of Poltava, attracts particular notice on account of its ancient proprietor. Even the coarse picture of the horse, richly caparisoned, which, you are told, Charles rode on the field of battle,\* but now mounted by Count Sheremetof, is eagerly regarded.

The late Count Sheremetof erected a superb hospital at Moscow, which bears his name, at his own expense, and left immense sums of money, besides other property, for its support. It is one of the greatest ornaments of the city, but more resembles a Grecian temple than a charitable institution; though it was designed by the distinguished Italian architect Quarenghi. It is reported that the Count married one of his own slaves, and that in order to get his marriage *legalized*, and his children *legitimatized*, he spent some millions of roubles for the erection of the hospital, and then procured the autocratic fiat; which, it would seem, can make things *unnatural* altogether *natural*, by a summary process, an *Imperial ukaz*.

The young Count, notwithstanding his father's expenditure for the hospital, is still by far the richest individual in Russia, and has no less than 120,000 slaves.

Kaghul, formerly called *Troitskoye*, and Kainardji, formerly called *Kurneva*, are two estates about twelve or thirteen miles south-west from Moscow, which belonged to the late Count Peter Alexandrovitch Rumantsof, and received their present appellations on account of a victory gained over the Turks by him at Kaghul, and of the treaty of peace with the Porte, signed by him at Kainardji. They are now the property of the present Chancellor of the empire, Count Rumantsof, who has a pleasant wooden dwelling-house at Kaghul, besides offices, gardens, &c. But the farms and farm-houses chiefly attract the notice of the stranger. For many years they were managed and immensely improved by Mr. Rogers, a Scotchman, while his late wife carried the dairy to a state of perfection, before unknown in this part of the country, and indeed, with the exception of a few spots, unknown in Russia. The butter and cheese from Count Rumantsof's estates, sell at double and even treble the price of the same articles at the great market at Moscow. The cheese, according to its quality, produces one and a half, two, and even three roubles per pound. The butter, formerly sold at a rouble per pound, now fetches two roubles; and during the time the Court was at Moscow in the years 1817-18, it brought three and even four roubles per pound.† The cows are remarkably fine, and are mostly descended from English breeds.

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\* In the Museum of Moscow is preserved the *trancard*, or litter, on which Charles XII. was carried during the battle of Poltava. He may have mounted the said horse previous to the battle.

† Good butter is not to be found in Russia, except in the capitals, and at some of the estates of the nobles—at least, what is so termed in Great Britain. At Peters-

At Karneva is a similar farm—and, what is rare, a Scotch farm. It was intended to build a large house there of stone; but the invasion of the French in 1812 interrupted the operations, after the foundation had been laid: and as yet only one of the wings has been finished, together with stables, cow-houses, and offices. All these structures are of stone, found in the vicinity, and I believe form a rarity, if not a singularity, in Russia—a *stone farm-house*.

As Count Rumantsof takes great delight in rural economy, and is not parsimonious, these farms may become greatly productive and valuable. It is to be regretted, however, that owing to some misunderstanding between the steward of Count Rumantsof and Mr. Rogers, the latter received his dismissal, not long after the decease of his former wife; who was supposed by many to be as good a farmer as himself; indeed, some say she was the superior of the two. I believe Mr. Rogers jun., who is director of the farm which belongs to the Agricultural Society of Moscow, has now control over the farms of Count Rumantsof.

Count Rumantsof is one of the most zealous and most liberal improvers of his country. Some years ago, at his own expense, he fitted out the Rurik under Captain Kotzebue, which circumnavigated the globe; he has long introduced every practical improvement of agriculture into the farms described, as well as at Gomel, in the south of Russia, and one of the finest estates in the empire: new and valuable breeds of horses, cows, sheep, &c. have all been welcomed by him, and no expense spared to render them useful; besides, the Count encourages all kinds of useful societies by liberal donations; and he has also defrayed the expense of the publication of a number of ancient records. He is truly one of the patrons of arts, sciences, and general knowledge, and in this respect he merits the gratitude of his countrymen while he presents them an example worthy of imitation.

*Kuntsova* is a fine estate of the Lord Chamberlain's (grand chambellan), Alexander Lvovitch Narishkin, a descendant of one of the ancient families of Russia, and a man of considerable talents and information. It lies at the distance of six versts, or four miles, from Moscow,

burgh foreigners are supplied with this commodity chiefly by the Germans, who reside in the vicinity; and at Moscow, as mentioned, from Count Rumantsof's estates, and by a few other individuals who bring the produce of their farms to the Ochotnoi Riad, or chief market of that city. In the greater part of the interior of the empire, the same kind of butter cannot be obtained; and this deficiency proves very disagreeable to many travellers, (and among them did so to myself,) who are fond of good butter, though they can put up with almost every inconvenience of travelling. The Russian butter is made by placing milk or cream in an oven, and skimming off the butter as it separates. This butter is of a very strong quality, and is admirably adapted for the use of the kitchen, as one pound will go as far as two or three of our butter in frying, pastry, &c. It generally has a granular appearance, a strong smell, and a white or yellow colour. It serves the Russian peasantry, who consume great quantities of it, mixed with boiled millet, and who, during the fasts, replace it by hemp oil: a proof that they are not very fastidious. To them our butter, even of the best quality, would have little relish, because it is not greasy enough for their palate and constitution. The *Teuchonsky Masla*, as they call it, because much of it is made by the Fins, was never intended for the Russians, according to their belief. The *Ruskaya Masla*, or real Russian butter, they esteem the richest and the best in the world. Many of the nobles, however, are of a different opinion, and speak highly of English butter.

along the south elevated and romantic bank of the Moskva. The mansion-house, which is but a mean wooden edifice, beautifully overhangs this river, and commands a delightful and extensive view, which includes the *great city* of the Russian empire—the truly venerated metropolis—*Mother Moscow*.

Kuntsova is placed opposite to Kharoshóvo, where is remarked a line of new buildings, in which is kept a part of the imperial stud, that well deserves the attention of the connoisseur and the amateur.

The *Skotnoi Dvore*, or Cattle-Court, consists of a number of good low brick edifices, which have an interesting appearance to the south-west of Moscow, and especially from the Sparrow-hill. This establishment belongs to the Foundling Hospital of the ancient metropolis, which it supplies with milk, and besides it serves as a nursery for those children who have lost their health.

It is impossible for the stranger not to be struck most forcibly with the magnificent appearance of the Foundling Hospital at Moscow; the most extensive institution of the kind in the world. The visitor will be highly pleased also with its *apparent utility*. Yet Dr. Lyall questions its *real utility*, and states, that although the number of foundlings on the books generally amounts to about 9000, yet that the greater part are sent out of the house to wet nurses, who are, for the most part, the wives of the peasants, and who train up their children in the most careless and hardy manner. From this circumstance, and a variety of other causes, the mortality of the foundlings is extremely great—indeed, to a degree which I am fearful of naming. This is said to be the reason why no annual bills of mortality are published; but it is probably a circumstance of little importance, because, if they did see the light, it could be only under the eyes of the police, who would make them what they *judged necessary* to please the patrons and the protectors of the hospital. No public reports made by the police are deemed worthy of the least confidence. The functionaries deceive the Emperor himself, and therefore find no difficulty in deceiving the public, or, at least, the credulous part of the public.

*Bethany*, (in Russ called *Viphania*, or the *Spassoviphanskii Monasteer*;) which lies near the Monastery of the Trinity, and above forty miles from Moscow, is a place deserving of peculiar notice, on account of its having been the favourite residence of the enlightened and distinguished Platon, late Metropolitan of that city, and Archimandrite of the Trinity Monastery.

Platon is well known to the world as a man who raised himself, by his talents, to the first dignity in the Russian hierarchy, who was preceptor to the late Emperor Paul, who carried on a correspondence with Monsieur Dutens, in which he endeavoured to shew that the *Pope* was *Antichrist*, and who composed an excellent summary of the Russo-Greek Faith, which has been translated into English by Dr. Pinkerton. In the last work it is impossible not to be struck with the industry, the erudition, and the liberality of the author, though almost every page be tintured with the superstitions of his creed, and though many overstrainings be remarked in the illustration of its tenets. He assuredly was the most liberal-minded divine in the Russo-Greek church, and might be regarded as a phenomenon in the empire of the North. Though his knowledge was pretty general, it was, however,

only in theology he was eminent. Neither he, nor indeed any minister of the Russian church, was ever celebrated for his knowledge in the sciences, or generally known to the world by any philosophical work. It is thought requisite in Russia that a parish-priest should devote himself, almost exclusively, to his holy avocations; and the education of monks, who afterwards fill the highest dignities of the church, is not well calculated to inspire the love of general knowledge, or to call forth the desire of excelling.

The account of the conversation of Platon and Dr. Clarke is extremely amusing,\* and speaks volumes of thoughts in a few words—for many words are dangerous in the North—and even the few require to be very guarded. Platon had remarked the freedom which some English divines show in their writings, when Dr. Clarke told him that “we had once a prelate, who, preaching before his sovereign, felt himself at liberty to discuss his conduct to his face.” “*I wish,*” said Platon, “*we had such a fellow here;*” but aware of the interpretation which might be put upon his words, and perhaps not daring to end with them, he added after a pause, “*we would send him to enjoy the full liberty of preaching in the free air of Siberia.*”

Platon was a remarkably agreeable person in society; he was equally ready to receive and to communicate information, and he was a friend of toleration. As a proof of the last statement, it is sufficient to state, that he communicated much intelligence to the late Rev. Dr. King, which was afterwards embodied in that author's work, on the “Rites and Ceremonies of the Greek Church;” and that he was equally obliging to the Rev. Mr. Tooke.

A late author says, that Platon was rather a *bon-vivant*, and in confirmation of this relates the following anecdote. The divine frequently dined with the military governor of Moscow, who, aware that his guest did not much relish the diet prescribed for the clergy during the fasts, by a very simple process, *converted flesh into fish*, and relieved, or rather prevented, all the metropolitan's scruples. “The servant having placed a dish of good *animal soup* before the old man, the governor said, this is *fish soup*. The divine crossed himself, said *Amen*, and immediately partook of it. In the same manner, when delicate veal was served up, the governor said, this is sturgeon, or sterlet; the *Amen* was repeated, and the contents of the plate disappeared.”†

Bethany was founded in the year 1787, at the expense, and under the care of Platon. It was at first not reckoned among the monasteries of the crown, but merely a *pustinya*, or hermitage. In 1797, when the Emperor Paul, after his coronation at Moscow, made a visit with his family to the Troitskoi Monastery, or Convent of the Trinity, *to do reverence to the relics of St. Serge*, he also went to Bethany, which was then constituted a monastery of the second class, with a seminary, and granted the sum of 4000 roubles annually for its support. The archimandrite of the Troitskoi monastery was also made the archimandrite of Bethany. The monastery and seminary were finished in 1800.

As is usual in Russia, the Vipanskii monastery is surrounded by a stone wall, with towers, and a belfry over the gates.

\* Vide Clarke's Travels. Clarke calls the divine *Plato*, in place of *Platon*  
† Lyall's Travels, vol ii. p. 433.

The Church of the Transfiguration stands in the centre, of an oval form, with Gothic windows and turrets, and is built of brick unplastered. It surprises all by its unusual internal arrangement. Having entered the *Trapeza*, in place of the nave and altar, the visitor remarks an artificial hill covered in different parts with moss, and elevated to the height of the first story. The base of this hill is perforated by three separate doors—or rather by the central royal doors, with a window in the form of a door on each side—over each of which is a biblical representation cut in ivory. A stair, with a low railing, winds from the floor to the top of the hill on the left, and on the right is a straight stair close to the wall, for the greater facility of ascent. Having reached the top of this stair, the visitor observes, that, on his present level, an oval balcony, forming the choir, surrounds the church, the balustrade of which opposite the *ikonostas*, or skreen, is covered by the red and white flowers of *gnaphalium dioicum*. On the same level with this balcony is the *ikonostas*, behind which is the altar, and before which is the only nave of the Church of the Transfiguration; the *trapeza* below being common to it, and to the chapel dedicated to the Resurrection of Lazarus. On walking round this balcony, he notices that on the walls are hung coarse paintings of some of the fathers of the church, and of sacred historical scenes; and that in some of the windows are a few panes of glass stained red, blue, orange, &c.; while others are ornamented by figures of the apostles and prophets.

Below the Church of the Transfiguration, *i. e.* in the hill, is a very small chapel, dedicated to the Resurrection of Lazarus; with a small nave before the *ikonostas*, a still smaller altar behind it, and a little sombre compartment on each side of the nave. In the left compartment is preserved the wooden coffin in which had been placed the relics of the famous St. Serge, so often mentioned in the Russian rubrick. Here is also raised the tomb of Platon, about two and a half feet high, built of brick and stuccoed, and entirely covered by a brass plate, on which is a representation of a large cross, and an inscription recording the divine's history. This tomb seems short, but Platon was of a low stature. The hill, our guides told us, was called Mount Tabor. So preposterous an arrangement of a church I have never witnessed; and the absurdity of the whole is crowned by the *shocking taste*, which has added a stuffed hare, issuing from a small cavity in the bottom of the hill, right forward into the church, as a part of the natural, or rather unnatural, scenery.

This church can only demand attention from its containing the relics of Platon; a name justly revered in Russia, and which will ever make Bethany distinguished in the annals of that empire; but the plan and execution of the church, in my opinion, do him no credit.\*

A monument near the house in which Platon lived, attracts the notice of the traveller. It is a very small pyramid, placed under a

\* Yet, speaking of the Convent of the Trinity, Dr. Clarke says, "Rather more than two miles farther there is another convent, less known, but more remarkable; it contains within its walls a Gothic church, erected over a mount which is supposed to typify the *Mountain of the Ascension of Jesus Christ*. At the foot of the mount, and within it, is a small chapel containing figures, executed in wax, to represent the Resurrection of Lazarus."

wooden canopy, surrounded by a low railing, and with an inscription on the pedestal, indicating that it was elevated in memory of the visit of the Emperor Paul in 1787. The monument, and the painting behind it, with Latin inscriptions, are alike paltry.

Bethany contains only eight monks, who reside in small wooden houses raised on stone foundations, on the right and left of the central entrance to the court. Platon's house is now occupied by the rector of the seminary.

The seminary is placed near the convent. It is a brick structure, two stories in height, with two wings. A few ecclesiastical students have here their abode, as well as their teachers.

Bethany, though not elevated, must be very agreeable in summer, from its romantic and varied environs; and was a residence well adapted for a contemplative mind, such as Platon's.

PROVINCIAL BALLADS.—NO. III.\*

*The Legend of the Copleston Oak.*

Go, see romantic Tamar glide  
Green Warlegh's † sylvan coves below,  
And, floating on its summer tide,  
The swans of stately Maristow.‡

\* The materials upon which this metrical tale is founded, are contained in the following extract from Prince's *Worthies of Devon*, p. 237 (London, 1810.)

"Esquire Copleston of Warley, (I can't recover his Christian name, altho' I suppose it was John) in the days of Queen Elizabeth, had a young man to his godson, that had been abroad for his education; who, at his return home, hearing of the extravagances of his godfather's conversation, expressed in some company his sorrowful resentment of it, which was not done so privately but the report thereof was soon brought (as there be tale-bearers and whisperers, which separate very friends, enough every where) to his godfather's ears. This exceedingly enkindled the indignation of the old gentleman against his godson, and (as 'twas supposed) his natural son also; making him break out, saying, 'Must boys observe and discant on the actions of men, and of their betters?' From henceforth he resolved, and sought all opportunities to be revenged upon him. At length they being both at Tamerton, their parish church, on a Lord's day, the young man observing by his countenance, what he was partly informed of before, that his godfather was highly displeased at him, prudently withdrew betimes from the church, and resolved to keep himself away, out of his reach, until his indignation should be overpassed. The old gentleman, seeing his revenge likely to be disappointed, sent the young man word that his anger towards him was now over, and he might return to his church again: accordingly the young man came, at the usual time, but cautiously eyeing his godfather, he found the expression of the poet too true:

*Mænet alta mente repòstum—*

That his displeasure was not laid aside, but laid up in a deep revengeful mind: whereupon, as soon as the duties of religion were over, he again hastened out of the church as soon as he could; upon this his godfather followed him, but not being able to overtake him, he threw his dagger after him (the wearing whereof was the mode of those times), and struck him through the reins of the back, so that he fell, and died on the spot." To this account I have only to add, that the tradition still continues to be current in the neighbourhood; and that on the green adjoining to the church-yard of Tamerton, there are still the remains of a noble tree, which goes by the name of *The Copleston Oak*, and under which it is said that the tragic event took place.

† Warlegh, formerly a seat of the Copleston family, now the residence of the Rev. Walter Radcliffe.

‡ Maristow, the beautiful seat of Sir M. M. Lopes, Bart.

There many a scene will meet thy gaze  
That oft may rise on memory's eye,  
When thou shalt trace, o'er vanish'd days,  
The brightest prints of early joy.

Oh ask thee there, if ever guilt  
Could find a home in scenes so fair—  
If human blood could e'er be spilt,  
Or dæmon passion riot there?

Yet such have been ;—and once again  
Sweet Devon's harp obeys my hand,  
To pour, though rude the harper's strain,  
A legend of my fathers' land.

Where, winding far, the blue waves glide  
To the grey beach of Tamerton,  
The morning sun, on Tamar's tide,  
And Warlegh's woods, in beauty shone.

A soft mist, scarcely seen, hung o'er  
The lake, like golden glass in show,  
In whose clear mirror all the shore—  
Rock, wood, and cove—lay traced below.

Near the slight wave-mark, boats were tied  
To stakes around the sylvan bay ;  
The village quay lay lone and void,  
The village mill-wheel ceased to play.

The mellow'd call to Sabbath prayer  
From the grey tower of Foliot \* swells ;  
And when it paused, so calm the air,  
You might have heard Saint Budeaux's bells.†

Yet of the scene so calm and fair  
*One* breast felt not the soft control ;  
But fiery passions frenzied there  
The Lord of Warlegh's haughty soul.

Wrath and revenge along his face,  
And o'er his brow, dark lightnings threw,  
As, with bent head and moody pace,  
On through his own green woods he drew.

With fear and awe the menial train  
Follow'd a space their lord behind,  
And mark'd in glance, in tone, and mien,  
The workings of a vengeful mind.

" The beardless churl !"—(by fits dark words  
Were heard, by fits a mutter'd sound)—  
" Must men like me, with names and swords  
Be rated by a base-born hound ?

" What if I love the goblet's shine,  
And merry light of maiden's eye—  
Must boys turn priests to cant and whine  
Of deeds I dare right well abye ?

\* Tamerton-Foliot—so denominated from the Foliot family, to which it anciently belonged. *King's-Tamerton* lies within a few miles of it.

† St. Budeaux, a romantic village at a small distance from Tamerton.

" Shall the young minion cross my path,  
Win from my arms the Tamar's Flower,  
And lord it, spite of love and wrath,  
In Mary's heart and Mary's bower ?

" No, by the rood ! it is the last"—  
But here he thought his train too nigh ;—  
Yet, as he paused, a dread smile pass'd  
O'er his white lip and murky eye.

—But now they reach the holy pile  
That looks on rural Tamerton,  
And pace once more the pillar'd aisle  
That paves the dead of ages gone.

The strains of sacred love and fear  
Were pealing through the hallow'd fane :—  
Oh, was there one, on whose lost ear  
That Sabbath music fell in vain ?

Yes, even there—while far aloof  
To Heaven the sacred anthem stray'd—  
Stern Copleston, beneath the roof  
Of God, half drew his dagger blade !—

" 'Tis well !"—he mutter'd, but repress'd  
His hand, and sheathed the half-drawn steel ;  
Yet his fierce mien too well confess'd  
He thirsted still the blow to deal.

But wherefore glares his eye so wild ?  
What is it pales his working brow  
At sight of his own injured child,  
The offspring of a broken vow ?

A father's guile had sent from home  
The youth who bore no father's name,  
In other lands awhile to roam  
And find a soldier's path to fame.

But long ere this, her heart to him  
The Lily of the Tamar gave ;  
And fairer eyes no tear may dim,  
Than watch'd his bark adown the wave.

A rural maid was Tamar's Flower—  
No pride was hers of birth or gold ;—  
But many a heart had own'd her power,  
And many a tongue her virtues told.

Full oft, on summer's golden eve,  
Her feet had traced the river shore,  
And mark'd with him the calm waves heave  
Beneath the diamond-dropping oar.

Oft had he breathed, by moonlight pale,  
In shades to Love and them so dear,  
The music of the whisper'd tale  
That sounds most sweet in Beauty's ear.

And once, amid the rustic fair  
Around the pole with garlands gay,  
Her Bevil's hand had crown'd her there  
The village Lady of the May.



'Twas then the lordly father first  
 The Lily of the Tamar saw,  
 And, fired with passion, learn'd to burst  
 The holiest links of Nature's law.

Yet not by force, but in the guise  
 Of fondest interest first he strove  
 To blight the hopes, to rend the ties  
 Of happy youth and early love.

He bade the youth in arms aspire  
 Betimes to honours, wealth, and fame,  
 Until his generous heart beat fire  
 To hear but Drake's or Raleigh's name.\*

Flush'd with new hopes, at length he steel'd  
 His heart to quit his native shore,  
 For one, where many a mournful field  
 Had stain'd proud Tudor's † Rose in gore.

With Thomond ‡ and Carew he met  
 The wily Desmond's § feudal horde :—  
 In wrath or pity ne'er was wet  
 A gentler eye, a braver sword.

But oft, in scenes of feud and blood,  
 He long'd, with all a lover's pain,  
 To hear his native Tamar's flood,  
 And see green Devon's woods again.

Dismiss'd with fame, he hoped (for Love  
 Will hope while Hope is left below)  
 From Mary's side no more to rove—  
 All, all her own, in bliss or woe.

Slow is the keel, and faint the wind,  
 That bears a lover fond and true ;—  
 Yet Erin's waves were soon behind,  
 And Erin's hills in distance blue.

Soon o'er the deep Mount Edgcumbe rose—  
 Fair as it still at sunset shines,  
 When, laced with gold, its ocean glows,  
 And wave in gold its hundred pines.

How throb'd his heart, as to the bay  
 His boat drew nigh, where Mary's home  
 Peep'd from the woods, with evening grey,  
 Where they were wont of old to roam !

Oh, 'tis an hour of bliss, so deep  
 That nought but tears its depth can tell,  
 When parted lovers meet, and weep,  
 Albeit their hearts with rapture swell !

\* Sir Francis Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh, both sprung from Devonshire, and both among the proudest ornaments of chivalry in Elizabeth's, or indeed in any reign.

† It is well known with what expense of blood and treasure, Elizabeth kept her "wild Irishes" in subjection, and how much their refractory spirit embittered her reign.

‡ The Earl of Thomond and Sir George Carew (afterwards Earl of Totnes) united their forces, and performed important services to Elizabeth in Ireland.

§ The Earl of Desmond, a name familiar in the Chronicles of those times, as one of the most powerful and enterprising of the Irish insurgent chieftains.

He found his Mary still his own,  
With truth as pure, and form as fair ;  
Yet from her cheek the tinge was flown  
That told of health and gladness there.

Upon his fond alarm she smiled—  
But her sweet smile was full of woe ;  
And sometimes, from her heart beguiled,  
The sigh would rise, the tear would flow.

In vain he pray'd her to unfold  
To him the secret of her breast—  
Until her widow'd mother told  
What blanch'd her cheek and broke her rest.

'Twas a brief tale of sin and shame:—  
His father, while afar he stray'd,  
Had own'd a rival's guilty flame,  
And sued with gold the lonely maid.

His heart, its love renounced with scorn,  
Thence for revenge alone could pine ;  
And never sun, he deep had sworn,  
Upon their bridal morn should shine.

"And is it thus," young Bevil cried,  
"Could he so use a father's power ?  
With all his harlot loves beside,  
Could he not spare the Tamar's Flower ?

"'Tis not enough that, while his head  
So grey, his age to guilt is given—  
That wine and wassail still have sped  
Away the years he owed to Heaven !

No ! he must tempt my plighted bride,  
Forgetful that the wild flowers wave  
O'er one, alas ! who loved and died—  
O'er my wrong'd mother's early grave !"—

His words, repeated oft and free,  
Reach'd the proud lord of Warlegh's ear,—  
And awful was it then to see  
His whitening lip and eye of fear.

—And now he sees that rival nigh—  
Feels his own dagger at his side—  
Ah, wherefore steals the lover's eye  
Where sat apart his destined bride ?

Then burst the stifled flame at once,—  
Beyond disguise, beyond control,—  
And all the murderer lit his glance,  
And all the dæmon fill'd his soul.

As Bevil turn'd, he caught that look—  
Saw through it flash the smother'd fire—  
And felt, to linger were to brook  
A father's hate, a rival's ire.

Away ! thy life is won or lost !—  
With hurried step he leaves the pile—  
But, ere the Gothic porch he cross'd,  
Loud, long shrieks rung through nave and aisle !

It was his Mary's voice!—he turn'd—  
 Dread was the sight he met behind!—  
 His father's eye with vengeance burn'd,  
 His father's dagger near him shined!—

One moment, fix'd in pale despair,  
 He stood—then shot the church-yard o'er ;—  
 He gains the green—why stops he there ?  
 The steel is hurl'd—he loves no more !

Fixed in back the poniard stood,  
 Flung with strong hand, and eye too keen ;—  
 He reels—he falls—the hot life-blood  
 Is bubbling on the crimson'd green !—

Beneath a broad oak's massy shade,  
 Pale, bleeding, on the turf he lay—  
 Even where he crown'd his own loved maid  
 The village Lady of the May.

She sees not this—she saw alone  
 The lifted death-steel gleam on high—  
 Then shriek'd—and fell, with one deep groan,  
 As death had seal'd her heart and eye.

They bore her thence—but all in vain—  
 'Twas but to droop within her bower ;  
 And oh, it was a sight of pain,  
 To watch the blight of Tamar's Flower !

Yet death was beautiful in her,  
 As the sweet light of evening day ;  
 And, though to hope was but to err,  
 Her blue eye seem'd to *mock* decay.

But wherefore—wherefore tell the rest ?  
 'Tis told in one sad word—she *died* ;  
 And 'twas her last and lone request  
 To sleep in death by Bevil's side.

Alas ! forgot are now their graves—  
 Yet unforget the father's blow ;  
 And still, as then, the green oak waves  
 Where lay the son so early low.

Still to the oak of Copleston  
 The neighbouring peasant points his boy,  
 Tells him the deed that there was done,  
 And warns from passions that destroy.

—The tale is done—and some there are,  
 Whose hearts will feel its simple power,  
 And love the harp, howe'er it jar,  
 That told the fate of Tamar's Flower.

CORONATION OF CHARLES THE TENTH AND OF THE  
KINGS OF DAWKEY.

Pageants on pageants in long order drawn,  
Peers, heralds, bishops, ermine, gold, and lawn.

WHAT is a coronation? Ask Garter King at Arms, and he will, perhaps, tell you, that it is to the divine right of monarchy what baptism is to religion. Ask any other human being, and the probability is you will be answered, that it is the rehearsal of a melodrame, much better given at the minor theatres. It is passing strange that processions and state spectacles should succeed so well on the stage, and should so totally fail in real life; that this most sight-seeing age should, in political matters, be, of all others, the least moved through the instrumentality of its eyes, and that the holy oil should fall less efficaciously on the Lord's anointed than if it were bestowed on an old lock. There is nothing, indeed, in which the sublime approaches nearer to the ridiculous than in a public ceremony, in which the thin line of demarkation between meaning and mummary, pageant and puppet-show, rests wholly on the imagination of the spectator. We shall not easily forget the question of a little boy who was taken to see one of these public *funzioni*, the day after his first introduction to Harlequin, and who, as the glittering procession passed, asked if what he saw was "in earnest, or only a thing to laugh at?" The answer to this question is a matter of no small importance to statesmen and ministers (the terms are not always synonymous); for if they persist in thinking themselves in earnest, when the people they govern regard their pageants as things "to laugh at," they and their places are in more immediate danger than if they had committed a great crime. Yet there are few riddles so difficult to solve with precision: an association of ideas, more or less germane to the matter, constitutes all the difference, and will make or mar the fortune of the best-conceived combinations of scarlet, purple and gold, that ever passed through the (brain?) of a Herald. The practical inference to be drawn from this consideration is wholly against revivals. My Lord Mayor's show, which has passed annually before our eyes since the days of our infancy, and is deeply associated with Whittington and his cat, still maintains something of its mystic influence in our riper years, and is not viewed without a pleasing reflection on the commercial prosperity of which it is a type. The city marshal is as respectable an officer, in our estimation, as if he were a Russian field-marshal in "off" or "ski;" the state coach, if not handsome, is at least venerable; and the men in armour by no means suggest the idea of a copper tea-kettle. Not so the case in which an attempt is made to reproduce by-gone combinations, and to strike on the imagination of the people by associations which have been broken up and dissipated. As well might we hope to bring back the illusions of love at sixty, as to influence an adult nation by the playthings of its infancy. The attempt at imposition forms the prominent idea in men's minds on such occasions; and they take a malignant pleasure in substituting for each hallowed notion, connected with the visible type, some burlesque and ridiculous image, to defeat the object and annihilate the effect intended to be produced by the ceremony. On this account a

coronation stands a better chance of success in England than in France, although in the former it is merely "upheld by old repute," and is in total discrepancy with the semi-republican institutes of the government. Among the English it is regarded simply as an ancient custom; but nobody is interested in knocking an old custom on the head; and, like the chimney-sweeper's May-day majesty, a coronation takes place on the proper occasion, and the next day is forgotten by every body except Mr. Dymocke and the Barons of the Cinque Ports. The thing itself leads to no consequence; or if it should tend to inspire false ideas of conclusions yet to come, a single stormy debate in the Commons will completely dissipate the illusion. In France the case is materially different. When Napoleon defined a throne to be a crimson chair studded with gilt nails, he put an extinguisher on the moral effect of coronations. In reviving the worn-out ceremony, the Bourbons have only given a handle to ridicule, and invited the mocking spirit of Parisian wit to a tourney of epigram and calemburg. The best, therefore, that could rationally be expected from such an exhibition, was that it should pass off smoothly, and without observation; and those who were no well-wishers to the throne, turned every accident into an ill augury, and looked out for the false move of a knight or a bishop, as a sure preliminary to a future check-mate to the king.

The anointing of kings is a ceremony that naturally arose among the Jews, where monarchy sprang out of a theocracy; and every government which has adopted this ceremony, is, for one day at least in each reign, purely theocratic. At the coronation at Rheims the clergy decidedly assumed the *pas* of royalty. Bonaparte had taken good care, in gratifying his own and his people's false taste for raree show, not to degrade himself in the eyes of his subjects, but boldly snatched, and himself put on, the iron crown of Lombardy, instead of receiving it by a feudal investiture from the hands of the archbishop. The pious successor of St. Louis remained for hours prostrate at the feet of the clergy, before he could obtain the golden circle; from which, eventually, he will be in greater danger than from the running away of his post-horses. In the whole of this ceremony there was nothing more amusing than the anointing. Every body knows that in former times the eldest son of the church was anointed from an holy phial that came direct from heaven, where oil continued miraculously renewed in *sæcula sæculorum*. This phial the Jacobins (those eternal enemies of social order) broke to pieces in the market-place, to show that royalty was for ever cut up by the roots and extirpated from France. But, notwithstanding this event, kings, somehow or other, did come back; and, as good luck would have it, the oil jar along with them. For a loyal subject, who was an eyewitness of the demolition of the ci-devant jar, fortunately slipped a fragment into his pocket, oil and all, to the great and manifest danger of his inexpressibles, through which the chain of transubstantiation has been preserved unbroken; and those who are aware of the infinite divisibility of matter, cannot doubt that Charles the Tenth has as efficacious a part in the original miracle as the remote ancestor, for whose especial use the angel brought the sacred *ampoule* from heaven. In this piece of stage trick, the breaking of the phial is indeed admirably typical of the rude process which monarchy underwent in the hands of the Sans Culottes; but it remains to be

proved, whether its resuscitation as satisfactorily foreshews the perpetuity of royal and sacerdotal despotism; or whether the cracked vessel may not figure rather the state of the royal intellects, and the disjointed condition of the restored government.

Without, however, pausing to estimate how much church and state will take by this episode in the ceremony, we must beg our readers to remember that, to the parties concerned, a coronation is a matter of vast importance. Philosophers may sneer as they please at the proceedings of our Court of Claims, but the vanity which seeks gratification in precedence, or, with the Baron of Bradwardine, delights in pulling off the king's boots, is by no means out of keeping. In matters of form, form is every thing; and if majesty itself, without its externals, be but a jest, the outward man of even a Burleigh or a Leicester must not be disregarded. We remember rebuking an ungracious wight for laughing at a privy counsellor who walked with great gravity into the king's tailor's, to know whether he should appear with red or with blue heels at George the Fourth's inauguration. Nothing could be more displaced than such ridicule; for if one single privy counsellor (though it had been Mr. Canning himself) had sported his *talons rouges* while the rest had been blue, not even the Quarterly Review could have justified the incongruity. The cabinet, indeed, may be as arrant a piece of patchwork as it pleases, "chequered with a white and a black square" in every direction,—here a papist, and there an ascendancy man,—here an Eldon, and there a Robinson,—and things are none the worse for the difference. But in the case of feet, *c'est tout une autre chose*; and a discrepancy of colour in the shoes would be enough to trip up the heels of an entire administration.

It appears by the public papers that this anointing of kings, which came into Europe from the East, has taken a second flight, and has passed over to Otaheite. The journals, however, have committed a great oversight in neglecting to inform us how the ceremony *took* among the dingy politicians of the islands. Neither have they condescended to relate the order and arrangement of the processions, the splendid costume of the peers, nor the ceremonial adopted by the missionaries upon the important occasion: and this is the more to be regretted, inasmuch as there is, most likely, no Sir G. Naylor at hand to record the fleeting honours of the day, and to preserve, in illuminated plates, the splendour and taste which were lavished on the dresses. This is an event which naturally inspires many weighty reflections. In the first place, a doubt suggests itself how far these same missionaries were justified in arrogating to themselves a function which is proper to the prelacy; and this consideration leads to another doubt, how far a potentate, thus irregularly anointed, is indeed "every inch a king." But these are scruples which I leave to graver heads to unravel. Query—will such a king's flag protect a vessel, or is his commission available against the statute of Piracy? Is he entitled, *ex virtute officii*, to convert the waters which flow round his dominions into a *mare clausum*? and, lastly, can he cure the evil? A point more immediately connected with the present paper concerns the policy of permitting such exhibitions, even as far off as Otaheite. For if people are encouraged to laugh at the coronation of the King of Otaheite, they will soon laugh at that of Charles the Tenth. Nothing in

the world can be more contagious than laughter, or more dangerous to social order and good government. Away, then, with such odious comparisons. The King of Otaheite has no saint in his lineage, no holy oil vessel in his cellar, and (since he has turned Christian) no family god of his own to pit against the great God of nature and to sanctify his usurpations. Then, again, he has no cathedral to be crowned in, and no descendant of the apostles to confer a divine right upon him. In short, the whole thing was a burlesque, and a pure blasphemy against kingly government; and folks will be but too apt to remark, that when the King of Otaheite takes up such toys, it is high time for the kings of civilized Europe to have done with them for ever. Fortune, who is never more pertinacious, "*ludum insolentem ludere*," than when she meddles with royal heads,—while she has thus revived the ceremony of coronation in the South Sea, has been equally busy in abolishing it in the West. Very few years have passed over our heads since the sun set for ever upon the royal festivities of Dawkey; and the fatal rebellion of ninety-eight, among the many other evils which it inflicted upon Ireland, has placed the splendid coronation of the kings of Dawkey among the things which *have been*. The gaiety of nations is eclipsed, and the innocent amusements of the citizens of Dublin have been ill-exchanged for Orange processions and party violence. Irish affairs are, for the most part, less known in England than those of Loo Choo; and the London cockney, who would be ashamed of not understanding the geography of Behring's Straits, very likely never heard of any other place in Ireland except the Giant's Causeway or the Lakes of Killarney. It may be as well therefore to state, that the kingdom of Dawkey is an island in the bay of Dublin, a few miles distant from that capital. Of its government and people it is at present unnecessary to say more than that the king held his office *durante bene placito*, and was elected from among the choicest and most spirited *bon-vivants* of the metropolis of the mother-country. For many years the enthronization of the King of Dawkey, which took place in the halcyon days of summer, when not a breeze was at hand "the blue wave to curl," was the signal for mirth and jollity, for frolic, and for fun. Unlike the Mayor of Garratt, who was chosen for his personal deformities, the King of Dawkey was selected for the splendour of his intellectual endowments. The head which could bear the most wine and punch was the head inevitably destined to bear the crown: and he who was possessed of the dryest humour, sung the drollest song, and went nearest to the unextinguishable laughter of the immortal gods, was the man who united all suffrages. The election was wholly undegraded by that corruption which sends so many blockheads to graver assemblies, and it was not subject to the chances which often commit the affairs of hereditary monarchies to the superintendence of the greatest dolt in the kingdom. In this alone he resembled the crowned heads of certain other countries, that he was a decided enemy to thinking, had a dislike to "daylight," and tolerated no open dissent from the "sentiments" which he chose to promulgate. Next in talents, as next in place to the king, were his state officers, his chancellor, his attorney-general, his chancellor of the exchequer, his secretaries of state, &c. &c. The keeper of his conscience never doubted—when another bottle was in question:—his chancellor of the exchequer was as careless of debt as William Pitt himself, and what may seem extraordinary,

his law-officers were men of good-nature and common sense. With the first dawns of day, the gingle, the noddie, the glass-coach, and the jarvey, were in requisition, the cold pies and the hams, the porter, the punch, and the black strap, all securely packed. The worthy citizens, every thought of bankruptcy ("by particular desire and for that day only") banished from their minds, and their best clothes aired and adjusted, were in readiness for the solemn procession which was to carry the *debonnaire* monarch to the seat of his authority. On the shore of the main land opposite to the island, the boats awaited their arrival to transport them (there was then no insurrection act) to the opposite shore. The platform was set out, the tent erected, the arm-chair of state dusted and in readiness. Numerous and motley was the assemblage of personages collected on these exhilarating occasions. First, there was honest Stephen Armitage, sometime King of Dawkey, a fellow of infinite jest. Then there was Sir Thomas Brittleware, an eminent and facetious dealer in delf and porcelain; there were also those two capital rivals, Sir W. Felt and Sir Luke Beaver, (Jewster and Cassidy the hatters) of course at the head of affairs. There was Jemmy Allspice the grocer, and the Prince of Inishowen, an eminent spirit-merchant: with a thousand others remarkable for whim, oddity, good spirits, and good fellowship: every man his title derived, not like the vain honours of feudal aristocracy from plunder and bloodshed, nor like those of modern times from favour or accident, but each imposed in allusion to qualifications and attributes strictly personal. Nor were there wanting among these jovial sons of commerce names of an higher interest. Curran and Bush, Lord Downes and Yelverton, if we mistake not, have not disdained to mingle in the mirth of the day. The costumes, though inferior in splendour to those of the coronators of Rheims, were marked by a more sober propriety. A plain brown coat, with a single gold button at the collar, and a white wand, indicated the person of an high officer, without sinking the personage into a playhouse "king of shreds and patches." The great business of the day (the officers being all duly installed) was the holding a special assize for the trial of such grievous offences as the state of the times brought to the surface; such as "eating the cat's tail without salt," "sleeping with the eyes shut," &c. &c. And not even Lord Norbury's far celebrated "racket-court,"—as the Irish court of Common Pleas has long been called—ever echoed with half the fun, or was enlivened by half the brilliance of repartee, that distinguished this court of Momus. Eating and drinking there were "galore;" but eating and drinking were not the sole ends of this ceremony. There was none of the silent gravity of a swan-hopping voyage; the national vivacity and flow of spirits poured forth unrestricted, save by good humour and the politeness of the heart. The rocks echoed to songs which might have raised a smile on the melancholy cheek of the bewitched prince in the tale of the three Pomegranates; and the very oysters in the adjacent beds, however "crossed by love," gaped sympathetic to the puns and quips and quiddities of the court, and for once in their lives threw off their proverbial dullness. There is something in the hilarity of an Irishman, which, when he chooses to be merry, is peculiar to him. His animal spirits are more bounding, more humorous, more "creaming" (to borrow a metaphor from



paigne); and in those days trade was not absolutely stagnant, nor all the landholders absentees. A tradesman therefore might by possibility afford to relax. Now-a-days, God save the mark! if the King of Dawkey were to re-appear, his retinue would be mistaken for an execution and a "berring." But woe is me! the kingdom of Dawkey is now laid low. It is gone to join the Rhenish confederacy, the Cis-alpine republic, the kingdoms of the Ptolemies, of the Lusignans and the Iturbides: and its gaiety is a sound that is heard no more. A truce, however, with gloomy reflections. When the citizens, as Homer has it, "had made an end of eating and of drinking," they returned to Dublin as well as they could; not always in perfect right lines, but joyously and merrily: and the next day things entered into their usual train, in a patient expectation of the due recurrence of the anniversary. It is on record that for many successive years the people of Dawkey remained contented with their king, Armitage, and never felt a desire to place the crown on another head. Of how many other of the kings of Europe the same may be affirmed, I will not venture to say. It is enough for a loyal Englishman to answer for one. M.

#### AN HOUR OF ROMANCE.

THERE were thick leaves above me and around,  
 And low sweet sighs, like those of Childhood's sleep,  
 Amidst their dimness, and a fitful sound,  
 As of soft showers on water: dark and deep  
 Lay the oak-shadows o'er the turf, so still,  
 They seem'd but pictured glooms!—a hidden rill  
 Made music, such as haunts us in a dream,  
 Under the fern-tufts; and a tender gleam  
 Of emerald light, as by the glow-worm shed,  
 Came pouring through the woven beech-boughs down,  
 And steep'd the magic page wherein I read  
 Of royal Chivalry and old Renown;  
 A tale of Palestine!—Meanwhile the bee  
 Swept past me with a tone of summer hours,  
 A drowsy bugle, wafting thoughts of flowers,  
 Blue skies, and amber sunshine: brightly free  
 On filmy wings, the purple dragon-fly  
 Shot glancing like a fairy javelin by;  
 And a sweet voice of sorrow told the dell  
 Where sat the lone wood-pigeon.—

But ere long,  
 All sense of these things faded, as the spell  
 Breathing from that high gorgeous tale grew strong  
 On my chain'd soul!—'twas not the leaves I heard—  
 —A Syrian breeze the lion-banner stirr'd  
 Through its proud floating folds!—'twas not the brook  
 Singing in secret through its grassy glen—  
 —A wild shrill trumpet of the Saracen  
 Peal'd from the Desert's lonely heart, and shook  
 The burning air!—Like clouds when winds are high,  
 O'er glittering sands flew steeds of Araby,  
 And tents rose up, and sudden lance and spear  
 Flash'd where a fountain's diamond wave lay clear,  
 Shadow'd by graceful palm-trees!—Then the shout  
 Of merry England's joy rang freely out,

Sent through an Eastern heaven, whose glorious hue  
 Made shields dark mirrors to its depths of blue;  
 And harps were there—I heard their sounding strings,  
 As the waste echoed to the mirth of Kings!

—The bright masque vanish'd!—unto life's worn track  
 What call'd me from its world of glory back?

—A voice of happy Childhood!—and they pass'd,  
 Banner, and harp, and Paynim trumpet's blast!  
 Yet might I scarce bewail the splendours gone,  
 My heart so leap'd to that sweet laughter's tone!

F. H.

## REMARKABLE PAMPHLETS, NO. 1.

*Burning of Moscow.\**

WE are not sufficiently versed in the calculations of criticism, to assign exactly the period which puts a work out of its reach. We believe reviewers acknowledge no copyright that retrospection should hold sacred; nor do we know of any regulated limits for size any more than age. A folio should have, it might be thought, a longer rate of existence allowed it in the critical world than a duodecimo; but we suspect no literary insurance-office would be inclined to judge of the life of a book from its bulk. Pamphlets, on the other hand, seem, in their light and flimsy appearance, ready, like young winged chrysalis, to fly out of the public mind almost as soon as they come into its sight; yet we often find matter of more enduring stuff in these thin *brochures* than in nine-tenths of the unwieldy leviathans which flounder in the seas of literature. The late M. Courier, who was the best pamphlet-writer in France, and perhaps in the world, asserted stoutly the dignity of the *genre* which he elevated so highly, by his talents rather than by his arguments. He maintained that the orations of Demosthenes should be considered only as spoken pamphlets; but he might, without the aid of paradox, have been content with the indisputable fact, "that the Provincial Letters" of Pascal found their way to immortality in the form which has ushered his own writings to their deserved celebrity. We might cite many other remarkable productions which have appeared in this humble way, to justify the attention which we mean to bestow, from time to time, upon those which we may catch in their migration from the press to the pastrycook's. But, in the present instance, we shall waive all ceremonious excuses, and merely tell our readers that our two-fold reason for noticing Count Rostopchin's little production so late after its appearance, is because we have not seen it even alluded to in any English publication, great or small, and because we consider it entitled to rank, from various causes, as the most "remarkable" of modern pamphlets.

The burning of Moscow, as attributed to its Governor and its inhabitants, was certainly the finest fiction of modern days, and was, perhaps, unrivalled by the most splendid extravagances of antiquity. There was so much savage grandeur in such an act, and so many elements of heroism, that had it been, as was believed, a sacrifice of individual to national good, it would have been the proudest monument ever raised to a country's glory. It was one of those sublime delusions

\* "La vérité sur l'Incendie de Moscou, par le Comte Rostopchine. Réponse à la Brochure, de M. le Comte Rostopchine. Lettres sur l'Incendie de Moscou, par l'Abbé Surruget. Paris."

of which it is a pity to rob the world; for those occasional romantic aberrations from the rule of modern right, seem necessary to keep us above the matter-of-fact level to which men seem to be sinking. The sacredness of historical truth may be urged against this reasoning; but we doubt very much whether, even on that score, the great catastrophe in question might not have been advantageously left in its original wild and impressive reputation. The real benefit of history is to give good lessons to mankind. A fiction received as fact, is just as effectual for that purpose as fact itself, and it may be well that we cannot sift the truth of many of those examples which probably owe their assumed veracity to the forbearance of individuals more considerate towards posterity than is Count Rostopchin. The destruction of their capital city by a great population to insure the defeat of an invading enemy, would have been an electrifying stimulant in after-ages—but Moscow reduced to ashes by a combination of inglorious accidents, lets us down from our elevation, and instead of an imposing spectacle of human virtue, presents a humiliating picture of common-place calamity. It is the latter which Count Rostopchin holds up to our view; and it is on this account, independent of weightier reasons, that we look with an evil eye upon him and his pamphlet.

It would not, however, be fair wholly to identify the author with his work. As far as personal conduct went, he acted with unexceptionable firmness and devotion. He commanded the burning of his castle, and he does not deny the report which gave him the credit of applying the torch with his own hand. He was certainly, by his vigorous measures, the chief instrument of the ruin which burst upon the French army; and he may be contented to go down to posterity unlike the incendiary of Ephesus, whose fame or infamy is borne to us on the flames of a conflagration. We still think that nothing derogatory would have attached itself to the author of an act so consistent with the desperate circumstances of the Russian empire, or the semicivilized spirit of the contest. But the Count's ambition makes itself evident throughout his pamphlet—as far advanced before the actual progress of his own country, as it is lamentably behind that of others. Count Rostopchin has unequivocally enrolled himself in the ranks of French Ultraism, and would be gladly placed, we must believe, within the limits of its retrograde refinement. He has lugged, head and shoulders, into his *brochure* a confession of political faith, uncalled for and insignificant, having no connexion with his main subject, and being in nothing distinct from the ravings of his prototypes. He has a fling too at the memory of Napoleon. But for this we cannot blame him. The dead lion lay across his path, and the kick was an obvious consequence.

It is not a little curious to observe the reciprocal pertinacity with which Napoleon strove to fix on the Count, and the Count to shake off, the responsibility of this remarkable event. It was natural that the baffled Emperor should wish to hold up the Governor to the odium of the world; but it was a rare instance of his mistaking the estimate of public opinion. It would, on the other hand, be quite gratifying to remark the Count's anxiety in the cause of truth, were it not evident that he had a notion that he was clearing himself from a foul imputation, instead of robbing himself of a glorious fame. But neither Rostopchin nor Napoleon seems to have understood that what would have been in the latter a flagrant atrocity, was in the other a sublime duty.

But the motives of these chief actors are trifling in point of interest to the drama itself; and our great object is, if possible, to come at the *whole* truth (which the Count's pamphlet cannot give us) as to that most wonderful and interesting event. Much light remains to be thrown on the real circumstances. The Count's example has been followed. Two other pamphlets have appeared subsequently to his, and others may follow them. Since we are not to be allowed unlimited belief in the magnificent romance, we may be yet enabled to establish the details of the yet unexplained reality.

The accusation preferred against Count Rostopchin by Napoleon was contained in the twentieth bulletin of the French army, dated at Moscow, September 17th, 1812. It was, in that remarkable document, unequivocally stated and frequently repeated in others, that "*Trois à quatre cents brigands ont mis le feu dans la ville en cinq cents endroits à la fois par l'ordre du gouverneur Rostopchine.*" This main charge was followed by many collateral accusations; such as having abandoned the sick in the hospitals, reduced the citizens to beggary, retarded the Russian empire a century in its advances to civilization, &c. These concomitant effects neither add to nor detract from the force of the chief charge. Such a deed was not to be done without terrible attendant evils. It was in itself either magnificent or atrocious. It moved, like a great magician, surrounded by familiars both of good and ill; and we note those after charges merely to shew how the attack of Napoleon varied on this tremendous subject from his usual condensed and isolated energy.

Several minor points of evidence were adduced in support of the charge; but the most material of these corroborative proofs was the asserted confession of the 300 incendiaries, said to have been taken with torches in their hands, as to their having been employed by Rostopchin, and the *fact* of his having caused the fire-engines to be removed from the city.

With regard to the confession of the incendiaries, our author exclaims,

"Voici une preuve qu'on a présentée comme certaine et convaincante, car elle est revêtue d'un jugement, des aveux des condamnés et de l'exécution des incendiaires. Napoléon annonce, dans son vingtième bulletin, qu'on a pris, jugé et fusillé des chauffeurs; que tous ces malheureux avaient été pris sur le fait, munis de matières combustibles et mettant le feu par mon ordre.

"Le vingtième bulletin annonce que c'étaient trois cents malfaiteurs qui avaient mis le feu en cinq cents endroits à la fois. Ce qui est matériellement impossible. Peut-on d'ailleurs supposer que j'eusse donné la liberté aux malfaiteurs, détenus dans les prisons, à condition d'incendier la ville, et que ces gens eussent exécuté mes ordres pendant mon absence, devant toute une armée ennemie? Mais je vais convaincre tous ceux qui se rendent à l'évidence, qu'il n'y a jamais eu de malfaiteurs employés.

"A mesure que dans sa marche l'armée de Napoléon s'approchait d'une ville de gouvernement, les gouverneurs civils vidaient les prisons et expédiaient les malfaiteurs pour Moscou, sous l'escorte de quelques soldats. Il arriva de là qu'à la fin du mois d'août, les prisons de Moscou renfermaient les prisonniers des gouvernements de Witepsk, de Mohilow, de Minsk et de Smolensk. Leur nombre, compris ceux du gouvernement de Moscou, montait à huit cent dix individus, qui, sous l'escorte d'un bataillon pris dans un régiment de garnison, furent envoyés à Nigeni-Nowgorod, deux jours avant l'entrée de l'ennemi à Moscou. Ils arrivèrent au lieu de leur destination; et, au commencement de l'année 1813, le sénat, pour éviter l'inconvénient

de renvoyer tous ces accusés dans leurs gouvernemens respectifs, donna ordre aux tribunaux civils de Nigenï-Nowgorod, de faire et de finir leurs procès.

“ Mais le procès fait aux incendiaires, qui fut imprimé (et dont j'ai encore un exemplaire), annonce qu'on avait fait comparaître trente individus, dont chacun est nommé, entre lesquels treize, étant convenus avoir mis le feu à la ville par mon ordre, furent condamnés à mort. Cependant, selon les vingtième et vingt-unième bulletins, on en a fusillé d'abord cent, et après encore trois cents. A mon retour de Moscou, j'ai trouvé et parlé avec trois des malheureux du nombre des trente désignés dans le procès : l'un était domestique d'un prince Sibirsky, et qui avait été laissé dans sa maison ; l'autre, un vieux balayeur du Kreml ; le troisième, un gardemagasin.

“ Tous les trois, questionnés séparément, m'ont dit la même chose en 1812 et deux ans après, c'est-à-dire qu'ils furent arrêtés les premiers jours de septembre (vieux style), l'un pendant la nuit dans la rue, les deux autres au Kreml, en plein jour. Ils restèrent quelque temps au corps-de-garde, dans le Kreml même ; ensuite un matin on les conduisit avec dix autres Russes aux casernes du quartier qui se nomme le Champ-des-Demoiselles. On leur adjoignit dix-sept autres individus ; et, ils furent amenés sous une forte escorte, devant le couvent de Pétrowsky, qui est sur le boulevard. Là ils attendirent à peu près une heure, après quoi beaucoup d'officiers arrivèrent à cheval, et mirent pied à terre. On rangea les trente Russes sur une ligne, et après en avoir compté treize par la droite, on les plaça contre le mur du couvent, et on les fusilla. Leurs corps furent attachés aux réverbères, avec un écriteau qui annonçait, en russe et en français, que c'étaient des incendiaires. Les autres dix-sept s'en allèrent, et ils ne furent point inquiétés depuis. — Le récit de ces gens (s'il est vrai) ferait croire que personne ne les a interrogés, et que les treize ont été fusillés PAR ORDRE SUPREME.”

We have particularly marked the last member of this concluding sentence, for we think it should be read and commented on with considerable emphasis. It will be observed, that Count Rostopchin admits, that he possesses a copy of the printed trial of thirty individuals accused of burning the city ; that they are severally designated by name, that thirteen were found guilty and condemned to death ; that on his return to Moscow he saw and spoke with three of the men designated in the indictment (if we may so call it), and we request our reader's attention to their verbal statement. They say that one of them was arrested in the night, the two others in broad-day ; that they remained for *some time* in the guard-house of the Kremlin ; that they were removed one morning to a certain barrack, where they were rejoined by seventeen other prisoners, and finally conducted to the place destined for the execution of the criminals. Here they remained for about an hour, where several officers arrived *on horseback*. Having dismounted, the dreadful ceremony of death commenced. The prisoners were ranged in line. The thirteen found guilty were shot, and the remaining seventeen were sent about their business, and not afterwards molested.

Now, if there ever was a case of combined justice, legal formality, and civil right apparent, we think that this is most eminently such, even on the shewing of Count Rostopchin himself. We are quite certain that, considering the circumstances of irritation, fury, and almost despair, to which the French army must have been then reduced, this process, so distinguished by all we have stated, could find no parallel. In the whole remaining population of the city (which is stated by Count Rostopchin at 12,000 or 13,000 after its general abandonment) only thirty were singled out as objects of accusation—not of

vengeance; and of these but *thirteen* were, after a solemn trial, executed. The remaining seventeen, for want of evidence, were fairly acquitted and discharged. That this is the truth, no one can doubt. Every word uttered by the three persons spoken to by Count Rostopchin, gives positive proof of it. There is not a shadow of accusation against the French army or their chief, of precipitation or cruelty. Several days elapsed between the arrestation of the seventeen innocent men, and the executions of the thirteen convicted. The execution was attended by a group of *mounted* officers, evidently some general and his staff. The condemned individuals were formally taken from the line and executed, and the other individuals immediately *set at liberty*. The utmost proved by the recital of Count Rostopchin's three informants is, that *they* were not brought to trial, from want of evidence against them. As to the exaggeration of the bulletin, which said three hundred instead of thirteen, it does not at all surprise us. Napoleon never boggled at trifles of this kind. His object at that particular moment was to appear terrible rather than accurate. He did not object to run the risk of appearing cruel, for he knew the truth would come out one day—and here it breaks on us from a quarter the least to be looked to. But what must we think of Count Rostopchin's inference, after ten years' consideration of the subject, "that the thirteen put to death were shot *by supreme orders*," which is nothing more nor less than an accusation against Napoleon of wanton, barbarous, wholesale murder! We have given a good deal of space to the exposure of this calumny. We think the character of the greatest man of the age had enough of actual infirmity to prevent its floating too buoyantly down the stream of Time, and it is therefore that we felt it a duty not to suffer this slander to go out unrefuted into the world. Count Rostopchin is very desirous to shake off the imputation of having been an incendiary. We would suggest to him, that besides the only meaning which he attaches to the epithet, it bears another, which we will explain to him by a quotation from Addison, that appears to us extremely applicable. "*Incendiaries of figure and distinction*, who are the inventors and publishers of gross falsehoods, cannot be regarded but with the utmost detestation." And having now got rid of the Count in his capacity of accuser, we will turn to him once more in his position as the accused, and examine whether Napoleon had not more apparent reason for the charge he made, than probable criminality in reference to that preferred against him.

In the whole of the pamphlet there is no attempt to deny the assertion, that the persons executed at Moscow threw the blame (supposing it to be such) of the conflagration upon the governor. Every thing seemed to bear testimony against (or for) Rostopchin. He took every means in his power to embarrass the hostile occupiers of the city. He removed, with the great mass of the citizens, every thing that could be useful to the enemy,—bread, wine, and provisions of all kinds, *as well as the ninety-six fire-engines*. Supposing that the removal of provisions might have had for its object the service of the Russian, as well as the privation of the French army, why were the *fire-engines* carried off? They could have been of no possible use in the open country to which the population was retreating. They must, on the contrary, have been a considerable difficulty to the flight of a multitude of both sexes and all ages. As to the 2100 organized soldiers with their

corps of officers, attached to the engines, they might have been advantageously employed in the Russian army, *had they left the engines behind them*; and it is remarkable that the only observation made by the Count on this specific and all-important charge of having carried off the engines to forward the conflagration is, that "he did not think it proper to leave this corps of officers for the service of Napoleon, having removed all the civil and military authorities from the city." Now the fact is, that Napoleon would not have given a fig for these officers, but would have bartered all the jewels of his crown, and half the conquests of the campaign, for one quarter of the engines. The Count must have known this well, and we really cannot help suspecting, even after the perusal of his pamphlet, which he so solemnly protests to be "*la vérité, et rien que la vérité*," that some lingering notion which he may now forget, whispered him that Moscow might be set fire to by some *accident* after his departure. Napoleon, at all events, must have believed such a catastrophe to have been in the governor's views—seeing that it did actually take place, that every remedy for the calamity was premeditatedly removed, and that Count Rostopchin had shewn, by setting fire to *his own* house, that propensity for burning which he now would fix upon Napoleon, founded upon the order given by the latter to put flames to the house of *an enemy*. "*Napoléon aimait à brûler*," says the Count, "*preuve, l'ordre au Marechal Mortier d'avoir soin de mettre le feu à mes deux maisons à Moscou*." —Page 39.

Upon the whole, we think no one will hesitate to say that Bonaparte had good cause for believing Rostopchin to be the author of the conflagration; and our only astonishment is, as we have said before, that he did not appreciate the honourable nature of the act which he first endeavoured to constitute a crime, and afterwards utterly acquitted the Count of, by asserting him to be mad—(23d Bulletin, 9th October 1812). For our own parts, our opinion is, that Count Rostopchin was quite incapable of the grand conception and unhesitating execution of such a deed. As to the French having deliberately performed it for their own destruction, it is preposterous. We think it not at all unlikely, and hope it will still turn out to be the fact, that some heroic Russians did conceive the project, though no regularly concerted plan was laid. There is evidence from the Count's own statement, that such an intention was generally entertained before the French entered the city; and we are borne out in saying that the governor must unquestionably have been influenced by a suspicion of those intentions, before he took the troublesome and embarrassing measure of removing the fire-engines. But in conclusion, we must say, that we think such a man quite unfit to bear the burthen of the glory that was so long placed upon him; and that such a work as his pamphlet is a proper record of his unfitness.

The two pamphlets which followed the Count's, are meant as refutations of his statement, and have for their object to fix on him the whole responsibility of the burning. In this point of view, the "*Response*" is incomplete, and the "*Lettre*" an utter failure. The author of the first, reasons as we do, on probabilities, but establishes nothing. The production of the Abbé possesses abundance of fire, but affords no light. It is a pathetic account of the conflagration, such as might be expected from a benevolent parish priest, an eye-witness of the

scene ; but it evinces the ignorance of such an obscure individual as to the causes and motives of the act. History must pause for better testimony than any as yet before the world, before it records, with certainty the particulars of the burning of Moscow.\*

STANZAS.

—————The mind can make  
Substance, and people planets of its own  
With beings brighter than have been, and give  
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.

BYRON.

I LOVE a revel of romance—  
I love at times to be  
Where all that is seems but a trance,  
And thought reality ;  
Where the world far away has fled,  
And living man to me is dead.  
It is a joy the dwelling then  
On visions of the past,  
Among the years, and scenes, and men,  
That time hath not o'ercast—  
The Scian's hero, king, and sage,  
The grey sires of a later age—  
The white-plumed son of chivalry,  
The stately dames of yore,  
The mask antique or pageantry,  
The bard or troubadour ;  
The tourney made for ladies' eyes,  
The sovereigns of the envied prize.  
I love to dwell with fantasy,  
And find in vision warm  
Some mighty spirit rushing by  
Before the winged storm,  
Or haunting lonely paths, or near  
Where Autumn woods are rustling sere.  
Or by the ivy-buttress'd tower  
To glance the ancient hall,  
Where beauty throng'd from park and bower  
To dance and festival,  
And many a twinkling foot was gay  
That long in dust hath pass'd away.  
Where many a stately robe and train  
Swept in its pride along,  
And the red wine-cup met the strain  
Of love or battle-song ;  
I love to rear those walls once more,  
And revel on the ancient floor :—  
To call the patriot from his grave,  
• And see him awful rise,  
And they the "bravest of the brave,"  
Who paid the sacrifice

\* The burning of Moscow not being regarded by the natives as an act of patriotism, which they could not feel, and the destruction of the wounded Russians, of whom between twenty and thirty thousand were in the city, (half of whom perished in the flames, who might have been previously removed,) may account for the wish of Rostopchin to conceal his participation in the affair.



Of life to freedom's holy laws,  
With martyrs in opinion's cause :—

To lie upon the battle-field  
Where thousands lay before,  
And see the stricken vanquish'd yield,  
And hear the wild uproar ;  
Marshal the charger, chief, and man,  
In the long march from rear to van.

I would not give these idle dreams,  
(For fools may style them so)  
And power of snatching pleasing gleams  
From perish'd scenes below,  
For countless sums of whatsoe'er  
The world may deem most rich or rare.

Visions of parted time ! long be  
My solace, and beguile  
The dull hours of reality  
With sad attractive smile,  
Filling a pleasant cup for me  
From fountains of antiquity.

#### MY BOOKS.—NO. 1.

##### *The Menagiana.*

*To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.*

SIR,—I am one of those inveterate lovers of reading, who take a poet to bed with them, and stick a book up against the castors at dinner. I devour poetry, biography, romances, novels, voyages and travels, nay, metaphysics and little children's books. The metaphysics are my experimental eating. Little children's books are my gingerbread ; and I think I like it as well as ever I did. Did you ever read Mrs. Leicester's School ? If that is not excellent home-made, then hath my palate become sophisticate.

Poetry is my wine and fruit. I linger over it, and love to take it in a bower betwixt dinner and tea. Biography is what I like next, unless I am in a course of novel and romance reading ; during which I look upon that other reality as a secondary thing. I may say, that poetry and romance are my passion ; biography my friendship ; and French wit my fine acquaintance.

I think I hear a lady ask, how it is I can be so fond of poetry and romance, which include so much about love and the fair sex, if I am such a shameless old bachelor as to be wedded to nothing but my books, morning, noon, and night. Sir, I did not say I was an old bachelor. I did not say any thing about that part of my condition, bachelor or not : but this I say, that the lady's question refutes itself ; and that I could not love *such* books so well, if my love of books, enormous as it is, were not less than my regard for those fair subjects. I will ask the lady a question. Did *she* never take a poet to—(Be quiet, Wilkins, I am not going to say any thing wrong)—Did she never take a poet under her pillow to bed with her ? If not, let her ask the opinion of any fair friend who has.

No, Sir : I am none of Peter Bayle, who declined a beauty with a fortune, because he had no time to spare from his lucubrations. Idle bookworm ! He might have bought libraries with the fortune, and perused her loving face between whiles, instead of hankering after his Laises and his Lamias. Willingly do I give up his learning and immortality for the sake of an inglorious nibbling at his folios, followed by a liberty to amuse myself all over the rest of the house, " up-stairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber." Decius Mus was not more devoted in his way ; nor could have died with greater pleasure in the cause. If I should prefer breathing my last sigh with my head on a book, rather than on a beloved shoulder, it would only be to spare the latter the pain of my departure.

I have particular reasons, Mr. Editor, why I think you are bound to agree with me in this matter ; but I will not enter upon them. A favourite poem of mine, with a lady and a book in it, could explain them ; but I fear to trench upon the coy dignities of your office.

—— Higher of an Editor by far,  
And with mysterious reverence I deem.

I hope you will find as much reason to acquiesce in a thought which struck me the other day, while turning over a New Monthly Magazine with one hand, and holding a volume of Menage in the other. Your publication is abundant in original articles, and has sometimes enough learning in one of them to sprinkle a whole volume with scholarship. But I think it would not be amiss (and other readers of the Magazine are of the same opinion) if you took off some of the objections which you appear to have against certain commoner and more trifling evidences of reading, such as might form something of a gossiping link between this erudition and the very lightest articles. I allude to passages from curious books ; criticisms of a similar nature to the annotations of Warton and Heyne ; translations of rare or diverting subjects from any language, not excepting French ; and, in short, all kinds of resort to other sources of amusement, not strictly original, *provided something original be added*. Care should be taken to adapt it to all tastes that are worth consulting, those of the learned, and those that happen to be destitute of learning. A true scholar need not be told, that among the latter are many that would have relished him to the height, if they had had his opportunities. On this account, no apology would be necessary for translating quotations, even from the most popular languages, French itself. Time was when it was as common for a Greek or Latin scholar to be incapable of understanding a joke in the language of our neighbours, as it is for a reader of French not to be able to laugh with Plautus or Hierocles. I do not read Spanish or German ; and I feel myself disobliged, when an author calls upon me for my admiration of a good thing in one of those tongues, if he leaves me without explaining it. The modesty of the compliment is equivocal, and does not incite me to deserve it. How does he know but what I am a clerk in a counting-house, who have not leisure to acquire German ? or an apprentice, who could relish his author's wit, though not in a jargon ? or an author myself, equally full of occupation and bad health, and no more able to put another language into my head, than another head-ache ?

Perhaps, Sir, I have been fancying objections to articles of this kind, without foundation. At all events, I send you a specimen for your opinion; and shall be glad to think I have been talking superfluously, by seeing its insertion. In that case, I will follow it up with others, upon subjects a little more original. The *Menagiana* are perhaps more known among us at present by name, than any other way, common as they once were among scholars. I confess, for my part, whose scholarship is a great deal more mischievous than any thing else, and just fitted for the humble ambition of this endeavour, that I found in the book less of what is commonly met with, than I expected. The fashion of quoting Menage has been long extinct. It went out with the perukes that began in his time. There is a fashion in learning as in every thing else. Men wear their Greek and Latin differently, as well as their hats.

Part of "the prosperity of a jest" lying in the time and manner of it, and in other

"Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious *joke*,"

it is as well to bear in mind, that Menage was in the habit of keeping open house, for his friends to drop in and chat, and that these *ana* of the French Varro were collected *à la voce* accordingly. They are genuine talk, like those of Selden and Johnson. We are to imagine a knot of French wits and scholars of the age of Louis XIVth, with their paternal old wag in the midst of them.

Somebody saying, that to write well, either in verse or prose, it was necessary to consult one's ear, "True," said M. Guiot, "provided it's a good one."

A Gascon who was on ill terms with the Bishop of Bazas, swore he would never pray to God in that diocese. One day passing a river, and being in danger, the boatman said that nothing remained for him but to address himself to God. "Well," said the Gascon, "are we out of the diocese of Bazas?"

Favoriti, secretary of the late Pope, reading some briefs to his Holiness, and explaining them in Italian, the good Father wept for joy, and exclaimed, "What will posterity say of us, when they see our beautiful Latin?"

Mons. D. burying his wife five hours after her decease, they told him the body was not yet cold. "Nonsense," said he; "do what I tell you. She's dead enough."\*

Poor Nuns.—M. le Camus, Bishop of Bellay, preaching at Nôtre Dame, prefaced his sermon with the following announcement:—"Gentlemen, your charity is requested for a young lady, who is not rich enough to make a vow of poverty."

M. d'Arfine, whose father was a grocer, (in French, *epicier*, spicer,) was for playing the great man. He had a motto painted for a

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\* This was, of course, a fiction. The joke was on the unfeelingness of the man who had married a very old woman for money. They said he had married a dead body to live by it.

devotional subject—*Respice finem* (Consider your end). Somebody took away the first and last letters, and left it *Epice fine* (Fine spice).\*

The Duke of Orleans was in the garden of the Luxembourg when it was very hot. The sun beat directly on the heads of his courtiers, who were uncovered. M. de Bautru, who was present, observed, that princes did not love their friends. The Duke said, the reproach could not attach to him, for he loved them very much. • “Your Highness must love them boiled then,” returned Bautru, “or, at least, well roasted.†

M. Toinard said, that the reason why people did not return borrowed books, was, that they could more easily retain the contents than remember them.

M. de M. was shewn the fine church of Coutances. “Lord!” says he, “was it made here?”

Every body weeping at a pathetic sermon, except a countryman, he was asked the reason. “Sir,” said he, “I am not of this parish.”

*The spirit that walketh at noon is Hunger.‡*

A certain bishop going to take leave of Madame the Countess de V., whom he was in love with, expressed his regret at being absent from her, though for a short time. “Well, sir,” said the lady, “pray let the time be as short as possible; for a mistress, you know, is a living that compels the incumbent to residence.”

In the last will and testament left by M. de Langre, was the following item—“To my Maître-d’hotel I leave nothing, because he has been eighteen years in my service.” In another, he bequeathed a hundred crowns to whoever should write his epitaph. Some one produced the following, which is one of the best I ever read:—

“Monsieur de Langre est mort testateur olographe ;  
Et vous me promettez, si j’en fais l’építaphe,  
Les cent écus par lui leguez à cet effet.  
Parbleu ! l’argent est bon dans le siècle où nous sommes :  
Comptez toujours : ‘Cy gist le plus méchant des hommes :’  
Payez ; le voila fait.”

\* This reminds me of a couple of epigrams once handed about on a similar occasion:—

“Tom wonders what the king means, when  
He says, ‘My lords and gentlemen :’  
He thinks the king, instead of so, Sirs,  
Should say, ‘My lords and sons of grocers.’”

“Tom loves the *grossest* lord that is,  
And thinks no peer a proser ;  
But filial hearts should pardon this :  
His father was a *grosser*.”

The anecdote in Menage is, perhaps, the origin of the fine charade on the word Majesty.

† Ha ! C. have you been here among your old books? C. was plagued by a foolish woman to know whether he loved children. “Yes, Madam,” said he ; “boiled.”

‡ A proper discovery for a sedentary man of letters, tormented between the want of food and the fear of indigestion.

"Monsieur de Langre wrote his own will then?  
 And you're to pay me if I tip it off,  
 A hundred crowns bequeath'd to buy an epitaph?  
 No bad thing, for the times we live in, d—name!  
 Well, count away—'Here lies the worst of men.'—  
 Now pay me."

M. l'Abbé de la Victoire said of G., who never ate at home, and who spoke ill of every one, "That fellow never opens his mouth but at somebody's expense."

Madame de C. L. had taught her grandchild to play at *my lady*. One day she must needs have her play in my presence. The footmen were brought in; and, among other things, the little girl said,—"If M. Menage calls, say I'm not at home."

An Italian, haranguing a thin audience, opened his address with the following words:—"Very few gentlemen!" (Pochissimi Signori!)

D. was in a company of ladies where they talked of the capture of Mons. On his rising to go away, they laid hold of him, and protested he should not be let off without writing some verses on the new conquest. After contesting the point in vain, he wrote as follows:—

"Mons étoit, disoit-on, pucelle  
 Qu'un Roi gardoit avec le dernier soin.  
 Louis le Grand en eut besoin;  
 Mons se rendit. Vous auriez fait comme elle."

"Mons, they say, was a maiden town,  
 Whom a great king kept, like a gem in his crown.  
 But Louis the Great was for keeping her too:  
 So Mons surrender'd;—and so would you."

The following, according to Monsieur the Count d'Olonne, was one of Cardinal Mazarin's stories:—A family, who had just had a kinsman made a saint of by the pope, gave some displeasure to his holiness: upon which he observed,—"These people are very ungrateful. I beatified a relation of theirs the other day, and I am sure he did not deserve it."

Instead of saying, "I am not so meritorious as you," a French lady who knew a little Italian, said to an Italian lady, "I am not so meretricious, Madam, as you are."\*

They brought a child one day to a country church to be baptised. The priest had been drinking a little freely, and could not find the place in the book. "Bless me!" says he, turning over the leaves, "this child is very difficult to baptise."

M. de la Roulerie, kinsman of M. de Bautru, having eaten himself out of house and land, an Italian, who was at table with him, said,—"Your Lordship eats nothing."—"No," said he, "my Lordship is eaten."

M. Sachot, vicar of St. Gervais, was chaunting a funeral service for a rich man, when they brought him an offering of one of the great wax

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\* This is like the end of Mrs. Malaprop's episode, "Yours, while meretricious, Delia." Such mistakes happen every day. A lady of my acquaintance, beginning to speak Italian, said one day to a coachman in Italy, using the word *cucchiaio* for *cocchiere*, "Spoon! spoon! not so fast!"

candles stuck full of pieces of gold, "How beautiful," said he, "are the ceremonies of the church!"

The Marechal de — had a chin a yard long. M. de la G. had none at all. One day at chace they set off full gallop after a stag, which nobody saw but themselves. "What's that for?" said the king. "Sire," said M. de Clarembaut, "the Marshal has run away with G.'s chin, and G. is after him for it."

M. de L. went to Rome to be made a cardinal, and returned with nothing but a cold. Somebody said, it was because he came back without his hat.

At Saint Barthelemy, near La Ferté-Gaucher, an old countryman lay on his death-bed. His son went to fetch the clergyman, and stood knocking softly at his door for three hours. "Why didn't you knock louder?" said the clergyman. "I was afraid of waking you," said the clown. "Well, what is the matter?"—"I left my father dying, Sir."—"So! so! he must be dead, then, by this time?"—"Oh no, Sir," returned the other, "neighbour Peter said he would amuse him till I came back."

Cardinal de Retz said he saw a man lay hold of one of the sails of a windmill, and take a circuit with it in the air.\*

Montmaur being at table one day with a noisy company, who were all talking, singing, and laughing at once, cried out, "A little silence, for God's sake, gentlemen. One don't know what one's eating."

The Duke de Candale, who pretended to the title of Prince in right of his mother, (a natural daughter of Henry the IVth.) talked in the late Prince's presence of "Monsieur my father," "Madame my mother," &c. The Prince, to rally him, turned to his equerry, and said, "Monsieur my equerry, go and tell Monsieur my coachman, to put Messieurs my horses to Monsieur my carriage."

Says a judge in a court of law, "Keep silence there! It is very strange one cannot have silence! Here have we been deciding God knows how many causes, and have not heard one of them."

#### THE RUBICON.

HE stood beside the stream  
 In solitude of thought,  
 The charm of power and the conqueror's dream  
 Had his lofty spirit caught.  
 He saw earth at his feet,  
 All, save his native land—  
 And dare he that native country meet  
 With javelin and with brand?  
 Dare he the bold empiize  
 And pierce his mother's side,  
 Blotting out his honour in history's eyes  
 With the stain of parricide?

\* This is inserted as a curiosity. The friend who made me a present of the *Menagiana*, has added, in a note, "I saw a boy, named Wall, do the same thing at Rugby." Some have pronounced it an easy feat; but it unquestionably implies great personal courage. Is not a similar exploit related of Lord Clive? He was capable of it. He was seen once, when a school-boy, astride the weathercock on the church steeple.

He ponder'd—well he might—  
 On that portentous day,  
 The misery, wreck, and woe that must light  
 Upon fair Italy.

Dark was his troubled brow,  
 His fix'd eyes never stirr'd ;  
 And the waves of the river lay hush'd as when  
 The winds had not been heard.

No leaf shook on the tree,  
 All seem'd awaiting death,—  
 Meet scene when a world hung fearfully  
 On proud ambition's breath—

On the conqueror's pale smile,  
 On the red law of power,  
 On hopes that noble spirits beguile,  
 On passions that devour!

By the Rubicon he stood,  
 And grasp'd the last realm free ;  
 And they say he trembled—that man of blood,  
 To brave posterity.

'Twas morn—the hour of light  
 Crept slow on the fearful day,  
 When the victor's foot in the triumph of might  
 Dash'd back the stream in spray.

That foot was the deep stamp,  
 The signet of Rome's fall ;  
 And it struck on the wave as the spoiler's death-tramp  
 Strikes on a festival.

That moment shook his frame,  
 His guilt was at his heart,  
 He shudder'd, then drew out the sting of shame,  
 And triumph'd o'er its smart.

But glory heal'd the wound—  
 The world's great master past,  
 And flung to chance and the air around  
 The gloom his thoughts had cast.

“ To-morrow the bays of Gaul,”  
 He cried, “ shall be dust with me,  
 Or for ever shoot out their branches tall  
 In the sun of eternity.

“ My fortune I abide—  
 And reck not the where or when—  
 Who would steer like me on ambition's tide  
 And fear to be first of men !



## LETTERS FROM ROME.—NO. IV.

*Rome, 1st August, 1825.*

A BOOK has been in circulation here within these few days, which has given rise to a feeling of general consternation. Ultras, as well as liberals—in fact, all parties—seem seriously annoyed at its publication. It is a history of “The Life of Scipio Ricci, Bishop of Pistoia and Prato,” published at Brussels in 3 vols. 8vo.\*

This work will make no impression in France, in consequence of the tedious and uninteresting manner in which it is written. It is not the text, but the notes, and supporting documents, that are curious. The author, M. de Potter, is better acquainted than any other man in Europe, of the present day, with the history of Catholicism; he regards truth as superior to every other consideration; he possesses both judgment and vivacity; and is still young. But an unfortunate want of logic, in his otherwise original head, renders his writings unfit to be read excepting in Italy or Germany. In these countries every work is esteemed that is written conscientiously.

M. de Potter is well known at Rome, having passed nearly two years there in constant application, during fifteen hours of the day, at the public libraries. An anecdote has been related to me, connected with “The Life of Bishop Ricci,” which I cannot but think highly creditable to him. M. de Potter had just devoted six weeks to the purpose of reading and making extracts from a collection of Bulls (Bullarium), consisting of four volumes in folio, of a thousand or twelve hundred pages each. The Chevalier Tambroni, with whom he took a pleasure in conversing relative to the history of the popes of the middle ages, asked him whether he had observed a particular bull, which he described to him. M. de Potter not recollecting it, inquired where it was to be found. The chevalier referred him to the very collection upon the perusal of which he had just bestowed six weeks. On the following day M. de Potter, apprehensive of having committed an oversight, recommenced his tedious labour; and it was not till after the lapse of a fortnight that he observed one of the pages of the Bullarium to be double, and consequently that one of the bulls might thus be concealed. He hastened to the house of a monsignore† of his acquaintance (Monsignore Zen), who had a copy of the Bullarium in question, and found, to his great joy, that the page which was wanting in the copy he had been consulting, contained the identical bull described to him by the Chevalier Tambroni.

This little anecdote may serve to give you an idea of M. de Potter’s scrupulous exactness. The reputation he enjoys in this respect in Italy is very great: I have heard him called, within these few days, *the modern Muratori*. But Muratori was an ecclesiastic, and treated the church with deference. Had he dared to say all, like the Frenchman Freret, he would, in the middle of the eighteenth century, have found none to listen to him: whereas, at the present day, M. de Potter makes Rome tremble for the Christian religion.

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\* It is said that an attempt has recently been made to bring out the same work at Paris, but that it has been suppressed by authority. EDITOR.

† An Ecclesiastical title at the See of Rome.



And what would Rome be without religion? or, what is a much more serious inquiry for the present race of Romans, what would *they* be without it? They are, for the most part, destitute of all real merit; or, to speak with more precision, they would be absolutely and in every point of view useless, in a well-organized state of society. The persecutions of the Carbonari have already excited the curiosity of the young Italians; and a work unassailable in its reasoning, like "*The Life of Scipio Ricci*," may create in Rome, what has never yet been seen there, a sect of philosophers *avowing their incredulity*; or, what would be much worse, maintaining that Protestantism, such as it exists in some parts of Germany and in Scotland, is more favourable, or *less adverse* to the happiness of mankind than Popery.

"Well then, you will have a constitution, and be all the happier for it," I observed yesterday to a Roman nonsignore. "You reason badly, Mr. Philosopher," he eagerly replied; "our grandchildren will be the happier for it, but I myself shall lose my occupation; my influence and fortune will be at an end, and every one will laugh at my knowledge, which is confined to theology and the art of advancing my interests in a court which is purely ecclesiastical. My happiness will be just that of a French emigrant during the Revolution. In one word, if such books as that of M. de Potter ever come to bear fruit, if I may so express it, in Italy, I am a ruined man." Nothing is more true: I was unable even to attempt a reply.

M. de Potter published several years ago two very learned works, which were, nevertheless, exceedingly irksome to read, the author being quite ignorant of the art of communicating his ideas to others. The first of them was entitled "*Reflections upon the History of the Councils*;" the second was "*The Spirit of the Church*." He was at Florence in the year 1822, engaged in researches relative to a second edition of those works, when he learned that *M. le Commandeur Lappo de Ricci* possessed a library full of manuscripts of the celebrated Bishop Scipio Ricci, his relation, who, during the reign of Leopold of Austria (1765 to 1790), had endeavoured to reform the abuses of Catholicism in Tuscany; that is to say, had renewed the attempt which had formerly proved fatal to the friar Savonarola, who, as you know, aspired to be the *Luther* of Tuscany, but, not being supported by public opinion, closed his career in the flames. I shall not undertake to describe the means by which M. de Potter obtained access to the manuscripts left by Bishop Ricci, as I would not willingly say any thing that might be prejudicial to the present holders of those curious documents: but of this fact I can give you the most positive assurance, that although his book has diffused so great an alarm amongst both the high and low clergy of Rome, I have never once heard the scrupulous accuracy of the learned Belgian called in question.

About the year 1779, Leopold, undertaking to civilize Tuscany, found that the population, which, from the habits engendered during its former state of a commercial republic, had acquired a character of gentleness and a disposition for order and economy, was untinged by the *ferocity* common to the rest of Italy, except through the medium of religion. The only characters in Tuscany about the year 1770, that could be deemed truly atrocious, were to be found amongst the friars

and priests. Leopold had before him the melancholy example of his brother Joseph II., who, with the best intentions in the world, had succeeded in nothing for want of prudence. Being then anxious to reform the church, he sought for an ecclesiastic whose virtue should be above all question. Ricci had been brought up at Rome by the Jesuits: he was a sincere Catholic, and a man of exemplary piety, but infected with what is here called *jansenism*; that is to say, he connected morality with religion. In order to be saved at Rome, it is necessary you should hear mass every day, fast every Friday and Saturday, comply with all the formalities prescribed for the different festivals, go frequently to confession, and take the sacrament. But as for actions *useful to mankind*, the utmost that can be said is, that Christians are *advised* to the performance of them. To regard *the habitual performance of actions useful to mankind* as the basis of religion, passes here for the most dangerous of heresies; and the Roman priests are in the right. If you admit *utility* as a test of merit, you admit reasoning, and the spirit of *inquiry*; for utility admits of different degrees. Utility is a point on which every one is competent to exercise his judgment. The moment such a principle is recognised, you virtually sink to the level of mere protestantism: every Christian becomes the master of his own faith, and the *unity* of the Church is at an end. From that moment the Church is undone; for, as the Roman priests very justly observe, all protestantism must one day become pure deism without worship: and "*per Dio*," said my companion of yesterday, "we infinitely prefer that Atheism should be at the bottom of the heart, provided it be but disguised by an outward conformity with the established worship. In a country like ours," added he, "in which the feelings and the imagination perform so important a part, it is impossible that any doctrine not enforced by public declamation, and to the furtherance of which the imposing effects of music, painting, and architecture, cannot be made subservient, should ever be influential with the multitude."

Such is, believe me, the religion of Rome: a long residence in this country enables me to assert the fact. I may add, that religion, that is to say, a blind adoration of the Madonna, and deference for the ecclesiastical body, is the only *law* which is binding upon the whole country, from the lake of Trasimene (on the frontier of Tuscany and the Roman State,) to Reggio in Calabria.

Purely superficial travellers, who make Italy the subject of their sounding phrases, content themselves with declaiming against Catholicism. Half-informed travellers, such as Madame de Stael in Corinna, are amazed, in their simplicity, that popery and morality (such as the light of the 18th century enables us to define it) should not be one and the same thing: the "*Life of Ricci*" will, however, place the subject in the clearest point of view. The Court of Rome abhors the doctrine of morality, because, as an action may be more or less useful, and consequently more or less virtuous, morality opens the door to individual examination. This single expression, equivalent as it is to protestantism and jansenism, (I mean Austrian jansenism, as taught at Pavia by Tamburini,) makes both high and low in Rome tremble. It seems to place their very existence at stake.

But I perceive that whilst dwelling upon the great question, of which

"The Life of Scipio Ricci" will so materially change the aspect, I am omitting to tell you so much as I ought, relative to that courageous, honest, and pious individual. The union of these three qualities, which is much more rare in Italy than in England, (because the exercise of them is here attended with the most imminent risk,)—the union of *courage, honesty, and piety*, led Scipio Ricci to the notion, highly singular in this country, that every truth which can be ascertained with absolute certainty, ought to be published, without regard to the scandal it may occasion. Ricci had hardly become Bishop of Pistoia and Prato, when he undertook to put an end to the disorderly mode of life which had continued to prevail in the convents of Tuscany since the time of Boccaccio. That great writer invented very little of the matter contained in his novels; and the Decameron is much more historical than the vulgar suppose it. Every man who has studied the history of Italy is aware of this circumstance; but before the publication of M. de Potter's work, the fact could not be asserted without temerity. The whole aristocracy of Europe, who cannot endure that abuses should be exposed, would immediately have cried *au philosophe! à la calomnie!* M. de Potter publishes two documents, of the most interesting of which I saw the original a few years ago at Florence. It is "The Indictment in the Prosecution of several of the Dominican Nuns at Pistoia, decided upon between the 25th and 30th of June, 1781; prepared by Father Baldi, a Friar, by Order of the Grand Duke Leopold and Bishop Ricci." This document affords the clearest and most irrefutable evidence:—1st. That a system of profligacy, proceeding to the utmost extremities that can be imagined, had prevailed in the convent of nuns at Pistoia during several centuries.—2dly. That the most extravagant impiety, and the most singular sports committed with the *consecrated host*, (which, according to the doctrines of Popery, is the identical person of God,) accompanied the moral profligacy above mentioned.—3dly. That the same system of depravity prevailed in the greater number of convents throughout Italy. The young nuns, after a year or two passed as a noviciate, were initiated into these criminal pleasures as into a lodge of free-masonry; the object of the ceremony being to insure their discretion. I dare not enter into the very amusing details given in the record of the prosecution by Father Baldi. They would rival any of your most amusing trials of *crim. con.* The supporting documents, of which I repeat that I have seen the originals, consist, 1st. of the examinations of the choral and attendant nuns, and of the novices. 2d. of letters written by cardinals, bishops, priests, friars, and nuns, which prove that cardinals, bishops, &c. were the instigators or accomplices of the existing irregularities. The most virtuous amongst these personages tolerated the system, and concealed it: and Scipio Ricci was persecuted merely because he did not, in this respect, follow the example of his predecessors. All the keenest and most extravagant sarcasms of Voltaire are borne out to the very letter by Father Baldi's record. At Pistoia, in particular, the offences against morality and popery had been in practice since the year 1620. The documents further shew, that the same corrupt system prevailed at Florence, Sienna, Pisa, and Peruggia.

As it is known to all who are acquainted with the moral history and with the climate of Italy, that sensual immorality is more and more prevalent in each successive district, proceeding from the Apennines to Reggio in Calabria and to Sicily; and as it is proved that such proceedings have taken place in Tuscany, the most moral portion of all Italy, what abuses may we not expect history sooner or later to reveal, as having been practised in the various convents of the kingdom of Naples and of Sicily!

Of the irregularities I have mentioned, those which consisted of offences against moral propriety were favoured by the circumstance that the confessors of the convents of nuns were friars. Bishop Ricci had the courage to put an end to this abuse. Supported by his piety, he proceeded fearlessly with his undertaking; he resisted the attacks of the court of Rome, which beheld in him a second Savonarola, and almost another Luther. He baffled the intrigues of his brethren the bishops: the friars, whom he had deprived of the pleasure of administering confession to the nuns, excited the common people against him; but he maintained his ground against every obstacle. In 1792, however, Leopold died, and Ricci was deprived of his authority. He had to endure exile and imprisonment, and died in adversity, supported only by the persuasion that God would reward him in another life for the exertions he had made to reform his church while in this.

You will find no difficulty in obtaining M. de Potter's work, published at Brussels; and should any of the party interested in the maintenance of every thing in the nature of abuses, and of every thing that is established, be inclined to dispute some of his assertions, you will find several of the depositions of the nuns sufficiently decent to be referred to in support of them.

At length, then, the popery of Tuscany has been unmasked; no one can any longer have a doubt as to what it consisted of in that quarter. As for that of Rome, all well-informed persons are agreed that amongst clever men it is nothing more than a political constitution. Never before the time of Cardinal Gonsalvi had the sacred college numbered so many *saints*, as you say in England, or so many *dupes*, as we have it in France. Whenever it has occurred that the pope has annoyed the cardinals, poison has afforded them the means of removing the inconvenience. M. de Potter has published a "Circumstantial account of the nature of the illness and death of Pope Clement XIV." (Ganganelli) which has been forwarded by the Spanish minister to his court. That pope, who was a philosopher, reigned from 1769 to 1774. The statement published by M. de Potter establishes the fact that the Jesuits had predicted the demise of his Holiness to several persons. They had mentioned to the Vicar-general of Padua, who himself asserted their having done so, that by the end of September 1774, Ganganelli would no longer be in existence. The successor of Clement XIV. and the cardinals took especial care to institute no inquiry relative to the cause of Ganganelli's death, although, upon opening the body, it became evident he had been poisoned. M. de Potter publishes the proposed form of a constitution, made out by Leopold for Tuscany. He also throws a valuable light upon the counter-revolution at Naples in 1799.

Notwithstanding the great merit of M. de Potter's work, it might be much improved by remodelling. If any competent translator, feeling convinced, as I do, of M. de Potter's entire veracity, as well as of the unbounded pains he has taken to come at the truth, shall be willing to take for granted the contents of the three volumes entitled "*The Life of Scipio Ricci*;" and if he then, after closing the book, shall undertake to re-write the whole of it, literature will become enriched by a work of which the translation will be translated into every language of Europe. In its present state it is fatiguing to read: but, as I have before observed, it has made the deepest impression at Rome. In general, historical works, written in French, are despised here; because they are, for the most part, not written conscientiously. The authors of them also commonly learn on one day what they intend imparting to the public on the next. Books written at Paris against religion are highly amusing to the court of Rome; because the thoughtlessness and the blunderings of their authors furnish the means of a ready refutation. But the *Life of Scipio Ricci* has given rise to serious alarm. One of the first theologians of Rome has publicly said of it, that *it is a book which admits of but one mode of refutation—that of burning the author.*

I have nothing to offer in the way of news relative to the government. It proceeds in this country exactly in the same manner as in France. Day after day the sovereign, who is a *converted libertine*, is endeavouring to atone for the little sins of his youth, by reversing some useful or reforming regulation established within the last twenty years. Each successive month is signalized by some measure hostile to industry, which operates with mischievous effect upon the estimable portion of the Roman population; I mean those who, engaged in the pursuit of riches, whether by farming the taxes, or lending money to the government, or otherwise, are employed in the production of something useful to all. Leo XII. is execrated, especially by the friars. The Dominicans, the Prémontrés, &c. entertain a mortal jealousy of the favour shewn by him to the Jesuits. His extreme avarice afflicts every one interested in the progress of the arts. The Academy of Archæology, which, of all those established in the Roman states, is the only one of any utility, is in a declining state, and on the eve of annihilation. Among its members were numbered some worthy pupils of the famous Ennio Visconti, whom Napoleon sent for to Paris. As it may naturally be supposed, there is no place where an inscription can be deciphered, or where Latin is known, so well as at Rome. How often have I heard the learned in this country laugh immoderately at inscriptions in the Latin language fabricated at Paris or at London!

V. R.

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## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

*An Anecdote from Plutarch.*

GLORIOUS was the marble hall  
 With the sight and sound of festival,  
 For autumn had sent its golden hoard,  
 And summer its flowers, to grace the board.  
 Inside and out the goblets shine,  
 Outside with gems, inside with wine;  
 And silver lamps shed round their light  
 Like the moonrise on an eastern night.  
 Gay laughs were heard; when these were mute  
 Came a voluptuous song and lute;  
 And fair nymphs floated round, whose feet  
 Were light as the air on which they beat;  
 Their steps had no sound, they moved along  
 Like spirits that lived in the breath of song.

Beneath the canopy's purple sweep,  
 Like a sunset cloud on the twilight deep,  
 Sate the king of the feast, stately and tall,  
 Who look'd what he was, the lord of all.  
 A glorious scar was upon his brow,  
 And furrows that time and care will plough.  
 His battle-suns had left their soil,  
 And traces of tempest and traces of toil;  
 Yet was he one for whom woman's sigh  
 Breathes its deepest idolatry.  
 His that soft and worshipping air  
 She loves so well her lover should wear;  
 His that low and pleading tone  
 That makes the yielding heart its own;  
 And, more than all, his was the fame  
 That victory flings on the soldier's name.

Yet those meanings high that speak,  
 Scorn on the lip, fire on the cheek,  
 Tell of somewhat above such scenes as these,  
 With their wasting and midnight revelries.  
 Albeit he drau'd the purple bowl,  
 And heard the song till they madden'd his soul;  
 Yet his forehead grew pale, and then it burn'd,  
 As if in disdain from the feast he turn'd;  
 And his inward thoughts sought out a home  
 And dwelt on thy stately memory, Rome.  
 But his glance met hers beside, and again  
 His spirit clung to its precious chain.

With haughty brow, and regal hand,  
 As born but for worship and command,  
 Yet with smiles that told she knew full well  
 The power of woman's softest spell,  
 Leant that Egyptian queen: a braid  
 Of jewels shone 'mid her dark hair's shade;  
 One pearl on her forehead hung, whose gem  
 Was worth a monarch's diadem,  
 And an emerald cestus bound the fold  
 Of her robe that shone with purple and gold.  
 All spoke of pomp, all spoke of pride,  
 And yet they were as nothing beside  
 Her radiant cheek, her flashing eye,  
 For their's was beauty's regality.

It was not that every feature apart,  
 Seem'd as if carved by the sculptor's art.  
 It was not the marble brow, nor the hair  
 That lay in its jewel-starr'd midnight there ;  
 Nor her neck, like the swan's, for grace and whiteness,  
 Nor her step, like the wind of the south for lightness ;  
 But it was a nameless spell, like the one  
 That makes the Opal so fair a stone,  
 The spell of change :—for a little while  
 Her red lip shone with its summer smile—  
 You look'd again, and that smile was fled,  
 Sadness and softness were there instead.  
 This moment all bounding gaiety,  
 With a laugh that seem'd the heart's echo to be ;  
 Now it was grace and mirth, and now  
 It was princely step and lofty brow ;  
 By turns the woman and the queen,  
 And each as the other had never been.

But on her lip, and cheek, and brow,  
 Were traces that wildest passions avow,  
 All that a southern sun and sky  
 Could light in the heart, and flash from the eye ;  
 A spirit that might by turns be led  
 To all we love, and all we dread.  
 And in that eye darkness and light  
 Mingled, like her own climate's night,  
 Till even he on her bosom leaning,  
 Shrank at times from its fiery meaning.

There was a cloud on that warrior's face,  
 That wine, music, smiles, could not quite erase :  
 He sat on a rich and royal throne,  
 But a fear would pass that he sat there alone.  
 He stood not now on his native land,  
 With kinsman and friends at his red right hand ;  
 And the goblet pass'd unkiss'd, till the brim  
 Had been touch'd by another as surety for him.

She, his enchantress, mark'd his fear,  
 But she let not her secret thought appear.  
 Wreath'd with her hair were crimson flowers,  
 The brightest that form the lotus bowers ;—  
 She pluck'd two buds, and fill'd them with wine,  
 And, laughing said, “ this pledge be mine ! ”

Her smile shone over their bloom like a charm,  
 He raised them up, but she caught his arm,  
 And bade them bring to the festive hall  
 One doom'd to death, a criminal.

He drank of the wine, he gasped for breath,  
 For those bright, but poison'd flowers, held death ;  
 And turn'd she to Antony with the wreath,  
 While her haughty smile hid the sigh beneath,  
 “ Where had thy life been at this hour,  
 Had not my Love been more than my Power ?  
 —Away, if thou fearest,—love never must,  
 Never can live with one shade of distrust.”

L. E. L.

## THE UNIVERSAL CULPRIT.

" Assist me, knight, I am undone;—fly, run, hue and cry!"

SHAKESPEARE.

" Then first the Culprit answer'd to his name."—DRYDEN.

THE manifold intricacies and subtleties of the law have too long occasioned it to be compared to a cobweb, which catches the small flies, and allows the great ones to break through; or to a bramble-bush, through which the most innocent lamb cannot force a passage without leaving a considerable portion of his wool behind; or to a gridiron, which greases the bar by roasting and extracting all the fat out of the clients; or to the well-known arbitrator, who swallowed the oyster, and left the shells for the plaintiff and defendant; or to the honest fellow in a mob, who eases you of your purse and watch while assisting you to secure the rogue that ran away with your handkerchief; or, finally, to fifty disparaging similitudes which we hold it not seemly to enumerate. It is high time to remove this stigma from a profession the members of which have invariably been upright when it was better policy not to stoop, who have been loudly and even indignantly virtuous, when it was their interest to be just, and have nobly preferred truth, even to Plato himself, whenever she stood arrayed on the winning side. This expurgation, so devoutly to be desiderated, could not be more satisfactorily accomplished than by their immediately and gratuitously bringing to condign punishment a high and hardened criminal, whose mysterious character, Protean devices, and subtlety in eluding all proofs of his identity, have hitherto enabled him to perpetrate enormities of every description with an absolute impunity as to any legal penalty; though his scandalous misdemeanours have fixed an indelible brand of infamy upon his moral character. To enable our readers to escape his machinations, as well as to assist the public in general in the great purpose of his apprehension, we think it right to apprise them that this notorious delinquent was not only the real author of the disastrous expedition to Walcheren, and of every other great government failure, but that he is responsible for all the gross robberies and abuses of the Ecclesiastical and Chancery Courts, and has been the original projector of the bubbles, chimæras, and joint-stock companies, by which the most thinking people of England have been lately gulled, cajoled, and bamboozled.

Nor are his mischiefs and misdeeds in private families a whit less flagrant and notorious than his public guilt. Neither Puck himself, nor all the evil gnomes and fairies of the household, ever equalled him in domestic atrocity. He is universally admitted to be the real party to blame in all matrimonial squabbles; and as to the demolition of household furniture, and more particularly of crockery and glass, from common pots and pans up to French mirrors, cut chandeliers, real china bowls, and porcelain vases, every housekeeper who wants to discover the author of the mischief may say to this ubiquitous and Briarean-handed felon, as David said unto Nathan, "*thou art the man.*" Not contented with these malignant pranks, he is perpetually spilling oil upon costly carpets, leaving finger-marks upon silk curtains and white doors, or scratching varnished tables in a most frightful and disfiguring manner; while it is notorious, that whenever a win-



dow has been left unfastened so that the thieves have entered and made away with the plate, it was *his* business to have shut it, and that *he* is to blame for the robbery.

With all these misdeeds upon his head, and in defiance of the old adage, that honesty is the best policy, this unprincipled rogue is singularly fortunate in his operations of every description. He gets all the great prizes in the lottery, is a constant winner at the gaming-table, even including Fishmongers' Hall, and holds Foreign Stocks without quaking for the payment of the dividends, beyond those that have been retained in this country. Moreover, he is the general finder of all lost and missing articles, except the wits of the crazy, which the man in the moon preserves in jugs, under a patent granted to him by Ariosto. All waifs and strays find their way to this universal receiver, though the real owners seek his address in vain; and he comes in for the whole of the unclaimed dividends upon bankrupt estates, together with the secret fees and official pickings of all sorts which are extorted without due authority.

Knave as the fellow is, he is by no means a fool. Nay, his knowledge upon many subjects is almost peculiar to himself. He knows a person who was really cured by one of Prince Hohenlohe's miracles. Perhaps, however, his own character has a small tendency to credulity, for he conscientiously believes there would be political danger in Catholic emancipation; and maintains the efficacy of the Sinking fund, which creates Stock at fifty or sixty to buy it back at ninety or a hundred. He has great faith in the visions of the night, although, among other vagaries, he actually dreams of going to afternoon church, a benefit play, the exhibition of the British Artists in Suffolk-street, and the Gresham Lectures at the Royal Exchange; of success in converting the Hindoos; of Harriette Wilson's veracity; of wearing top-ped boots and buckskin breeches, or long cloth gaiters and hair powder; of the Parliament reforming itself, and of the Chaacery commission inculcating its own chairman; of a certain pea-green personage being worth ten pounds next year; of reading Richardson's novels, and Southey's History of Brazil; of eating roasted pig, water Sootje, toasted cheese, and sour krout; or of drinking Cape wine and cyder; of knowing the way to Bloomsbury and Russel squares; of being in London in September, and other similar extravagances.

Some of his waking opinions are not less liable to the charge of singularity, for he thinks the latter novels of the Great Unknown (of whose real name he is ignorant) as good as his earlier productions; while he maintains that there are no abuses in the church of Ireland, and that it is by no means overpaid. As a proof that he knows himself, a species of wisdom which is perhaps peculiar to the individual, he confesses that he is rather wrinkled, and not quite so good-looking as he was; while he candidly admits that his faculties begin to fail him, and frankly discloses his real age whenever the question is asked. As to his genealogical claims and honours, few persons can compete with him, for there is reason to believe that he was born before the beginning of the world, and it was unquestionably one of his descendants that put out the eye of Polyphemus, if we may take the word of the Cyclops himself, who expressly accused him by name, when denouncing him to his companions, as the author of his total blindness. There is also an

ancient ballad, written about the year 1550, preserved in the Pepys collection, British Museum, and Strype's *Memoirs of Cranmer*, entitled "Little John Nobody," which evidently immortalizes some member of the same family, who is therein accused by a splenetic Papist, as being the author of the then recent Reformation in religion. Alas! how has his descendant of the present day fallen off from the glorious reputation of his ancestors, for the existing inheritor of the name denies any reform to be necessary either in church or state, and will not of course ever signalize himself as the champion of improvement. But we trust that we have said enough of him and of his delinquencies to raise a general hue and cry for his apprehension; or if this article should meet the eye of the great offender, he may perhaps be induced to spare us any further trouble, by surrendering himself forthwith to justice. Should we be disappointed in this expectation, he may depend upon it that, although we have for the present forbore any mention of his real name, otherwise than by implication, he will shortly be advertised with an accurate description of his person, and his patronymic appellation at full length.

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ON THE OLD SCHOOL OF DRESS.

"Τα ἀγύγια ὄμματα."

I AM a very Cockletop in antiquarian enthusiasm; and though perhaps not quite egregious enough to be duped with a brass farthing for a copper Otho, or a cracked pipkin for a Roman vase, I can well conceive the pleasure of possessing a relic of the "antique world," and can enter into the spirit of musty research, with the keenness of an adept, and the gusto of a connoisseur. There is a poetical character about the pursuit too ethereal for the gross conceptions of the vulgar, who, in this case at least, even deny that

The value of a thing  
Is so much money as 'twill bring;

and are barbarous enough to appreciate its excellence by its utility. The Elgin statues appear to their uninitiated eyes mere mutilated blocks of marble; and the Medicean Venus, deprived of her head, would, in their bourgeois estimation, deserve no better fate than to be broken into pieces, to mend old roads, or fill up cart-ruts. *Procul este profani!* Hence, ye unimaginative! who would have the principles of taste laid down to your obtuse comprehensions with the square and rule. Ye cannot sympathise with the exalted fancies of the antiquarian. Ye cannot dive into the reflections that crowd upon his soul, while contemplating some precious memento of the gone-by world, saved from the devouring grasp of Time. By your unenlightened visions, a Roman casque would be regarded with no more veneration than a brass skillet; the Grecian δόρυ (spear) you would mistake for a spit, and their ασπίς (shield) for a pot-lid.

I have a profound respect for the whole tribe of antiquaries,—

(Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur)

from the gatherer of petrified fossils, to the dabbler in coins, and the collector of broken-nosed deities. Nay, I am even content to admire

a reliquary, enriched from more modern sources; and a piece of Queen Elizabeth's ruff, one of Oliver Cromwell's gloves, or a Queen Anne's farthing, are sure to receive from me their due share of homage. I derived much pleasure, some years ago, from observing, in the vestry-room of St. Helen's church, an old helmet, which was indubitably proved to belong to the crookbacked Richard, and which the churchwardens, in their zeal to preserve from the further ravages of time, had caused to be covered with a goodly coat of black varnish. I confess, this expedient for defrauding old *Edax Rerum* had in my eyes somewhat the appearance of profanation, and seemed little less sacrilegious than the whitewashing of Shakspeare's monument. However, "let that pass!" Better daub it with paint, thought I, than convert it into a porringer, or throw it into the dust-hole, to either of which ignoble destinies its outward seeming would appear to have entitled it.

The bibliomaniacs, too, come in for a large share of my regard. I love an unique library, composed of few books, and each a rarity. There is something so mechanical in drudging through ponderous volumes with slavish application, for no other purpose than to gather knowledge (superfluous acquisition!)—but I envy the man who can lay his hand on a Caxton, or a Wynkyn-de-Worde, and say "*Hoc meum est*, (this is mine,) and I have no participators." I laud, I venerate that inspired bibliomaniac, who roamed over Europe in search of musty tomes and black-letter relics; insinuating himself, with book-worm dexterity, into the innermost recesses of convents and monasteries; prating bad Latin to the jolly friars, and cajoling them (good easy souls!) out of their "*leafy*" treasures. I have him before me now, at the hospitable board of some reverend abbot, sitting cheek by jowl in a company of fat monks, with rosy gills and comely protuberances, revelling amid the luxuries of mountain goat's flesh, cream-cheese, sweetmeats, grapes, dates, figs, and pomegranates; and thumbing, "ever and anon," with joyous satisfaction, some curious MS. unique Guttenberg, or unquestioned Faust! I see him cracking pistachios and puns; "setting the table in a roar" with Latin jokes and Greek witticisms, rivalling the Pangrammatists and Lippogrammatists of old in quaint and laughter-stirring conceits, provoking the risibility of the *avettic gourmands*, and pouring out copious libations of old Cyprus to the genius of Bibliomania!

But of all my antiquarian associations, not one clings to me with such obstinate pertinacity as an affection for the old style of dress: I mean, from the reign of Anne to the early part of George the Third. Before that period, the garb of our ancestors assumes a classical aspect from its antiquity, and is hallowed in our memories with the costume of the Greeks and Romans. But the era I allude to is just sufficiently distant to acquire a romantic interest; the absurdities of dress are consecrated by the touch of time, and the ridiculous merges into the poetical. Even the family picture of the Flamborough family might now prove an interesting group, and Thornhill's portraits, spite of their flashy colouring, are becoming valuable for their delineation of the apparel of an age which no longer exists in the memory of the living. Old dresses associate themselves in our minds with old deeds and old times; they spirit up all the substantialities of the glorious

past, and read us a lesson on our degeneracy. I love to gaze on those antique views of St. James's Park and Kensington Gardens, where

“ Grove nods on grove—each alley has its brother,  
And half the platform just reflects the other;”

drawn at a period when the innovating hand of taste had not spread devastation, and the rage for the natural and picturesque had not disfigured the graces of art. What delightful sprinklings of belles with lofty head-dresses, high-heeled shoes, and wide-spreading hoops; and beaux, politely bowing, with gold-laced coats, bag-wigs, cocked hats, and long swords! Here a little lap-dog is frolicking among the trees; and there, an ebony page is attending the footsteps of a comely dame, sweeping along in all the pride of taffeta or brocade; while Master Jacky, a very man in miniature, attired in a long skirted coat, spread out with whalebone, ample waistcoat, short breeches with buckles, clock stockings, and square-toed shoes, is riding a cockhorse on papa's gold-headed cane, or gamboling on the green with little miss, who sports her hoop, French shoes, stomacher, and fan, with no girlish distinctions in her attire to mark her juvenility.

I am as much pleased with Hogarth's pictures, for the insight they afford me into the costume of his day, as for their wit, character, or composition; and I fairly luxuriate in the contemplation of old prints, which, whatever their graphical merits, have perpetuated the apparel of our forefathers. Yes, I regret the extinction of a period, when Fashion was indeed a goddess, at whose altar all were worshipers. Comfort, convenience, and a sordid spirit, have diminished the glories of her shrine. No rich silks and satins, no embroidered velvets and gold lace, now glitter in her temple. She is no more the party-coloured deity, fluttering in feathers and finery, and adorned with all the skill of the jeweller, the goldsmith, the embroiderer, and the weaver; but a tawdry personage, thinly and meanly clad, and the mere Abigail of her former self. Let us take a retrospect of the old dress, and consider its component parts, *seriatim*. First, then, of

The *Cocked hat*, that noble appendage to the “human face divine.” “I never admired a *round hat*,” says Geoffrey Gambado,—“in truth, a most puerile ornament for the head of a sober man. In windy weather you are blinded with it; in rainy, you are drowned; whereas a cocked hat will retain the water, and keep your head cool, having much the same effect upon it, that a pan of water has upon a flower-pot.” Besides its conveniences, it is unrivalled in gracefulness. What a martial air have the portraits of General Elliot and the Marquis of Granby, where the artist has drawn them (and I have seen them thus, though somewhat rare) with these noble coverings to the pericranium! It was a sneaking invention, to shrink up the goodly proportion of a beaver, with its gold-laced rim and sparkling loop and button, to the circular apology for a hat, with its unpretending binding and band, and diminutive buckle, that now covers the weak heads of our degenerate race. The Goths and Vandals of fashion have extirpated the triangular *chapeau* almost from our memories; and so great appears the modern abhorrence of every hat but a round one, that even the opera hat is now every where exploded, save at the orchestra of Vauxhall Gardens. I hope no silly predilection, on the part of the spirited proprietors, for

modern usages, will abolish these sole-remaining records of good taste, or sacrilegiously remove the time-embrowned paintings of Hogarth, which adorn the supper boxes; an innovation, which rumour reports to be in contemplation.

The *Wig* too is defunct; that convenient auxiliary to the character of the human countenance; and a man is now utterly dependent for extrinsic reputation on the natural and undisguised lineaments of his physiognomy. All adventitious aids have forsaken him, in the universal levity of modern fashion. Wit, gaiety, and gallantry; sobriety, gravity, and wisdom, can no more be imparted by the mechanical magic of tortured hair; and the pericranium, "shorn of its beams," exhibits the mere phantom of its past existence,—a plain, unsophisticated, unadorned matter-of-fact. *Perruquiers* exist no longer. The hair-dresser's art, once a grave mystery, that required the grasp of a comprehensive mind, is frittered away into a few rapid flourishings of the comb, and brief clippings of the scissors; the curling-tongs, heretofore the symbols of a refined and intricate art, rust in ignoble desuetude; and powder-puffs, and pomatum, stripped of all their glories, are become mere dead letters in the *friseur's* vocabulary. "Ah! sir," said a little old tonsor, to whose operative hand I submitted my caput a few summers since, and with whom I was sympathising on the abolition of queus, toupees, and pigtails, "them were glorious times as you speak of. Why, I've had a gentleman's head under my fingers for hours together;" and then he proceeded to describe, with the garrulity of the barber of Bagdad, how he erected stories of curls round the tower of Babel of the good man's noddle. "There was some comfort in those days, and folks had their heads dressed like Christians. They took a pride in 'em, sir. Many's the time a gentleman would sit up all night in his arm-chair, because he wouldn't disturb his curls, seeing he was engaged to a dinner-party next day; and many's the pound of good powder I have worked into one head at a sitting. Ah! that confounded powder-tax! It has been the ruin of us." Hapless *friseur*! he had grown grey with grief at the decline of his art; and went creeping through the world venting bootless exclamations against the decay of taste, and uttering vain wishes for the return of the halcyon days and golden age of *wiggery*. Lamenting as I do this gross degeneracy from the "good old times," I experience a grateful pleasure in the reflection, that a few relics of wiggism are yet left amongst us, viz. at the bar, and on the bench, episcopal and judicial. Many a glorious minute of retrospective felicity have I passed in the contemplation of my friend *Ravencroft's* stock of frizzled gravities, at his emporium near *Lincoln's Inn*, where they are exhibited in gloripus profusion, from the petulant tie-wig of the barrister to the grave full-bottom of the lord chief-justice, and the snug bird's nest of the right reverend bishop. What pictures of the past float upon my fancy as I encounter, in my way to the *Chancery Court*, some pleader in his black gown, with his blue bag and perriwig, and whose romantic appearance, associating with my predilections for the ancient costume, bursts upon me like an organic remain of a former world. I haunt courts of justice, that I may contemplate at least one set of beings unchanged from the pristine garb of their ancestors; and I reverence their black-patched occiputs and sallow faces, for their commendable pertinacity in adhering to

antique customs. "The wisdom's in the wig," says the old song; and deny it who dare. Give me a sermon from a bishop, and a speech from a barrister, before all the unmitred homilies, and unwigged orations that were ever delivered. A fig for the eloquence that derives not its inspiration from the wig. Fine preaching and good speaking are clean out of repute ("except as before excepted") since they were abolished.

*Cravats*.—I care nothing for the multitudinous ties and diversely fashioned folds of the present day. Neither French stiffeners nor purple stocks have charms for me, while busy memory reverts to the embroidered neckcloths and laced frills of our ancestors; and to the costly ruffles of point-lace washed in coffee grounds, to impart to them the fashionable tinge. Those were times indeed, when a bandage for the throat and the decorations for the wrists cost more money than modern penuriousness will expend on a whole suit.

The *Coat*, the prince of garments, was then in reality a coat; not yielding in importance even to the Roman toga. Body o'me! when I cast my indignant eyes on the scanty jackets of our modern beaux, and compare them with the flowing skirts and ample sleeves of our forefathers, I am confounded with shame. Where are the massy buttons, larger than crown pieces; the embroidered button-holes, the silk linings, the broad gold lace? Where the richly decorated velvet, the striped silk,—the maroons, the purples, the scarlets, the Pompadours, that delighted the eye with their luxuriant splendour, and commanded a respect never paid to the wearer alone? Alas! for ever faded from the view;—except (welcome, yet mournful thought!) when they glare upon us in degraded majesty from the mercenary doors of the old-clothesmen of Monmouth-street or Russell-court. There, like a captive monarch, a stray vestige of the old dress may occasionally be seen; serving, at least, to remind us that "such things were, and were most dear to us." The eye, indeed, is sometimes refreshed with a vestige of the olden time, in the revival of a musty comedy; and the costume of old age, as represented on the stage, remains a faithful mirror of past days. These are classical indications of a time-hallowed era, which yet maintain their ground, in despite of modern innovation; but the eye is no longer delighted with the sight of a stray bachelor of eighty adhering with laudable pertinacity to the fashions of his youth, with coat "of formal cut," shaming the flimsy occupants of a world in which he is doomed to linger; a phantom like this has long since become a "*rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno*."

*Waistcoats* were articles of supreme luxury and taste. Here the skill of the weaver, the embroiderer, and the tailor, were tasked to the uttermost. Cloth, satin, velvet, richly figured silk, and shining gold lace, were all in requisition. Waistcoats were truly waistcoats in those days; not a scanty three-quarters of a yard of striped or spotted cobweb; but a substantial waistcoat piece, fashioned to the shape, and which defied cabbaging. Good comely pockets, too, of capacious depth and amplitude, where a man might rummage his hands among his coins with comfort, and jingle his consequence in the ears of poorer folk, to the full conviction of their own insignificance.

The *Stockings* of those days deserved the name of hose. They

shrunk not, as in our time, from observation, beneath the ignoble concealment of Wellington boots and Petersham trowsers. No; they shone gaily forth in glittering glory, with embroidered clocks for gallants, or comfortably rolled over the knees for your ancient gentry; such as aldermen, sheriffs, burghers, and justices of the peace.

The square-toed *Shoes*, with capacious buckles, sparkling with all the magnificence of paste, completed the pedestal of man, and formed a worthy base for the image of the gods. Shoe-strings (ignoble make-shifts!) degraded not the feet even of the poorest citizen. Chimney-sweeps and tinkers,—nay, the very mendicants, would have shuddered at the thought. And then for the other ornamental appendages: think on the diamond, the gold, the silver, and the cut steel hilted swords, “more for show than use,” shining at the side, with the valiant blade reposing in the peaceful scabbard: reflect too on the richly mounted snuff-box, the gold-headed cane, and the splendid knee-buckles; forming a *tout-ensemble* of sterling grandeur.

In those times, dress was the ostensible indicator of rank and consequence. The man of wealth carried a fortune on his back, that set the competition of the vulgar at defiance. Men's stations in life were marked by a garb peculiar to their profession. Parsons, doctors, and lawyers, had their distinct and appropriate costume, and stood apart from the common mass. Alas! for our sober-coloured times! All distinction of rank is levelled by the universal assumption of one common livery. You shall jostle a pickpocket in the streets, and beg his pardon, mistaking him for a gentleman, and tread on the heels of a peer without offering an apology. A friend of mine, who officiated as steward at the anniversary dinner of a charitable institution, observed among the guests a mean, dirty-looking man, with muddy boots and spurs. Conceiving he must have gained admission through some improper means, or, as the phrase is, that he had been smuggled in, he consulted a brother steward on the propriety of requesting him to withdraw. “Bless your soul!” exclaimed his colleague, “why that’s the Duke of —.” As Dick Cypher has it in his song,

“A peer and a ’prentice now dress so much the same,  
You cannot tell the difference, excepting by the name;”

and were it not for the laudable attachment of the ladies for silks and satins; feathers, laces, and gay-coloured ribbons; and the public spirit of a few of the males, who occasionally treat us with an exhibition of the grotesque in the eccentric cut of their garments, we might be set down for a nation of Quakers. Even his Majesty, I have been told, occasionally wears a plain blue coat, round hat, and Wellington trowsers! Dreadful degeneracy! . . . I read an account in one of the Paris papers, the other day, that verily thrilled me with horror. A man in dishabille, attired in a loose coat, dirty boots, and black silk kerchief, presented himself at the Duke of Wellington’s levee, and insisted on immediate admission. The attendant demurred (as well he might) at suffering him to enter his Grace’s presence, and required his name. *Credite antiqui?* . . . ’Twas the Emperor of all the Russias!!

Fair ladies! I have so selfishly spun out the detail of the grievances of my own sex, that I have little space left to expatiate on the glories

that once embellished yours. Yet think not I am insensible to your loss. No ; I hear, I sympathize with the sighs of regret that escape from your lovely lips, when *your* grand-mammas are describing *their* grand-mammas' sacques, and josephs, and mantuas. I mark the inspiring recital stirring up all the energies of your bosoms, all the sensibilities of your nature, all that dear admiration of your sex for bewitching dress and enviable extravagance. Tell me, ye fair ones, have ye not listened with breathless interest to the delightful descant of some venerable dame on the hoops, flounces, and furbelows ; the patches and paints ; the stomachers, the caps, the storied head-dresses and high-heeled shoes of her youth ? Has not a description of *her* bridal suit induced the mournful contrast of your own ? And has not the sensitive muslin that thinly envelopes your fair forms, shrunk with instinctive consciousness into less than its own petty insignificance at the recital ? To descend to lesser objects,—let me ask you, if, when a stray remnant of taffeta or brocade, wrought into a pincushion, or dove-tailed into a piece of patchwork, by chance meets your eyes, have you not grieved to think that they weave no such silks now-a-days ? And could you avoid forming invidious comparisons with the cobweb sarsnets and satins, and lustrings of modern millinery ?

Woe to thee, Spitalfields ! Diminished is thy splendour ; silent are thy looms ; spent are thy shuttles. No more thy gay artisans embellish the fair forms of beauty. No more the Park, the Mall, the Ring, glitter with thy glories. Your waltzers, your windsters, your weavers, an impoverished race, no longer flourish and fatten in gay prosperity, but “peep about to find themselves dishonourable graves.” The silk-worm hath perished. Your streets are deserted : Alas ! the Genius of Dress hath for ever fled our isle ; and even the once propitious shores of France welcome her no more. Dissolved are all her spells ; faded all her charms ! Her empire is lost ; her throne subverted ; her sceptre broken !

Q. Q. Q.

ULLA, OR THE ADJURATION.

“Thou ’rt gone ! thou ’rt slumbering low

With the sounding seas above thee,

It is but a restless woe,

But a haunting dream to love thee !

Thrice the glad swan has sung

To greet the sunny hours,

Since thine oar at parting flung

The white spray up in showers.

There’s a shadow of the grave on thy hearth and round thy home,

Come to me from the ocean’s dead !—thou ’rt surely of them—come !”

’Twas Ulla’s voice !—alone she stood

In the Iceland summer night,

Far gazing o’er a glassy flood,

From a dark rock’s beetling height.

“I know thou hast thy bed

Where the sea-weed’s coil hath bound thee,

The storm sweeps o’er thy head,

But the depths are hush’d around thee !



What wind shall point the way  
 To the chambers where thou 'rt lying?  
 —Come to me thence, and say  
 If thou thought'st on me in dying?  
 I will not shrink to see thee with a bloodless lip and cheek—  
 Come to me from the ocean's dead!—thou 'rt surely of them—speak!"

She listen'd—'twas the wind's low moan,  
 'Twas the ripple of the wave;  
 'Twas the wakening osprey's cry alone,  
 As it started from its cave.

"I know each fearful spell  
 'Of the ancient Runic lay,  
 Whose mutter'd words compel  
 The tempests to obey!  
 But I adjure not *thee*  
 By magic, sign, or song,  
 My voice shall stir the sea  
 By love—the deep, the strong!  
 By the might of woman's tears, by the passion of her sighs,  
 Come to me from the ocean's dead!—thou 'rt surely of them—rise!"

Again she gazed with an eager glance,  
 Wandering and wildly bright;  
 —She saw but the sparkling water's dance  
 In the arrowy northern light.

"By the slow and struggling death  
 Of Hope that loath'd to part,  
 By the fierce and withering breath  
 Of Despair on Youth's high heart,  
 By the weight of gloom which clings  
 To the mantle of the night,  
 By the heavy dawn which brings  
 Nought lovely to the sight,  
 By all that from my weary soul, thou hast wrung of grief and fear,  
 Come to me from the ocean's dead!—awake, arise, appear!"

Was it her yearning spirit's dream,  
 Or did a pale form rise,  
 And o'er the hush'd wave glide and gleam,  
 With bright, still, mournful eyes?

"Have the depths heard?—they have!  
 My voice prevails—thou 'rt there!  
 Dim from thy watery grave,  
 Oh! thou that wert so fair!  
 Yet take me to thy rest!  
 There dwells no fear with love,  
 Let me slumber on thy breast,  
 While the billow rolls above!  
 Where the long-lost things lie hid, where the bright ones have their home,  
 We will sleep among the ocean's dead!—stay for me—stay! I come!"

There was a sullen plunge below,  
 A flashing on the main,  
 And the wave shut o'er that wild heart's woe,  
 Shut—and grew still again!

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## VALLOMBROSA, CAMALDOLI, AND LA VERNA.

Florence, July, 1825.

MY DEAR D——. Do not upbraid me. My delay in sending you an account of our three famous Tuscan monasteries has been owing a little to idleness, and much to an ambitious wish to give you as perfect a one as I could. I would fain furnish you with a better guide to those places than you can purchase; and with this intention, and to make myself an authority, I have turned over several tedious books. I write to rivet your promise to come to our delightful city in the course, as you say, of a couple of years, and that I may be as useful to you as possible in your visit to the mountains. If I live in Florence at that time, I shall be sure to accompany you and your boy. And do I still write him down boy? How strangely we imagine that all our friends, young and old, remain the same as we left them in England! I really beg the gentleman's pardon, for I am told he is shaving for a beard; what a change from that little dimpled chin he used to shew!

My first jaunt was made in company with Mr. and Mrs. R. and your favourite Marian. It was August; and in order to avoid the heat of the sun on the road, we set off at two in the morning. A few stragglers, having, like ourselves, taken an extraordinary *siesta* on the preceding day, were yet loitering about the streets, enjoying the cool air; and the steps of the cathedral were crowded with workmen from the country, chiefly from Fiesole, who, during the sultry weather, frequently take their night's sleep there, and are thus ready to start up for their daily labour, without the toil of seeking for a lodging in their distant cottages. What think you of a bed of marble, under the clear blue vault of Heaven? Do you pity the poor fellows? Come here, and when the summer is at its height, perhaps you may envy so great a luxury, especially if you lie gasping on a feather-bed. As we passed the *Porta alla Croce*, the keeper opened the gates, counted heads, and received the toll, singing all the while Rossini's air of "*Di piacer mi balza il core*." After a few miles the dawn began to break, when from one carriage-window we looked on some pleasant views on the banks of the Arno, and from the other up the sloping hills of vineyards. We were then near the *Villa di Loretino*, where the Aleatico grape was first planted by Filippo Franceschi, on his return from his embassy to Spain, whence he had brought two or three cuttings of that vine, now so much cultivated throughout Tuscany. This happened in 1620: and as Redi has not mentioned the Aleatico in his "*Bacco in Toscana*," written about sixty years afterwards, it seems strange that during that time its fame had not spread beyond the vineyard of Loretino. The little walled town of Ponte a Sieve, is ten miles from Florence. We found every one up and busy, decorating their Madonnas with fresh flowers, fixing stalls and booths, and preparing in every way for a fair that was to be held there that day. We crossed the Sieve by rather a handsome bridge for a country place, and still skirting the Arno, at the end of about four miles more, we arrived at the village of Pelago, where the proudest must condescend to leave their carriage, if they intend to see Vallombrosa, and go up the mountain on horseback, or on foot, or on a hurdle drawn by oxen;—this last method was negatived by our ladies in a moment, partly owing to R.'s proposal that they should ride on it backwards,—a very criminal insinuation. Horses

were therefore brought, but alas! with men's saddles, and of the clumsiest form. "How can we possibly sit on those saddles?" demanded Mrs. R. with her serious countenance of expostulation. "Facilmente!" answered the man, surprised at her ignorance, "con una gamba di quà, ed una gamba di là." No, English ladies must ride sideways, though at the risk of their necks; so up they got, and contrived to sit in their own respectable fashion; while I, leaving Darby to take care of his own Joan, walked by the side of Marian, entreating her to have the kindness to fall into my arms. She somehow managed to keep her seat, though once or twice I thought I should have had her. Our up-hill work continued for five miles. At different turnings of the road, we had some fine views of hill and dale, all well and variously wooded; but as we approached the height, we were annoyed at the sight of so many stiff and formal firs, standing in squares, and surrounded by a barren waste. The morning sun had already begun to shine fiercely; and as we rose into the clear and rarified air, we felt a chill which several visitors, from want of caution, have suffered from severely. Without looking much about us, for hunger is a great tamer of curiosity, we made directly towards the convent; but as ladies are not permitted to advance their feminalities beyond so chaste a threshold, we were shewn into a house close at hand, erected for the purpose of receiving prohibited company. A monk presently waited on us, inquiring at what hour we should like to dine; and in our reply we took the liberty of hinting that breakfast was a matter of more immediate interest. This was understood; and while we were refreshing ourselves, the reverend gentleman satisfied his inquisitive appetite, as far as he could with any decency of forbearance, respecting our names and all that concerned us.

The convent is a large, irregular, and uncouth pile of building, with a square tower in the middle. There is nothing interesting within the walls; the French took away all their valuable books; and whatever paintings they possessed of merit, have been removed to the Florentine Gallery. They had two or three paintings by Andrea del Sarto, and one by Giotto, which the brethren attempted to preserve from their winter damps by rock-crystal, but it was thought they would be safer in the Gallery. The spacious refectory, and the little gilded chapel, are shewn as the most interesting objects.

At a short distance from the convent, on the other side of the mountain stream that divides the valley, just beyond the waterfall, is a steep and isolated rock, about a hundred feet high, on the top of which stands the Paradisino. This little Paradise contains cells for those who may be over-pious, and wish to play the hermit more effectually. It is now deserted, whether from a lack of piety, or an increase of humanity, I know not. There is certainly nothing attractive in the situation except the view, and that, for the most part, is too extensive to be agreeable. The Valdarno, Florence, the Lucchese hills, and the sea, are seen from the opening of the valley to the west. On every other side we have mountains, and not so well clothed with wood as I expected; and the valley itself is woefully stripped. It ought no longer to retain its beautiful name of Vallombrosa, the shady valley, but be satisfied with its ancient title of *Acqua-pura*. I willingly agreed with the monks that the French should be ashamed of themselves for having

cut down so many of the trees,—but there the conversation dropped ; we did not speak of the shame of having followed, and still continuing to follow, so bad an example. How changed is Vallombrosa since our Milton's time ! And yet it never can be changed, at least to the imagination, so immortal are all things that a poet touches. By the by, I lately met with his lines in an Italian guide-book, quoted by the author to shew his transalpine reading. Perhaps there is the sublime in every thing, if it could be discovered, and he appears to have reached it in the extremities of blundering. Could Milton see these verses, and Vallombrosa as it now is, it is a question which of the two would the more astonish him.

Thick as autumnal scaves that strow, the brooks  
In Vallombroso vohere th Etruian shades  
Stigh over orch d' embrover . . . .

THE PARADISE LOST.

You shall not be troubled with the driest parts of this convent's history. I will merely give you a slight sketch of it.

In 1060 one Giovanni Gualberto, afterwards made into a famous saint, took leave of his wicked part of the world, and set up a hermitage among these mountains. His fame soon spread, and induced many to follow his example, when separate cells were erected round a rude chapel for him and his disciples. Some short time afterwards, Itta, Abbess of St. Ilario, to whom that district belonged, out of an excess of admiration at their austere piety, not only endowed them with the whole of the valley of Acqua-pura (since called Vallombrosa), but with certain meadow-lands, vineyards, and woods, on condition they should acknowledge their dependence by a yearly rent of one pound of wax and one of oil, and that she and her successors should always nominate their superior. Their devotion being thus established on worldly power, St. Gualberto formed his associates into a regular order, under the rules of St. Benedict, and clothed them in a livery of russet-brown, which, however, was changed to black in 1500, probably that they might not be confounded with the Franciscans. Now mark what followed this endowment. The nuns of St. Ilario were at last accused of relaxation of discipline, and in 1255 Pope Alexander IV. transferred them to another convent, bestowing all their lands, buildings, dependent lordships, rights and privileges, on the brethren of Vallombrosa.

“ For you trow, nuncle,  
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckow so long,  
That it had its head bit off by its young.”

Other grants, made from time to time by pious persons, especially that from a Countess Matilda, (who she was I cannot discover, and it is no matter,) contributed to render this order very opulent. Enough, however, of their riches, and of their means of acquiring them. I willingly pass to matters of less doubtful commendation.

These monks seem to have led elegant, and, in some degree, useful lives, particularly in their study of agriculture. They constantly kept pace with the learning of the age, and were eager to elicit discoveries. Among their learned men, and they boast of many, I cannot find that any has made himself celebrated as an author, beyond the pale of theology, unless we except Agnolo Firenzuolo. He was one of their

abbots, a lively and graceful writer, who entertained the world with "Amorous Conversations," "Love Tales," two "Dialogues on Beauty," some "Comedies," and a translation, or rather an imitation of the "Golden Ass of Apuleius." Strange works, you will say, for a holy abbot; and, stranger still, at the beginning of his "Conversations" he tells us, that he kept a mistress! Another of their abbots, Bruno Tozzi,\* was an excellent botanist. They claim Guido of Arezzo as a brother of the order, who invented the gamut, and six out of seven of the names distinguishing the notes; but that cannot be admitted; chronology sets their claim at defiance. Don Henry Hugford, (all the monks are styled Dons.) an Irishman by parentage, here brought the art of Scagliola to perfection. His brother, Ignatius Hugford, with whom he is often confounded, ranks among the painters of the Florentine school, though his works have little to recommend them. But these monks (and those of Camaldoli may share in the praise) have been more beneficial to mankind by their skill in agriculture and their knowledge of the different natures of trees. They have proved how mountains, even to their summits, may be covered with flourishing woods, by an exact attention to the soil and elevation for each particular species. Our Tuscan mountains, were their example properly followed, would not afflict the eye, as they do almost every where, with dry and barren wastes; but would afford a rich and honourable revenue. Not to omit any thing in favour of the Vallombrosians, I must mention, they were the first to adopt the cultivation of potatoes in Italy. I do not insist on the fact of this order having produced many saints, cardinals, and bishops, as such praise may be thought problematical.

At present there are no more than ten monks, with as many lay-brothers. It was St. Gualberto that established the use of lay-brothers, or servants—a thing unheard of before his time, and utterly adverse to the professions of humility and self-denial of ascetic penitents. Yet this was so far from creating scandal, that every convent in Christendom hailed it as a worthy precedent, and imitated it as quickly as possible. We were not well pleased with the monks at Vallombrosa.\* Their civility was barely according to rule, and sometimes less; the dinner they gave us was shabby, though they were well aware we should remunerate them handsomely; they spoke with an air of precision, and their eyes became unpleasantly peering as they pursued their inquisitive humour, which they carried so far as to ask our servant whether it was not supposed probable that a match might take place between me and Marian. Vallombrosa is no longer so rich or so beautiful, nor are the monks so courteous, though, for aught I know, they may be as religious, as described by Ariosto:—

——— " Vallombrosa,—  
Così fu nominata una badia,  
Ricca e bella, nè men religiosa,  
E cortese a chiunque vi venia."

\* He was a member of our Royal Society. In the "Elogi degli Illustri Toscani," it is stated that the society offered him two thousand crowns a year for his services in England as Professor of Botany and Public Lecturer. Surely this is a flourish on the part of his eulogist.

At about three o'clock we took our departure for Camaldoli; R. and I on foot, and the ladies sideways on cross saddles as before. There was nothing delightful in the scenery to repay us for the badness of the roads; yet, quoth the little guide-book, they are endurable, either in the spirit of bold travellers, or of suffering penitents. We were, however, thankful they were to be endured for only six miles, when we joined the high road, and stepped into the carriage that had come from Pelago to wait for us at that spot. Twelve more miles brought us to Prato Vecchio, where we took up our night's lodging in a small but decent inn.

On the following morning we sallied forth to climb the hills again, for another half dozen miles; and after a while we sat under a chesnut-tree, looking down on the fertile plain of Casentino, surrounded, as Ser Giovanni says, by God's own mountains, because, forsooth! they are so sanctified by the three monasteries. There was the Arno with its many tributary streams,

“ I ruscelletti che de' verdi colli  
Del Casentin discendon giuso in Arno,”

and there were its fields, its vineyards, and its towns, our old acquaintance Prato Vecchio, and Stia, and Poppi with its towering palace, famous in history, and the subterranean passages and caverns of which strike terror to the mind, whether we consider them as the refuge of women and children during the civil wars, or as horrible prisons for the vanquished, perhaps for both, as Fortune turned her wheel. There also was Bibbiena, reminding us of Berni, and of the cardinal Bernardo Divizio, who wrote the first regular comedy produced by modern Europe. The little town of Borgo alla Collina was in the distance, in whose church lies the body of Christofano Landini, the learned commentator on Dante; it is now above three centuries since his death, and the body is still shown, a mummy, entire and uncorrupted.

Still toiling upwards, it at last seemed as if we had arrived at a sufficient height for the devotion of any set of monks; though I remember seeing the monastery of La Verna rising afar off above the mountains, nearer yet to Heaven than ourselves. After this the path continued somewhat level, near the edge of an enormous hollow on the left, to which (I speak it reverently) our devil's punch-bowl is a tea-cup; it was wild and rich in colour, and on the opposite side stood Mount Falterone, whence the Arno takes its source, and, in its neighbourhood, from the same ridge of mountain, the Tiber. We then had to descend to the bottom of another hollow to the right, where there was a paltry village, scarcely habitable during the winter on account of the snow; and then to toil up to the top on the other side, when the last mile brought us, by a gentle descent, to the valley of Camaldoli. As the path wound round, at every step we were struck with some new enchantment in the scene. How beautiful the form of this valley! How richly clothed were the hills, and with what variety of tint in thick luxuriant foliage! The very air felt as if it breathed of quietude and happiness! What an eager desire at that moment sprung into my heart that all my friends in England could be with me! I wished to be able to conjure them to my side. Presently, from between the branches of some glorious elms, there at the head of the valley, surrounded by pines and beech-trees, the convent came in sight, behind

which arose that woody steep, where, as on Jacob's ladder, St. Romoaldo saw in a dream the solemn apparitions gliding upwards, instructing him to build his hermitage on the summit. The recollection of Andrea Sacchi's picture of this vision, with all its shadowy romance, gives a charm to Camaldoli like that of Milton's poetry to Vallombrosa.

Near the corvent is a small row of houses, inhabited by workmen in the service of the monks; and in one of these houses two apartments are fitted up for the accommodation of petticoat-company. As we passed by the door, we were saluted by two of the brethren, who received us with great politeness and cordiality, with the air of well-bred gentlemen towards their guests. Unluckily a party of English was before us, occupying the apartments, and there was nothing better for us than the carpenter's workshop. We could not think of sending up a petition to our country folks for leave to sit with them in their apartment, lest we should be considered intruders; and they, for their parts, could not think of offering so small a favour, lest the invitation should be rejected; besides, the ladies on each side could not possibly know what sort of company the other ladies might be. So with a great deal of pride, and its consequence, a want of good fellowship, both parties kept aloof, carefully walking in different directions, and avoiding even to look towards each other, lest unpleasant hints should be supposed to be conveyed. The fittest punishment for such artificial reserve fell upon all of us on our return to Florence; when it was discovered that the other party, a gentleman and his two sisters, were R.'s intimate acquaintances, on their way from Naples, whose arrival he had long expected. This mortification was to come, but at the time we were too happy, too merry, and our appetites by far too good, to permit us in any way to feel dissatisfied at our dinner-table being in the midst of deal-boards and shavings; especially as there was a profusion of good things cooked in the most delicate and savoury manner. As we sat at table, several of the monks came, one after the other, to pay their respects. New company is an agreeable event to them, not being, like those of Vallombrosa, sullen. Curiosity was doubtless their principal motive, but their good breeding prevented its appearance. They are all of noble families, twenty in number, attended by twenty lay-brothers. Their robes are of white woollen, and they wear their beards, though they shave the crown of the head and the upper-lip. When moving along the paths among the stately trees, their appearance is extremely picturesque. They spoke more like men of the world than anchorites, and were by no means deficient in compliments to handsome faces. One of them, sitting by Marian, told her he was acquainted with but one English word, which he thought was uncommonly harmonious and expressive. She naturally inquired what that word was, when immediately the very Reverend Don Padre, looking at her full in the eyes, pronounced "Beautiful!" lingering on every syllable to give its complete effect, and then he made her a bow, assuming a careless and a somewhat grave countenance, as if he had said nothing extraordinary. Here was more slyness mixed with gallantry than is usual among us laymen; and doubtless a monk sometimes finds his account in joining the two together.

I am, &c. &c.

B.

## LONDON LYRICS.

*The Maiden's Lament.*

"Ye rocks, whose cold bosoms but hurl back my strain,  
Ah! where shall I find my lost treasure again?  
My warbler has fled, and I'm left all alone—  
Soprano, my tuneful Soprano, is gone."

"You tell me your tuneful Soprano is gone,  
Your eye it is tearful, your cheek it is wan:  
Unlock, gentle maiden, the source of your pain,  
I'll aid you to find your lost treasure again."

"A seeming Crusader, he woo'd in a tone  
At least half an octave more alt than my own:  
In Egypt he fought against Saladin's ranks—"  
"In Egypt? I'll find him—'Ho! Buckingham! Banks!'"

"Forbear, gentle sir, take no Orient flight,  
'Twas from the Haymarket last Saturday night,  
My lark, my tall linnet, deserted love's throne:  
Soprano, my lovely Soprano, has flown."

"You tell me your lovely Soprano has fled;—  
Say, is the man living, or is the man dead?"  
"You err, gentle sir, from no lover I'm torn,  
It is not a man whose departure I mourn."

"Dear lady, your pardon—how could my wits rove,  
Thus to take gentle friendship for turbulent love?  
What uncle, what father, has forced you to part  
From her, the soft fair one, who dwells in your heart?"

"Ah, no, gentle sir, still yourself you deceive,  
From tuneful Soprano, whose exit I grieve,  
No uncle, no father, has forced me to part;  
It is not a woman that dwells in my heart."

"True! now I have hit it, my mournful *Jeune Merc*,  
A child, heedless straying, has roused your despair;  
Placards, with red tongues, shall re-echo your loss  
From narrow Saint Giles's to wide Charing Cross."

"Forbear, oh forbear, thus to ask what I feel,  
Nor probe the deep wound that your art cannot heal;  
I'll sigh to the winds, and I'll mourn to the deep,  
It is not a child whose departure I weep."

"Adieu! gentle lady, don't think me unkind,  
I'd fain advertise your Soprano to find,  
But how shall the height, age, or figure be styled,  
Of one who is neither man, woman, nor child?"

MEN, WOMEN, AND NIMMEN;

*Or, a New Sex discovered.*

*Est neutrale genus: sic invariabile Nomen.*

*Latin Grammar.*

THE poets have a mighty way, when they hit upon a new conception, of calling out to all other poets to think nothing of their own inventions upon that point. The last new heroine absorbs the lustre of all other heroines. Fifty millions of men are a poor army, compared with the latest poetical levy. Hold your tongue, Ovid, says Dante; and



you, Lucan, be quiet with your serpents: *I* have a serpent shall out-horrrify a hundred of yours.

Encouraged thus to assume the reputation due to my deserts, I must request Columbus's name, in future, not to take so much upon itself. Newton had a pretty talent at discovery; but he was right to be modest with it. Bacon, Galileo, Pythagoras, and those other illustrious men (I forget their names), may I trouble them to stand aside? What is the detection of a new hemisphere or so, or of the blink of another planet? I have discovered a *new sex*!

Did the reader ever meet with a supposed sort of woman, called a horse-godmother? Is he acquainted (as he very likely is) with other varieties of the species, yeleft coarse-minded women, scolds, vixens, trollops, &c. These are not *women*, Lord help him! they are not even females. Dull are the inquirers that ever took them for such. They are *Nimmén*. I will explain the word presently.

Furthermore, did the reader ever see a supposed sort of man, called a milk-sop? Has he been puzzled to know what to make of sawneys, male-gossips, busy-bodies, bobadils, wittols, &c.? These are neither men, nor males. They are the weaker division of the same tribe of animal, called in the singular number the *Nooman*—pronounced short, as in *woman*. There is man, men; woman, women; and nooman and nimmén. The word is properly *noman*, *nomen*, after the fashion of the appellation feminine; but I write it as I do, to prevent mistake. The etymology will be obvious. It implies, that the creature has nothing in common with man or woman-kind, a distinction the more necessary, inasmuch as the habit of admitting its claim to the connexion has given rise to half the evils of society. What is extraordinary, the robuster species of the animal, out of an excess of impudence, and as if to confound and over-awe discovery, has chosen to dress itself like a female; a perversity, which has been copied *vice versa* by the weaker.

I must allow, that like all great discoveries, the present one has been preceded by some faint lights and intimations; a sort of uneasy dawn. Socrates had a glimpse of it. Milton saw farther. Fielding and others had an insight. I like, as a certain Irish duke said, a train to precede me. But the conquest of this terra incognita has remained for me. I drag the inhabitants at my car. Columbus did not produce more solid proof in his Americans, than I do in my Nimmén.

The reader is here presented with a memorandum of some of the varieties.

The largest animal of the pretended female species, is the horse-godmother. It is easily known by its irrepressible tendency to behave like a male. Its voice is loud; its gestures confident. It has been known to leap a five-barred gate.

The scold has a passion for hearing its own cry; and will run on, gabbling and complaining, from morning till night. It delights in worrying maid-servants and good husbands; and has a knack, in proportion as it is tolerated, to complain of ill treatment. The truth is, there is some foundation in the charge. The only way to do it a real service, is not to endure it; for its passions wear itself out at last, as well as its victims, though not so speedily.

The vixen resembles the scold, but does not care for making such an external noise. It has fits of grievance; during which it contrives

to scold with its eyes, its *hums* and *ha's*, and its very silence. The vixen has commonly a little cat-like expression, and is credibly reported to have been known to spit.

It is a pity sometimes to see the trollop; for it is not always an ill-natured creature; but so dirty, that nobody can touch it. It has an odd passion for clapping on fine feathers and dirty stockings; and will take a great tawdry rag, and drag it, with a mighty appearance of satisfaction, along a puddle.

There is a variety called the trollop mental; which, though externally cleaner than the other, is more hideously dirty in grain. Some of these creatures will talk, for amusement's sake, like an old drab of a nurse in a hospital! How such beings could have been taken for women, I cannot imagine. Yet I have met with preposterous human creatures, who have thought them handsome. Others have affirmed, that they would with pleasure spend an hour or so with vixens of their acquaintance, and think them charming for that time, though for that time only. God help them! There is no accounting for tastes. For my part, unless a woman is not merely a supposed woman, but a real one, I agree with the author of the *Criticism on Beauty*, and would prefer the plainest little soul that ever frightened a dancing-master, provided she were sensitive and good-humoured.

So much for the robuster Nooman, or pretended female. The chief of the pretended males is the milk-sop. It is surely too well known to need description. So is the sawney, and the bobadil. But care should be taken of the male-gossip. Under pretence of being a man, it is a great murderer of reputations, and carries fire from house to house. The busy-body may be known by poking its nose into every body's desk, closet, and concerns. It is a pity somebody does not nail a few specimens against door-ways, *in terrorem*. The busy-body and male-gossip have much in common; but the former gives itself the greater airs. It often affects to patronize; and then merges into the animal called a prig.

The wittol is famous for being led by the nose. You may see it going along, in that condition, accompanied by some flattering fool, or Jesuit of a kinsman, and quite unconscious of its appearance. It is indeed remarkable, that in proportion as it is led, it looks upon itself as a free agent; and nothing puts it in a greater rage, than being told to the contrary. This often gives rise to very ludicrous, and sometimes to piteous exhibitions; for the wittol, though not a man, is often a humane sort of creature.

I know not a more unpleasant specimen of the Nooman (if indeed it be worthy of that name) than the species called number-one. It is the farthest removed from humanity, for it is the most selfish. When its name is mentioned, it gives a horrid grin, meaning to express its complacency and a sense of its cunning; for it is lost to all sense of shame. It hides money, like a magpie; stints you at every turn, even to a little tea and sugar; and will let its companions drown, rather than wet a foot. This species ought to be separated from all the rest, being in fact more below the whole tribe, than the others are below the best of the human race. It should also have a dress of its own, to distinguish it to dull eyes; great disorders arising from taking these and other creatures for men and women. Human beings have been known to be entrapped into a connexion with them, and to have led the most horrible lives.

As to the dress of Nimmen in general, the impudence of some of them, and the folly of others in assuming the apparel of women and men, ought to be provided against, I think, in the following manner. The pretended female should retain, as a mark of disgrace, the female habit all over the upper part of the body, but should be forced to put on that of a male for the rest, wearing the breeches in particular. The pretended male, upon the like principle, should retain the upper part of the habit masculine, and adopt, for the remainder, the petticoat and the little shoe.

I fancy the former strutting away in a bonnet full of ribbons, and small-clothes like a drummer's; the petticoat mincing tenderly by its side, surmounted by the bust of a young gentleman!

Were the heart of all Fleet-street oppress'd with care,  
The mist were dispell'd, should a Nooman appear!

There would be many advantages in this arrangement. The fiercer species, or pretended female, could no longer be taken for a woman; and it could also slap its knee, ride a-stride, push its way through a crowd, or kick a saucy fellow on occasion, as it ought to do. The pretended male, on the other hand, would no longer be mistaken for a man. Its petticoat would justly protect it from insult. People would offer it seats at the theatre, and perform a hundred other humane offices, due to the weaker vessel.

At all events, pray let us observe the moral distinction. The name will be of great use for this purpose. "I can hardly call her a woman," says A. speaking of some supposed female. He is right. The appellation is *Nooman*. "A pretty woman," says B. "but somehow repulsive." Now a pretty woman cannot be repulsive. Nooman—nooman—is the word. A pretty nooman—just as we say a pretty cat. So a fine nooman—a fine horse. A beautiful nooman—a beautiful tiger. Though how a creature that certainly has some external resemblance to a woman, can be said to look beautiful, while destitute of the very essence of beauty, is what I cannot conceive. But this point has been noticed already.

I fell in company with a nooman last winter in Paris. She was looked upon as a very pretty woman, though with a doubtful expression. The company were talking of the frightful distresses of Ireland; so "to divert such a very distressing subject," the supposed lady (who was an absentee) took out a jewel-box, and shewed us a superfluous collection of toys that must have cost many a poor tenant a headache to furnish. Here was a nooman for you! She went away; and we found another amongst us, in the shape of the most sensitive of the party. This "lady" did nothing but abuse the other in the most affecting terms. She went so far as to writhe under some of the most touching hysterical attitudes. Observing that our sympathy cooled, in proportion as her's grew vehement, she suddenly dried up her tears; and after "snapping her husband's head off," as the phrase is, proceeded to bite us all round in a series of spiteful remarks. The poor man had married a nooman!

Perhaps some of my brethren of the New Monthly could favour the public with experiences to the same effect; which would be doing the community a service.

ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW.

## THE EMBELLISHMENTS OF LONDON.

UTILITY and convenience are the first objects of taste; what remains is to render that which is useful for our more indispensable wants, beautiful or pleasurable to the eye. Upon these principles, the avenues, approaches, communications, or, to use other terms, the streets, and adjacent roads—or, to be more general, the laying out of the ground, or site of a city or town, is the first consideration, and the beautifying those streets, roads, or other openings, the second. With these views in contemplation, it seems indispensable to hesitate concerning that love of “Gates,” which the author of a Letter to the Right Honourable Sir Charles Long, just printed and published,\* makes his preliminary point, and which has, in fact, called our attention to the present subject. In the class of “Gates,” the writer is anxious to reckon Triumphal Arches. It may deserve remark too, that the author of the letter is not wholly forgetful of the principle of “use;” and yet is, perhaps, equally open to criticism, as well when he proposes what may be of “apparent use,” as when he talks of that for which he does not assume any “apparent use” whatever! Finding fault with the “Canal,” as it is called, in St. James’s Park, he says, “Apparent use is indispensable to the completely pleasing aspect of water;” and presently adds, “An elegant pleasure-boat would give to the present bare and unappropriated surface of the Canal, a meaning which it now seems to want.” But the “apparent uses” of water are very many, besides that of carrying pleasure-boats. Water feeds vegetation; water implies coolness and refreshment; water reflects the skies, the trees, the grass, and the buildings, and is therefore cheerful, various, and beautiful. Water is thus useful, and of apparent use, even though a vessel should never rest upon its bosom; and there is even a beauty in water which is vacant and may be styled solitary; as there is also a beauty in water which is, as it were, peopled and inhabited with ships and boats. But how stands the question of “apparent use,” as to the building of *useless* gates, in or around London? The inhabitants and visitors of London, indeed, know so much about Turnpike Gates, that the very name must be almost enough to turn the victory against the author of the appeal to Sir Charles Long! “Most of the continental cities,” it is observed, “have their gates built in honour of their victories, or at least named after them, *or after the town to which they lead the way.* From the want of these, and from its wide, dusty, unavenued approaches, London has more the air of a vast overgrown town, than of a magnificent city.” The fact, that “most of the continental cities have their gates named (among other means of distinction) after the town to which they lead,” is not much, it may be presumed, to the purpose of the writer; but the very mention of this, and of the other qualifying particulars, enforces the recollection, that these cities have not “built” their gates “in honour of their victories,” but only so named some of their gates, after all of them had been “built” for a

\* A Letter to Sir Charles Long, on the Improvements proposed, and now carrying on, in the western part of London. 8vo.

very different purpose, and real and "apparent use;" namely, for security in peace and war! But our letter-writer has seen these "continental cities;" he has associated the idea of gates, and the idea of avenues (formal or ornamented avenues, or approaches,) with the idea of a "city," as contradistinguished from a "town." He has luxuriated in fortifications, and walled towns, and cities! He has forgotten the peculiar and unfortunate circumstances (peculiar and unfortunate as compared with his own country) which make gates of real, as well as "apparent use," across the Channel. He has wanted the sound moral and sentimental taste which exults in the deliverance of our own islands, at the present day, from the necessity of walling in their towns and cities, and which delights in beholding at home none but gate-less towns and cities, unless where ancient gates remain, valuable, in the eye of moral taste, only because they are historical; and this while our "continental neighbours give to the gates which they have built for daily use, as we to our streets, squares, and bridges, the names of their victories, or of the towns to which they lead." He would have Englishmen fancy themselves acting in the very same spirit, if they should build gates on purpose to give names to them, as if they were giving names to gates which it was *necessary* to build! Long may an opposite taste prevail; or, at least, long may the prevailing taste prevent the building of useless gates, and long the happy circumstances exist, which, in London, render gates useless!

The writer pleads for the little "inconvenience" of gates, and instances Temple Bar, upon which it would be tedious to make all the reply invited; but the question is, not as to the greater or less "inconvenience," but as to the greater or less *convenience*, utility, and necessity. Neither is it, as he puts it, the greater or less inconvenience of suffering "these interesting vestiges of former times to remain;" but the greater or less convenience, utility, necessity, or even appropriate and *agrecable ornament* of gates to be newly erected. The association of ideas, as just suggested, with an ancient gate, throws us back into the past, with its manners and its griefs; the association of ideas with a modern English open town or city, conveys to us the happiness of the country and age in which we live!

The writer, however, who attempts the making out of no case of necessity, and thence utility, for new gates in London, derived from its present dangers, either foreign or domestic, offers two uses, and even grounds of necessity, both of which must surely fail him. In the first place, those gates must have walls, and then, those walls might "embellish London with specimens of architecture." Without asking whether all our specimens of modern architecture are such uniform embellishments of London as to tempt us to build only for embellishment sake; it may yet be allowed us to ask, whether there is no way of embellishing London with specimens of architecture, without building upon the precise principle of digging holes, and filling up again, for the sake of creating labour; that is, building only for building sake, and not for the *use* of the building? The writer, along with most of the remainder of the world, thinks the public excusable in not knowing what the statue in Hyde Park "would be at;" but overlooks the same difficulty when he talks of gates, at least equally unmeaning!

But if gates are unnecessary, and therefore without "apparent use," in and about London, either for defence, or for exhibiting our perfection in architecture, the writer has at least fallen upon one reason for building them, which, if his account of the matter is to be relied upon, must be listened to at once. They are wanted, it seems, for historical monuments—for supplying the place of those pillars, at first rude, but afterwards sculptured, and even lettered, which men as destitute as ourselves of paper and print, and books and medals, used to erect for the information of their contemporaries and of posterity! "Among these improvements," says the author of the Letter to Sir Charles Long, "I am sorry that nothing is said of any architectural memorial of those great victories, which must otherwise be left to the doubtful and tardy historian alone to commemorate, when the very fact of their existence might be almost questioned, if the streets and squares of this vast city afford no evidence of it (and that by means of gates) from the hands of the architect, or the chisel of the sculptor!"—Will it be easily believed that this sentence is meant to apply itself to London, and appears to have been written in 1825?

The writer, however, is for planting his historical gate, or triumphal arch, upon the very spot which is just about to be freed from the turnpike gate, at Hyde Park Corner. This is a project which, with some variety of detail, has been brought forth, and from time to time resisted, ever since the date of the battle of Waterloo; and which the more sensible part of the public has probably regarded as a puerile fancy, or as the proposed job of an architect, or of a sculptor, or of both; and pretty nearly as bad as the subscription monument for the late Princess Charlotte, with its two stone figures of the deceased—one, the body without the soul, and the other, the soul without the body. Before turnpike gates were treated with the little reverence which they obtain since the days of Mr. Cobbett, Mr. M'Adam, and Lord Lowther, it was innocently proposed to build a triumphal arch at the entrance of Piccadilly, the two limbs of which were to do the duty of the two lodges for the turnpike men, and the hollow entrance, (which would be wanting to our writer's gates) a five or six-bayred turnpike gate, *secundum artem*. But the single idea of building in England, and at the present day, either a gate as a triumphal arch, or an acknowledged triumphal arch as a public monument of a victory, is as inconsistent with good taste, as the placing a statue of Achilles in Hyde Park as a monument of the victories of the Duke of Wellington and his brave companions in arms. *It would not speak to the public; it would remind the public of nothing which has either happened, or is likely to happen. It would speak to none but the readers of books, and who may, therefore, be left to books themselves. If an inscription, or if a sculpture, is to do the business, then either the one or the other of these may be as readily placed upon or against any other wall or building, as upon or against a gate; but if it is the gate, or the arch, which is to speak, then such a building as this latter must be dumb to the public in an age which witnesses no military triumphs or processions. Good taste follows use, nature, and matter of fact. If a city had a gate, built for necessity, and if that gate had actually afforded a passage to a conqueror, and his army, and his prisoners, and his spoils—in that case, it would be natural to attach for*

ever after to that gate, some connexion with the occurrence, and it might claim a name—it might bear an inscription—it might be embellished or ennobled by sculptures, or by trophies—or its rude architecture might be encased, enriched, and aggrandised with all the pomp and luxury of the building art. Again, the erection of an arch over the road, upon which those whom it is intended to honour are to pass, is natural. An arch, even of two sticks of willow, is a species of canopy. The heart seeks some external mode of expressing its sentiment. When his late Majesty went into Kent to review the volunteers of that county in Lord Romney's park, arches, formed of single sticks, and decorated with cherries, were raised in many of the villages along the road. This is the origin of the Triumphal Arch. To this type you may add all the pomp of Roman architecture, and sculpture, and gilding; but to build a triumphal arch, where there are no "*triumphs*," where no conqueror, no army, no prisoners, and no spoils, in solemn procession, and amid the shouts of the people, enter: in a country where, in point of fact, victories are announced to the public only by means of guns and gazettes; where the victor, returning to his home, travels alone, in a hired chaise and four, and where illuminations (of religious original) supply the place of *triumphs*: to build triumphal arches in such an age and country is not to *speak to the public*; is not to consult and address ourselves to public taste or feeling, to public recollection and habitude, and is not, therefore, to be governed by any share of true taste, in the administration of public things. It is not to "consult the genius of the place," nor "apparent use," nor historical truth, nor the truth of nature.

But if the building of gates is inconsistent with our wants, that is, with our happy capability of enjoying open towns and cities, and if triumphal arches have no origin and reason in our national or military manners, and even if our victories are in no lack, nor are likely to be in lack, of speedy and accredited historians, who may well be expected to last, or at least to succeed each other, as long, in any case, as our "streets and squares," are we still denied the pleasure of expressing even the exuberance of our historical propensity in the shape of inscriptions, sculptures, and even architectural labours—labours of apparent and absolute use—labours adapted to and even demanded by our necessities—labours which would increase the appearance of security and comfort in our metropolis, and even advance its local prosperity? What if (provided we abound in superfluous capital, or are even pre-eminent in the *organ of constructiveness*) what if, instead of building useless gates, we build useful bridges?—Are not bridges as ornamental as gates? Are they not equal specimens of architecture, and equally adapted to bear inscriptions, and to be decorated with sculpture? and would not their utility, considering the topography of London, be more than unequal? This suggestion, however, is in part jocular. Bridges, no more than gates, are to be built for the sake of bearing a name; but bridges, and not only bridges, but streets and squares, when built, may be named (as our continental neighbours name their gates) in honour of national victories: and, in point of fact, have we not a Waterloo Bridge? and who is there that would exchange it for the sake either of utility, beauty, or historical reminiscence, with a gate to be erected only that it may be called Waterloo Gate?

Before leaving, however, in company with our author, the entire vicinity of Hyde Park Corner, it may be agreeable to make a circuit with him down Knightsbridge, and into Hyde Park. The entrance into London from Knightsbridge, with St. James's and the Green Parks, and Westminster Abbey, and Buckingham House on the right, and the Terrace on the left, possesses in its present state, that cheerful and ornate beauty, that light, airy, and open appearance, which, to the writer of these remarks, it seems so desirable that London should every where enjoy. The substitution of an iron railing for the old wall is an elegant and liberal improvement; the throwing out some ten or fifteen feet of the park, into the high road upon this occasion, may seem somewhat over-liberal; and, if it has been done only for the sake of obtaining a strait line, the reason may be hardly good enough. At the termination of the iron railing westward, a short portion of Knightsbridge, or perhaps Knightsbridge-proper, is as ugly and as narrow as can be wished. It opens again, and as handsomely as need be desired, at the Cannon Brewhouse, a building of which the author of the letter to Sir Charles Long speaks contemptuously, but which to the writer of these remarks has long appeared to possess unusual beauty, (that part which is surmounted by the sign of the Cannon is here intended,) so much so, that he always wished a street to open opposite to it, and regrets that another arrangement has taken place; so much for difference of tastes. Close to, but below this spot, the new turnpike gate is erecting; and, considering the comparative narrowness of this part of Knightsbridge, it seems a matter to be lamented that the choice did not fall to the eastward of the bridge, where the road, footways and all, are so remarkably, and almost uselessly wide, and therefore so well adapted to lessen the inconveniences attendant upon partial and temporary stoppages of the traffic by the turnpike gate. But something has been said about the fixing of the turnpike where it now appears that it is to be fixed, in accommodation of the interests of the Earl Grosvenor, whose property is said to terminate at the bridge, or the brook which comes from the Serpentine river, where also terminates the parish of St. George, Hanover-square. —This brook, by the way, gave occasion for the *bridge* (no longer visible) in the high road, which obtained the name of Knightsbridge, and thence distinguished the neighbourhood.

The author of the Letter expresses a hope that the iron railing of Hyde Park will be continued downward to Kensington, and that entrances will be made along this line for the convenience of the public. The writer of these remarks confesses that he had formed in his own mind, a different plan for the improvement of this part of the Park, from that which has been begun, and is now likely to be adopted. Looking both to the value of the ground, and to the cheerfulness and security of the adjoining high road, he had thought that a series of cottage villas (as the phrase is), with very small allotments of land, might have been placed along the road, and *planted out* upon the side of the Park.

The writer of these remarks is not so well satisfied with the new road opened through the Deer Park, as the author of the Letter and many other persons express themselves to be; and he decidedly pro-



tests against the erection of any other bridges across the Serpentine river than those now existing. The new road keeps sufficiently clear of any such project at present; and a passage for carriages across the river ought to be regarded as wholly unneeded and undesirable. The writer's objection to the new road is, first, that it breaks in upon the sylvan solitude, and apparent privacy of the portion of Kensington Gardens which it approaches, and which solitude and privacy he suspects to have been part of the taste of the ancient designers to create and preserve; but farther than this, he doubts its value upon account of the dust which, if used, it will waft into the gardens with every east wind; a wind sufficiently prevalent in the spring, or fashionable season, and sufficiently annoying already to the frequenters of that part of the Gardens. The quantity of dust which flies over the southern wall, from the two roads upon that side of the gardens, often forming a cloud along the whole length of the green walk, stretching from east to west, greater than can be easily believed. The new gate of the Gardens in the south-west corner, is a very desirable improvement, and commodious carriage entrance; but if a similar carriage entrance immediately into the Gardens, is wanted at the north-east corner or Brickden Hill, it might be made upon the side of the high road, in the manner and in a line with the gate in the south-west corner, that is, at Bayswater.

Mention having been now made of the Serpentine river, and the question being concerning landscape improvements and beauty, it may be allowable, after paying a tribute to the real charms of the two bridges and their trees below, to say that the artificial water-fall, so well, as also so expensively contrived in many respects, has a fault, *in the building of its rocks*, which, though kindly overlooked by cockneys, even in these days of the picturesque, cannot but give unconquerable pain to the eyes of all who have become familiar with natural water-falls, and which really ought not to disfigure a work of art in such a situation. The fault consists in this; that whereas, in the form of the banks or borders of every natural waterfall, the immediate receptacle of the fall is hollowed and outspread into a basin, according to the volume of the water which occasionally descends—the stream above and below the fall may thus be narrow, but the immediate and first receptacle of the water will be hollowed and widened by the water itself—Now, at the foot of the Serpentine river, it is the immediate foot and receptacle of the fall that is narrow (that is, enclosed by two rectilinear walls of stone,) while the basin, or widening of the banks, does not commence till at some distance from the foot. It is another fault of this work of art (but one in which it shares with the Falls of Niagara), that it cannot be conveniently viewed but from the top, while all the charm and majesty of a fall of water depend upon its being seen from below.

The widening of Park-Lane, by means of a generous sacrifice of some feet of the Park, and the opening of a new and very wide road upon that side, are exceedingly valuable improvements. The author of the Letter to Sir Charles Long supposes that the fashionable world will fly from the dust and crowd of the old line of road, and disperse their elegant carriages "through the Deer Park;" but surely the object of the kind of drive or promenade here under consideration, is to see and be seen; to meet the world out of doors; and not to ruralise among

the green-wood trees. The anticipation of the author, therefore, may not be entirely fulfilled, when he says, that "there can be little doubt that fashion will, in this instance, not entirely discard common sense; but that we shall see its votaries, as well as reasonable people, no longer confine themselves, as now, to creeping along the most unicturesque road in the whole Park; but shewing their elegant carriages and fine horses over the whole extended surface of its rides and drives, giving life and increased beauty to the scene."

"The new lodges," continues this writer, "are very pretty, though on so diminutive a scale, that those who are fond of sneering at things that less enlightened persons are commonly pleased with, might say that they seemed to be constructed for the purpose of enhancing by contrast the neighbouring gigantic statue, or of tempting some desperate dandy to leap over them, in his transit to or from the Park." But this is a scheme for a witticism which can have little chance of being applauded. The lodges are larger than any of the old lodges in the Park, and how can lodges be other than small buildings? In addition, they are remarkably beautiful; perhaps faultless; and it is to be hoped and expected will multiply, and produce some such another pair as themselves, to stand, along with another set of gates, at Hyde Park Corner.

#### THE PREPONDERATING MOTIVE.

SAID Lady Blue to Lady Brown,

"The speech was read to-day,  
Where shall we go, on leaving town,  
To wear the time away?

"Brighton's a winter place, you know,  
And therefore will not do;  
Tower cits at Margate overflow,  
And pester Ramsgate too.

"Broadstairs and Southend common are,  
Cheltenham is out of season,  
Tonbridge too near, Scarborough too far—  
In Worthing perhaps there's reason.

"Fashion and grave society,  
I'm told, are mingled there,  
And parties form continually,  
And 'tis the purest air."—

Said Lady Brown to Lady Blue:

"Dear Lady Blue, believe,  
I would not disagree with you;  
Till bare thought makes me grieve.

"But Worthing is a dull, dull town,  
Whist, and religion too,  
Are needful there to force time down,  
And these will scarcely do.

"I must have rout, and ball, and play,  
Love, scandal, and champagne;  
I cannot dribble life away  
In sentimental pain.

"Pore o'er dull books, or walk the strand,  
Yawning the livelong day;  
I am for Tonbridge, hate flat sand,  
Sea-dipping, air and spray.

"And then, my dear," said Lady Brown,  
 "You are too wise for me;  
 So let us go to Tonbridge town,  
 And leave Geology."—  
 "Dear Lady Brown," said Lady Blue,  
 "With you I can't agree,  
 Being 'intellectual' in my view,  
 To leave Geology.  
 "I love to look at cliffs and sail,  
 And rear a theory;  
 And always find well-paid my toil,  
 When studying near the sea."—  
 "No, Tonbridge, Tonbridge, come you will!  
 Sir Gregory is there,  
 Who shew'd you, upon Ephraim hill,  
 To make the circle square.  
 "He spoko of you—but I am mum!  
 Who knows what things may be?—  
 Years pass, my dear, and age will come—  
 How sweet is company!"—  
 "Well then, I'll lay my studies by  
 For your sake, Lady Brown—  
 If you will say, with certainty,  
 Sir Gregory's in the town!"

## SIR W. TEMPLE, DR. MORE, AND WILLIAM PENN.

*More.*—I am glad, Mr. Penn, that you have been good enough to renew your visit, as I was much disappointed in not having the happiness to be at home when you last called. I have read with great satisfaction those two books \* you sent me, and I find in them many testimonies of that sincerity and love of truth which I cannot but highly prize wherever I meet with it. Your former book,† in spite of its over-strictness, has my very warm approbation. The present times, indeed, make it necessary for every good man to arm himself with principles of self-denial and endurance. Some points, I think, are very near drawing to à crisis. As to myself, though sickness has somewhat marred my faculties, and I am now but the remains of an ordinary man, yet I still retain the same sence in all points of controversy between us and the Church of Rome as is set forth in my public works, and I am ready to endure whatever consequences may attend my perseverance in such principles.

*Penn.*—My enmity to idolatry I have publicly testified, and to all ceremonies that are from Babylon; but I think thy fears from that quarter are somewhat too great, and that, whilst the idle superstitions of the Romanists are exposed, it would be a part of Christian charity to protect their persons and their property. But I wish not to dispute with thee upon this point. I know thy goodness and thy zeal; and little as I wish thee any trials in thy old age, I have no doubt thou wouldst proceed through good report and through evil report, and would, if need were, bear thy testimony boldly to the truth.

*More.*—By abstraction from the world, (and I trust I may say so without boasting,) I have gained somewhat of internal liberty, and in-

\* Two pamphlets relating to particular instances of persecution.

† No Cross no Crown.

stead of pampering self-will and self-love, it has been my endeavour to increase the inward powers of the mind. I have through life industriously refrained from all those things, though of an indifferent nature, which are over-pleasing to the animal life. And I think that in my old age I might still do some good by an example of self-devotion.

*Temple.*—On the contrary, Doctor, it seems to me, that your placid and comfortable old age is a much more edifying sight than your martyrdom could be ; and I should be sorry indeed to see the Church of England illustrating its doctrines by the deaths rather than by the lives of its ministers.

*More.*—The placidity of my old age, on which you are pleased to compliment me, is owing to the circumstance that I have always obeyed the dictates of my conscience as a paramount consideration. By every sacrifice to duty the soul not only increases its independence, but is amply compensated by the cheerfulness and internal satisfaction which it feels, and by no other means can it arrive at a sense of its proper greatness and real dignity.

*Temple.*—I would not speak irreverently, but the satisfaction of martyrdom is a thing my faculties cannot comprehend. Doubtless the ills of life are many ; but the pleasures of life, I mean where there is any degree of conduct and good sense, in general far exceed them. Some considerable degree of accommodation is necessary where a man would pass happily through the world. But virtue, as far as I can understand it, is nothing else than rational self-love. The same course which makes individuals happy in themselves is sure to be best for the commonweal, and the best aim of religion is to give a sanction to the rules of good sense ; and perhaps men would be more improved if the coincidence of their duty with their own interest were more plainly pointed out to them. For “Nullum numen abest si sit prudentia.”

*More.*—The idle school of Epicurus may teach thus much ; but when such notions are referred to practical purposes and to the test of experience, they are found to be mere babbling and idle jargon of words. He can have but little taste of true liberty who has not struggled with his own will. He is still captivated in the chains of fate and ignorance, a bondsman to the humours of his body, a retainer on the whims and caprices of his imagination. Every idle gust of passion can carry him abroad, and unmoor him from the anchorage of reason. What security can the Epicurean have against the allurements of pleasure, or what ground of consistency or perseverance when threatened with pain and torture ? Without some sound principle of a higher nature, man is but a vane for every wind to toss about, without self-importance or self-respect, conscious that he deserves neither his own esteem nor the approbation of others.

*Temple.*—If you are resolved that a man's sense of his proper interest will not do for his guide, still his respect for the opinions of others, his regard for his own character, his affections and sympathies, will be a strong check against vice. If you cannot deal with his reason, you may at least have some hold upon his vanity.

*More.*—Nothing but a sense of duty, and a true religious principle, can be of any permanent avail. No other principle has sufficient strength to bend the different faculties of the mind to their due subordination, and to marshal them in their proper rank. To combat one passion by another is only to change the weights, it is only turning the

evil into another channel. It may in some cases be useful as a temporary relief till safer means can be applied, and more efficacious remedies adopted. But the soul itself can only acquire its proper elevation by attempting to arrive at the deiform nature, by disentangling itself from the pleasures of sense, from the captivity of idle fancy and mere human ambition. It must endeavour to imitate that nature the essence of which is good, and the operations of which are the distribution and communication of good.

*Temple.*—The imitation of the Supreme Being must be a noble principle, but it seems, from the conduct of mankind, that it has generally been misunderstood; and many, whilst they have affected to pursue such a purpose, have given themselves up to mere reveries, and have quitted the cares and the duties of life to exist in a state of idle abstraction.

*More.*—The exercises which I recommend have nothing to do with monastic seclusion, though perhaps solitude may have something mystical in its effects on the mind, when considered not as an object of desire itself, but as a discipline for the mind, and as the parent of holy contemplations. But the mind of a sensible man is, as Tully remarks, never less alone than when alone. It then puts forth its inmost strength, and makes vigorous shoots in the region of meditation and pious self-devotion.

The spirit must be freed from the clog of sensuality, from the mire and intemperance of this animal nature. It must quit the cabals and contests of vulgar life, with the jealousies and heartburnings which they produce, and venture to expatiate in a freer range, and in a purer atmosphere. When thus cleared and disentangled, it can soar aloft on the wings of contemplation, and rapt in a sacred enthusiasm, can become absorbed and lost in the pervading spirit of the universe. All the lees of existence, all the dross and refuse of this mortal coil, are in such moments left behind. The soul asserts her native vigour, purified from such adhesions and incumbrances. Every selfish feeling, every narrow and personal interest is forgotten. How often, when walking in the beautiful walks at Cambridge, on some fine summer's evening, has my soul been carried away from itself and steeped in the bliss of Elysium! My spirit has shot from me like a star, and pierced through realms of space invisible to human ken.\* I have been identified with the character of the giant sun, who was at that moment sinking to the west in a flood of glory, and whose radiant beams gave a parting kiss to every shady grove, and whose tufted arbour then glanced over each pinnacle and tower and gilded steeple, and melted at last in the fitful blushes of the vaulted heavens. My heart has dilated with the scene, and the very rapture of the moment has been too powerful for me. The rustling of the trees in glad salutation of the gentle breeze of evening, and the carolling of the throstle from the topmost bough as he bade farewell to the day, have seemed to me the impulses of my own spirit.

*Penn.*—I have had my experiences of such blissful states of mind, but these upon more serious occasions. I never was so oppressed with the revelation of the holy life as in my first interview with my truly respected friend † Elizabeth, (now with the Lord,) and with Anna

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\* Some of the expressions here are not strained beyond the Doctor's usual fervour, when in an enthusiastical mood.

† See Penn's Letter to the Princess Elizabeth of the Rhine, and to the Countess of Hornes.

Maria de Hornes, styled Countess of Hornes. My testimony was how Death reigned from Adam to Moses; how that Moses was till the prophets, the prophets till John, and John till Christ. I explained to them what Christ's day was, how few see this day, and, whilst people are talking of being under grace and not under the law, death reigneth over them, and they are not come to Moses nor the shaking or quaking mountain, the thunderings and lightnings and whirlwinds, and what was the way which led to the true grace. I declared the nature and manner of the appearing and operating of this principle, and appealed to their own consciences; and *that* that was before the world began was richly manifested in and amongst us. Of those dear distant friends I think now with delight. Time nor place can never separate our joy, divide our communion, or wipe away the remembrance that I have of them. What shall separate me from those who are truly the Lord's? Shall principalities or powers?—things present or things to come? shall life or death? No; neither time nor mortality. Elizabeth was amongst the first to receive our testimony; but even with them that worship was much thought of. Ay, we must beware of the delusions of vanity. These little conformities with the sinful world lead to other enormities; and from such beginnings the pride of the eye, and the lusts of the flesh, the empire of Satan prevail.

*More.*—True religion, Mr. Penn, cannot consist in contesting about petty observances. What is this cap honour? Is it any thing more than a customary expression of the respect we bear to creatures of our own mould and shape? and such respect to the persons of others, so far from being contrary to scripture, is but a recognition of God's image in man. And what more is meant by such a form, than kind inclination and readiness to serve one another? I fear much, Mr. Penn, that the ardour of your friends, on this and similar occasions, is not the infusion of the good spirit, but is the vehemence of a mind carried away by undue passions and by mistaken apprehensions of things.

*Penn.*—Thou claimest to thyself the exercise of thy reason and the indulgence of the visitations of thy inward spirit, and I think thou dost not do well in imputing that to folly in other men, which in thy own case thou attributest to grace and to divine favour.

*More.*—The spirit must be judged by its effects; and I must tell you frankly, that those yearnings after separation, that fondness for peculiarities in forms and external ceremonies, that inking after distinction, which characterize many of the leaders of your party, seem to me marks of the workings of the evil one; and I doubt not to say, that in many of them, the fanatic raptures they attain to, so far from being any divine enthusiasm, are mere aberrations of mind.

*Penn.*—I should have expected to find thy zeal on points of speculation more tempered with knowledge of the heart of man; and I have been long willing to believe that thy charity would prevail, and that thou, who art sincere thyself in thy most extraordinary raptures, wouldst recognize and esteem the same sincerity in others.

*More.*—You know, Mr. Penn, how truly I love and value yourself; but I grieve to see you carried away to such heats and excesses as you sometimes give way to; and many of your friends are, I am well assured, (and I think I am but little subject to be mistaken in my judgment of these matters) led into mere madness by their pride and enthusiasm, and admiration of their own rhetorical heats.

*Penn.*—When thou art mad in thy own fashion, I yet honour thee ; for I know thou meanest well ; and I am willing to interpret thy boldest flights of fancy, and thy most daring extravagancies, in some sober sense ; and yet thou wilt not indulge the weakness of a brother, or tolerate any, unless his imagination just jumps in measure with thine : this surely is not well of thee.

*More.*—It is a difficult thing, Mr. Penn, to distinguish between the holy utterance of the soul and the wild delusions of the melancholy fancy. The imagination is a dangerous faculty, and we must beware of attributing to inspiration what may be merely the oozings out of a distempered nature, the vapours of a splenetic mood.

*Penn.*—The brightest ecstasies may be of equally little use, though they may be more agreeable to the soul possessed with them ; and there is occasion to fear that thy admirers may retain thy words and be rapt in thy visions, without exercising their duties as thou hast done, or cultivating thy virtues. By its fruits shall the tree be known.

*Temple.*—I fear we are approaching dangerous ground. I do not see how freedom of reason can be allowed, without allowing freedom of imagination at the same time. There must be free scope for all ; and in distributing rewards amongst those who have had the gifts of prophecy, and have been blest with the power of seeing visions, one can only be impartial by awarding alike honourably to all, as where the good shepherd in Virgil cried out, “*Et vitulâ tu dignus et hic.*”

*More.*—Neither can that abstraction be called idle by which the mind learns to comprehend the vast chain of nature, to observe an uniformity of design and consistency of operation throughout the fabric of the universe. There is an incessant stock for contemplation in the structure of organized bodies, in the laws of the material world, in the instincts of animals. My friend the Bishop of Chester\* has shewn how much probability there is that other worlds exist inhabited like our own, and that what seem to us to be petty specks of light, are systems crowded with life and enjoyment ; and that, far beyond our knowledge or even conjecture, the range of creation still extends unexhausted, and happiness is diffused, and the choral voice of praise and gratitude raised to one mighty author, the soul of souls, and father of spirits.

*Temple.*—Such rational pursuits may be well attended to without any retirement at all from the world. They may be pursued in the midst of its gaieties and its pleasures, and the intermingling of philosophical recreations will give an additional zest to the pleasures of sense.

*More.*—What are the transient pleasures of sense compared with the enjoyments of reason when exercised upon its appropriate objects ? and what are the enjoyments of the reasoning power itself when compared with the raptures and transports of that still more divine part of our nature, by which we sympathise in the enjoyments of others, and are sensible that it is the nature of good to be communicative and to diffuse itself ? True religion does not consist in rhetorical flourishes or scholastic subtilties, as many seem to suppose, but in the practice of self-command, in the exercise of virtue, in the diffusion of charity. Pagan christianity has had its day, and will, after a while, give way to purer schemes and more enlightened conceptions ; when there will be less disputation about forms and creeds, conduct in life will be con-

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\* Wilkins.

sidered, and the interests of the heart cultivated. I have felt strong and sure anticipations of the progress of knowledge and virtue ; and if, like an old man, I dream dreams, they are at least of a consolatory cast, and, I will confess it, they leave a firm and indelible impression on my mind in its more waking moments.

*Pcm.*—My heart is moved within me, and my soul bears witness to the truths which thou utterest. There is already spread over the creation the dawn of a brighter day ; and I trust we shall live to see its more complete and entire effulgence. It is the day-spring from on high which visiteth us : and peace and good will among men are wafted along on the wings of the morning. But the minds of men must be prepared for the influx of better things by due discipline and reformation of habits.

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#### THE LION FIGHT.

ONE of the most pleasing reflections for those of our generation who are in the habit of watching the progress of the human mind, and following those rapid strides in civilization which may be so justly styled the glory of our day, is the obliteration of the coarse and brutal diversions, which have too long imparted a character of ferocity to the habits and recreations of the noble and plebeian vulgar. That refinement of manners, and a more just appreciation of right and wrong, as regards the duties of social man and the value of humanity, have already made great progress in diminishing these detestable scenes, is known by looking into the records of our past history, and comparing the manners of our own time with the disclosures that there unfold themselves. This advancement in refined manners is the best proof that the evils of this kind which remain, will at no great distance of time disappear before the censures of public opinion. Leaving them to this remedy appears far preferable to exterminating them at once, by any sweeping legislative enactments. The laws as they stand are sufficient to put down such sports as are of a character to promote breaches of the peace, and endanger public security ; that is, if the authorities do their duty. In some parts of the country, however, there are magistrates who are reluctant to interrupt brutal exhibitions, because they participate largely with the mob in the vulgar pleasure they afford. Let Mr. Peel look to it, and take care that bull-baiting and pugilistic magistrates be no longer suffered to hold the commissions which they disgrace, and of a main rule of which they live in open violation. It is a curious circumstance that the agricultural population of Great Britain, at the present moment, should be the most backward in intellect. That part of the population which is employed in commerce and manufactures, has a far greater share of knowledge and refinement. In like manner, the better class of merchants and men of business are far superior to the country gentlemen in acquirements, manners, and the *savoir faire*. The distance of a town from the coast, and from commercial and manufacturing cities, imparts to it, as a whole, a similar character of backwardness, especially if it has remained stationary in size, can boast of no manufactories, and its inhabitants, from their non-intercourse with the rest of the country, are found clinging to those ridiculous ideas of class and gentility, from the squire to the attorney, from the parson's wife to the exciseman's, that were formerly so rife in the provinces. When one visits such a place, and oh-



serves its anti-social habits, caste only visiting with caste, and that with more ceremony than nobles receive visitors with in town, when few new buildings appear, and the ill character of local regulations comes under the observation of every stranger, a pretty close guess may be formed of the state of the population, its bias, degree of mental culture, and amusements. Such towns seem to slumber in a stagnant existence. They frequently lie out of the high roads, but do not depend for character upon remoteness from the capital, but upon commerce and manufactures, and whether men of the *new* or *old* time are leading residents in them,—in short, whether any exciting cause has acted upon them, and infused into them the spirit so visible at present in most parts of the country. In places of this character the assizes are a sort of jubilee. The dignity of justice, the misery of crime, the trial and execution of the criminal, never cross the minds of the people. The gaiety of the assize ball, and the sermon before the judges, the sheriffs' show, and the feasting of his men, the throng which business or pleasure may allure thither for a week, embrace the entire thoughts and conversation of the inhabitants for the preceding six months. The dinners and bustle are perhaps the only incidents that resuscitate the neighbourhood for a time from Lethean dullness ; while the money the good tradesmen pocket, helps them through the rest of the year. Thus this scene of misery is looked upon as a sort of "revival" (as the methodists style a fresh outbreking among their converts) from the experience of which they fall back to their dormouse-like slumber and monotony. To places of this description an assemblage of high or low blackguards, gamblers, and thieves, at a boxing match, a dog-fight, a bull-bait, (or a bloody combat of gladiators, could such a thing be now) is esteemed a sort of God-send. The inns are filled, drunkenness requires liquor, and money, that covers every sin, is plentifully pocketed. Those who might and ought to prevent such vicious exhibitions, refrain from interference, that their townsmen may be benefited ; tacitly acknowledging that they fear the tradesmen and pedlars of the neighbourhood may frown upon them, and besides that sports of the kind have been customary from time immemorial, and therefore, like Court of Chancery abuses, must have every indulgence conceded to them, from being ancient usages.

These observations struck me forcibly as I saw the people crowding to the Lion fight at Warwick. I was walking on the road which leads from Leamington to Warwick, and a friend coming up at that moment drove me over in his tilbury. I had resided some weeks at that beautiful watering-place, and often entering the county town, had been struck with its dullness and the solitude of its streets. My inquiries respecting its inhabitants were, with some few exceptions, not at all favourable to their social habits, their manners, and the culture and liberality of their minds. Plodding on in the steps of their fathers, jealous of the rising town of Leamington, which is rapidly outshining them in all but situation, (which latter few places in the kingdom can equal,) the town seems losing ground, and is decidedly among the class of places I have before characterized. With the exception of a few of the sober inhabitants, the lion fight was hailed with as great pleasure as the recent pugilistic contests were that have so disgraced it. The mayor, to his own honour, but much to the astonishment and in-

dignation not merely of the lower and coarser classes, but of some of the leading men of the town, had prohibited a boxing match lately, for the first time, within the limits of the borough. There was a handsome house and grounds just without the bounds of the mayor's authority, adjoining the road to Birmingham, the affluent owner of which sympathised strongly with the vagabonds of the ring, and permitted the fight to take place under his own windows, pretty certain of no interruption from that magistrate there.

But to return to the present subject;—we had crossed the bridge looking upon the castle, one of the most beautiful relics that remain to our day of Gothic times, before I began to ask myself whether, disavowing and execrating such scenes as I do—whether, loving an animal almost as well as myself, I ought, or could conscientiously see such a sight. It is true I had gone to see many exhibitions that I would not uphold, and I had made it all through my life a rule to see every thing that fell in my way. I had no wager depending, for I never bet about any thing. I had little curiosity to witness animal torture—but should I ride by and not look at it? Were I passing a public road during a boxing match, I should stop, perhaps, and look on a moment; but then I would not go that road if I knew it would happen in my path before I set out. In the present instance it was different. I knew the business going on, and openly condemned it; yet I was entering the town where it was actually happening! I could satisfy myself conscientiously, however, that I went only to condemn, and to furnish myself with weapons to urge against such practices. It was a singular affair—a lion and a dog fight! I might learn something, even at such a barbarous exhibition.—I went forward.

Warwick, which is becoming an adjunct to the fives-court in St. Martin's-lane, a rendezvous of black legs, thieves, and bruisers, is situated on an eminence, the summit of which it covers, so that it is entered on every side by an ascending road, except on that where the castle stands, clothed in gloomy magnificence. There the rock rises abruptly from the Avon. The place called the factory, in which the arena was comprised, lay on the opposite side of the town from the river, and had been lately occupied by some manufacturing speculators, whose failure had terminated the labours of the only establishment of manufacturing industry worthy mention in the town. Warwick and the neighbourhood had been placarded with notices of this disgraceful fight long before it took place, and there was ample time for the magistrates to have prevented it, or to have satisfied any scruples as to their right of so doing, which the patrons of the combat might have urged. I am, therefore, justified in thinking it was the unwillingness, rather than the supineness of the authorities, which occasioned their breach of a public duty. It was stated in the journals, and remains to this hour uncontradicted, that in a pugilistic contest, got up a few months ago, under the express patronage of the good burgesses of the corporation, magistrates mingled fraternally with the *canaille* upon the race-course, where the stand, the property of the town, was let for hire on the occasion, and special constables are alleged to have been sworn in to keep the peace! What is Mr. Peel about, that he suffers such doings! Are the gentlemen of Warwickshire too powerful for him?—but I am digressing. The centre of a court, formed by the

building of the before mentioned factory, was surrounded by seats, which were let for hire. An Englishman will do any thing for money, say some of the continental observers of our customs; and there is too much truth in the observation. These seats were let for lucre, the fight was got up for the sake of gambling, and the Warwick people welcomed it with all its barbarism, ferocity, and crime, for the sake of the money which it put into their pockets. The cage in which the combat took place was formed of iron bars, wide enough to suffer the dogs to escape, if too hard pressed; the managers of this brutal exhibition taking a lesson from their bull-baiting habits, in which it is customary to tie the suffering animal to a stake that the dogs may worry him, while he is deprived of more than a limited motion. The lion was a noble-looking animal, but bred in a domestic state, reared in a confined space, and rendered by intercourse with man the most gentle of his kind; it seemed as if his education had divested him of fighting instinct. He followed his inhuman keeper like a dog, glancing curiously at the scene around, with an air of apparent reliance upon those with whom he had been familiar, that there could be no mischief intended him in what he saw. They now got ready to let go the dogs. At this moment the expression on the countenances of the spectators was strongly indicative of their varied feeling. On some, apprehension for their personal safety was strongly marked, others had an expression of curiosity. Indignation at seeing a creature so gentle, brought out to be worried by the vilest species of dog, was seen on the visages of a few, but by far the greater part were stamped with that mixture of brainless indurated blackguardism, and brutal habit, which is so observable in the faces of the majority of the lovers of such scenes, and they showed a most savage air of eagerness and pleasure. With mouths open, and eyes expanded, they shouted when the animals were brought forth; sometimes almost breathless, then with a hurried greediness they yelled their hideous and disgusting joy to each other, and revelled in the barbarism of the exhibition. It is useless to detail the different attacks of the animals, which displayed all that indiscriminating ferocity for which the bull-dog is so remarkable. The newspapers have given the minute details. Mangled and bleeding from the paws of the lion, which he used only defensively, the dogs sneaked off, or were taken away. The combat was a second time renewed, in which the advantage was claimed for the dogs, but the stage floor was so smooth that the lion could not keep his feet, and his owner gave in for him, it being evident that his tameness had excluded even a knowledge of his own powers of defence. The life of the lion was not at all endangered, while the dogs were severely though almost undesignedly mangled by the claws of their antagonist.

I left the place with disgust. It was a scene calculated to degrade the being of reason, and to elevate the brute; whether the unshaken courage of the dogs be considered, or the mildness and ignorance of his own power which the lion displayed, be taken into account. The distress of the latter animal, in the second attack, seemed to have arisen principally from his not being able to keep his footing. It appeared as if he imagined he must not injure his enemies, do what they might; or as if he did not think them worthy of him. What feeling the owner of an animal, so attached to him as this lion - so gentle and docile, can

have—how he reconciles to his coarse and degraded mind his barbarous usage of the friendly quadruped, it is difficult to conceive. The more generous feelings of human nature could have no place in such a bosom. Never was there a more complete exemplification of the man-degrading effect of such exhibitions than this case afforded. The owners of the dogs also—but they are generally (if they belong to the race who breed such vermin about London) scarcely equal to the animal part of creation which they abuse. I have seen a bull-fight in Spain, but there man is the combatant, displays high courage, and puts his life in jeopardy. Nevertheless, though cruel enough, it has not that character of meanness, of low cowardliness that distinguished the Warwick lion-fight; the bulls were wild and ferocious, and at liberty in all their motions; they viewed man as their foe. The utter uselessness of such a conflict must also not be overlooked. A day or two after, the owner of the lion, named Wombwell, produced another lion combat. It was of a different character from the first; the animal, from being more untameable, exhibited the dogs but as so many mice in the jaws of a cat, walking round the arena with them one after another, and then dropping them. It may be easily guessed I did not go to witness this second battle; but the reader will blush to be informed that many ladies did—wives and daughters, it is to be presumed, of the Warwick patrons of these disgraceful scenes; “The Warwickshire lasses” must no longer be a toast without a saving reservation.

But what are the grounds upon which the abettors of these cruel exhibitions justify them? and how, if they are able to think at all, can they reconcile these practices with the existing state of society? In dark ages, when man reposed in ignorance and incivilization, when he slept upon his earthen floor, and a few dried rushes formed the carpet of the nobles of the land; when the inventions and comforts of recent times were unknown, and hardship of life seemed to impart a corresponding coarseness to the feelings, such amusements were common, and agreed well with unrefined habits and mental darkness. With those times they should have passed away, and would perhaps have done so, but for the spirit of gambling which reigns too widely at present. If, however, this propensity must be gratified, let those who bet, stake their cash upon some more humane hazard. If we have the power, we can have no right to put animals to torture—to curse this beautiful world with additional pain and misery for our amusement. They who do thus, are among the worst citizens, and the worst men in the community. The inferior devotees to and panders in such pleasures are generally among the outscouring of society, vagabonds, thieves, and profligates, with whom spendthrift peers, fox-hunting squires, and prize-ring amateurs mingle; disgracing their rank in society, and hardening themselves against the nobler and kinder feelings of the heart. Is there not suffering enough in this world—has it not enough of pain and sorrow, but the stock must be increased out of a prodigal wantonness? Are we to witness black hearts revelling in the disfigurement and destruction of what is fair and beautiful? Is it right to transmit to posterity, without their virtues, the cruelties and excesses of our forefathers, who might plead that ignorance, which we cannot urge in justification? But a want of feeling for the brute creation is a sign of a wicked disposition, as it for the most part argues a want of intellectual power. With a

state of high intellect, barbarity of feeling is seldom united. Children and idiots are generally cruel. Cock-fighters, dog-fighters, badger and bull-baiters, and their admirers, high and low, are blockheads as well as barbarians. They have little power of reflection or imagination; they can seldom go beyond sensual perception; they cannot form ideas or draw conclusions, and often do not see the vices of which they are guilty, or think that nothing more than self-gratification is required to justify any thing they may be inclined to do.

Our calendars of crime are full enough—our prisons are enlarging, our penal inflictions are increasing in number; and with the knowledge that prize-fights and other exhibitions of the same character increase the aggregate number of offenders, and always add a fresh victim or two to the vengeance of the law, out of the crowds that flock to them, we are astonished at the supineness, if a term so complaisant may be used, when a stronger one would be more appropriate respecting those whose duty it is to prevent their recurrence. In vain may the press reprobate, and the judges set in a right light the questions of power possessed by those who have the peace of the country confided to them—in vain the better part of society may discountenance them; they are still tolerated—still suffered to render us a spectacle to foreign countries. We are still seen defying the increased knowledge of the age, and proclaiming that our anxiety for the spread of good morals is a pretext. We think ourselves the best of all possible people; our laws, institutions, manners, and customs, unequalled; but, in our self-inflation, we overlook the blemishes that are for ever staring us in the face. Attached as we are to our native land, knowing that we are a great and envied nation, and allowing that England contains a vast mass of noble and generous feeling, we are bound to confess, that the proverb is but too true, “that England is the hell of dumb animals.” It is almost impossible, to say nothing of the country, to pass by the alleys and stable yards of the metropolis, and not see some exhibition of cruelty, a cat-hunt, a dog “tail-piped,” (as the phrase is,) or the over-worked horse, covered with galls and sores, labouring in torture. Here we encounter a party of bullock-hunters; and there a bird-catcher sits burning out the eyes of a singing-bird, under the pretence of increasing the power of its music. But animals in the metropolis are far better off, *en masse*, than those of the country;\* where more ingenious methods of tormenting may be every where seen. The treatment of the animal creation will be hardly classed as the best thing in this the best of all possible countries; for whatever the conventional laws of society may be, there cannot be a better proof of their want of moral justice, than their neglect of guarding the grade of creation but a little below ourselves, with special and definite protection.

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\* Mr. Martin deserves immortal honour for his bill; but with all due deference, we think, in the *given population*, the inhabitants of the country far less humane to animals than those of the metropolis. The writer has tracked a bullock two miles in the country by its blood, and has found that the drover has cut a vein in its neck to make it go more quietly by thus rendering it faint! This has more than once occurred to him.

## STANZAS, BY T. CAMPBELL.

WHAT's hallow'd ground? Has earth a clod  
 Its Maker meant not should be trod  
 By man, the image of his God,  
     Erect and free,  
 Uncourged by Superstition's rod  
     To bow the knee?

That's hallow'd ground—where, mourn'd and miss'd,  
 The lips repose our love has kiss'd;—  
 But where's their memory's mansion? Is't  
     Yon churchyard's bowers?  
 No! in ourselves their souls exist,  
     A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground  
 Where mated hearts are mutual bound:  
 The spot where love's first links were wound,  
     That ne'er are riven,  
 Is hallow'd down to earth's profound,  
     And up to Heaven!

For time makes all but true love old;  
 The burning thoughts that then were told  
 Run molten still in memory's mould;  
     And will not cool,  
 Until the heart itself be cold  
     In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?  
 'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!  
 In dews that heavens far distant weep  
     Their turf may bloom;  
 Or Genii twine beneath the deep  
     Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind  
 Whose sword or voice has served mankind—  
 And is he dead, whose glorious mind  
     Lifts time on high?—  
 To live in hearts we leave behind,  
     Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?  
 He's dead alone that lacks her light!  
 And murder sullies in Heaven's sight  
     The sword he draws:—  
 What can alone ennoble fight?  
     A noble cause!

Give that! and welcome War to brace  
 Her drums! and rend Heaven's recking space!  
 The colours planted face to face,  
     The charging cheer,  
 Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,  
     Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel  
 To Heaven!—but Heaven rebukes my zeal!  
 The cause of Truth and human weal,  
     O God above!  
 Transfer it from the sword's appeal  
     To Peace and Love.

Peace, Love! the cherubim, that join  
 Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine—  
 Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,  
     Where they are not—  
 The heart alone can make divine  
     Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,  
 And pompous rites in domes august?  
 See mouldering stones and metal's rust  
     Belle the vaunt,  
 That man can bless one pile of dust  
     With chime or chaunt.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!  
 Thy temples—creeds themselves grow wan!  
 But there's a dome of nobler span,  
     A temple given  
 Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban—  
     Its space is Heaven!

Its roof star-pictured Nature's ceiling,  
 Where trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,  
 And God himself to man revealing,  
     The harmonious spheres  
 Make music, though unheard their pealing  
     By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?  
 Can sin, can death your worlds obscure?  
 Else why so swell the thoughts at your  
     Aspect above?  
 Ye must be Heavens that make us sure  
     Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime  
 I read the doom of distant time:  
 That man's regenerate soul from crime  
     Shall yet be drawn,  
 And reason on his mortal clime  
     Immortal dawn.

What's hallow'd ground? 'Tis what gives birth  
 To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—  
 Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth  
     Earth's compass round;  
 And your high priesthood shall make earth  
     *All hallow'd ground.*

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GREECE IN THE SPRING OF 1825. BY GIUSEPPE PECCHIO.\*

——— Most of all,  
 Albion! to thee: the ocean queen should not  
 Abandon ocean's children.—BYRON.

EVERY thing promised success to Greece when I left England at the beginning of March. The recognition of the independence of the South American republics induced an expectation, not without foundation in justice, that a similar act was at hand in regard to Greece. A second loan, contracted by the Greek government at the same period, placed that government in a condition to commence a vigorous campaign. The dissolution of the English Levant Company was, besides, one obstacle less that the cause would have to encounter in the interests of a privileged body of merchants. A French committee, composed of many distinguished persons, established in Paris to favour the instruction of the Greek youth, appeared to reanimate the sympathy of the French nation in favour of the cause. And lastly, the government had triumphed over its internal enemies. I departed, therefore, full of confidence that I should become a spectator of the ultimate triumph of a people, who for four years past have been combating, with various success, for their liberties. But my presentiment was illusory. The fortune of Greece changed all at once; and, on my arrival there, I found a prospective very different from what I had imagined, as will be seen in the sequel.—My hopes were changed to fears.

\* The author introduces his subject by the following remarks.

“L'Iliade non ha forse avuto tanti commentatori quanti ne ha già la guerra presente della Grecia. L'affluenza dei libri è un buon augurio; è una prova dell'interesse che l'argomento inspira. Come la bellezza dell'Iliade suscitò gli ammiratori, così la giustizia della causa Greca aumenta ogni giorno il numero de' suoi fautori.

Sotto questi auspizj dell'attenzione pubblica oso anch'io dare alla luce una rapida relazione di ciò che ho veduto nel soggiorno che feci in Grecia dal 20 Aprile agli 11 Giugno di quest'anno.

Questa mia relazione differirà forse in alcuni punti da ciò che hanno scritto i viaggiatori che mi hanno preceduto. Questa diversità non è colpa forse di alcuno di noi. La scena di una rivoluzione è una scena mobile, varia, incostante. Il moto, le passioni che agitano un popolo che combatte per la sua indipendenza, le vicende della fortuna or prospera or avversa, alterano sovente il suo aspetto e il suo carattere. Il ritratto adunque di un tal popolo, simile a quello di un gladiatore durante gli accidenti della pugna, riescirà diverso secondo il momento in cui è fatto.

Questa mia osservazione è dettata dal desiderio che nutro di conservare la buon'armonia co' miei predecessori, che considero e apprezzo in questo argomento come miei buoni e potenti alleati.

Anzi non voglio tralasciare di fare menzione onorevole di due libri sulla Grecia che lessi con mio infin' to piacere e vantaggio—*A Visit to Greece in 1823 and 1824 by George Waddington, Esq.—An Historical Outline of the Greek Revolution.*

Le notizie sulla Grecia contenute nel libro del Sigr. Waddington sono molte esatte. L'autore ha percorso la Grecia con attenzione, diligenza, imparzialità. Molte volte calcai le sue pedate in Grecia, e riscontrai esatti i suoi dati. Alcuni Greci che lo conobbero mi dissero ch'era sembrato loro un uomo un po' freddo, ed io risposi loro: “perchè non voleva ingannare nè essere ingannato.”

Quanto all'*Outline*, amerei di conoscere il nome dell'autore per fargli le mie sincere congratulazioni. È una storia rapida, ma fidele, e frammista di giudiziose osservazioni. Io ne portai meco alcuni esemplari in Grecia, e ne feci a quel governo un presente. Se i Greci fossero disposti a seguire i savj consigli, non potrebbero scegliere un miglior Mentore di questo libro.

“Loadra, . . . . 1825. G. P.



After a fifty days' voyage we finally cast anchor before Napoli di Romania. This city, seated at the foot of a gigantic and abrupt rock; the Palamidi Castles, which, in appearance impregnable, rest on its summit; a palm-tree, which raises its head above the turreted walls like the banner of the climate; Argos, and the beautiful plain of Argos in front of the gulf; the snowy summit of the frowning Taygetus on the left; all the scenery around renders the view of Napoli di Romania one of the most picturesque in the world. But as soon as the stranger puts his foot on shore, his enthusiasm ceases, the enchantment disappears. The narrow streets, the houses meanly built, the air, heavy and impregnated with fetid smells, strike him with disgust. The nuisances, in short, are such, that it would be the labour of Hercules to remove them.—This is one of the causes of an epidemic and almost exterminating fever, which raged during the last year. When I disembarked, the fever had but just ceased; and we still met in the roads the livid countenances of those who had been infected. Possibly, this epidemic will reappear with the heat, as the government has taken no precaution to eradicate it. The Greeks have in some measure inherited the fatalism of the Turks. The latter are accustomed to the plague, and the former are becoming so to the epidemia.

Napoli di Romania is surnamed, from its situation and its aspect, the Gibraltar of the Archipelago. In appearance it merits this epithet; but with respect to its strength, I fear that it would be the Gibraltar when in the hands of the Spaniards. Some officers who visited it with the eye of experience, told me that it was in a miserable state of defence. It is destitute of provisions, artillery, and artillery-men; the few cannon which are mounted have not carriages capable of resisting a dozen discharges. It possesses no one advantage but the commander of the Palamidi, General Fotomara, a Suliot, who has grown grey alike in arms and in sentiments of honour. The diversions of this capital consist of some ill-furnished coffee-houses and cracked billiards; an evening promenade in a small square, overshadowed in the midst by a friendly and majestic plane-tree; and in the indulgence of an eager curiosity, constantly excited by news and anecdotes. Woman, that compensation for every calamity and privation, is invisible, as the men do not allow her to be seen. For more than five and twenty centuries the fair sex in Greece have been condemned, under various pretexts, to domestic confinement. The ancient Greeks, that they might preserve their manners pure, kept them almost from the contact of the air; and imprisoned them in the gynæceum; subsequently the Turks shut them up in harems; and the modern Greeks, through jealousy, keep them secluded from society. "

The population of this city is fluctuating, as it depends on contingencies. It may, however, amount to 15,000. There can be no doubt that, according to its scale, it is the most populous capital in the world; for the houses are so small, and the people so confined, that in every room are found three or four inhabitants.

I was desirous of paying a visit to the members of the government. Without any introduction, without any ceremony, my desire was soon accomplished. They are accessible to all, and at all hours of the day. They are not lodged in a palace. The Government House belongs to

none of the known orders of architecture—but when, and where has Liberty had its cradle of gold!—It is a wild-flower that blooms among thorns and precipices. At the head of a clumsy wooden staircase I found them seated, or rather squatting, on cushions, which formed around the room a sort of sofa. The costume, the reclined position, the serious immobility of countenance of every member, made me at first believe myself before a divan. The vice-president, Signor Botazi, of Spezzia, with his legs crossed, was counting the beads of an oriental rosary. The rest of the members, clad in a costume between Grecian and Turkish, were either smoking or running over a similar trinket. At Paris and at London it is insisted that the Greeks are no longer Turkish; and that, wishing to enter into the great European family, they ought to divest themselves of their ancient practices, and adopt the habits and customs of the new family, which is anxious to embrace them as brothers. Such a sentiment is reasonable enough, but it is premature. To change the habits and dress of a whole people, is not so easy as are the theatrical transformations of Paris and London. What labour did not Peter the Great encounter in cutting the beards of his Muscovites, and in casing them in a Prussian uniform? The fact is, that the Greeks sit *à la Turque*, (and will continue to do so for a long time to come.) They eat pilaw *à la Turque*; they smoke with long pipes; they write to the left; they walk out accompanied by a troop of armed people; they salute; they sleep; and they loiter about, *à la Turque*. Thus, instead of abandoning the habits of their oppressors, they appear, since the revolution, to have followed them more closely. They make a display of wearing the turban trimmed with white, the red *papauchi*, and, in short, (*horrible dictu!*) of throwing around them the green cafetan,—three terrible prohibitions in the time of Turkish despotism. They therefore, from the pleasure of revenge, and as a sign of triumph, love to do all that their tyrants once interdicted, that the slave might not resemble his master. Besides this, the Greek people are accustomed to venerate only vestments loaded with gold and silver and pearls, which the Pachas cause to be respected (with the executioner always at their side); but under our European dress the people distinguish nothing but ambulating doctors. The women, who are always captivated by the brilliant and the magnificent, cannot bear the sight of our simplicity, so mean in comparison of eastern pomp. This preference of the fair sex will doubtless long be a great obstacle to any change of the national dress.

The government is composed of five individuals, and of a secretary of state. The president and secretary of state were absent on my arrival: they were at the camp of Navarino. I shall give an account of them hereafter. Botazi, who holds the post of vice-president, is a rich merchant of Spezzia,—perhaps the richest man there. He is a fresh-looking old man; he speaks only Greek. Had he been practised in public affairs, he would be an excellent magistrate, having the reputation of a sound patriot. Mauromicali, a Spartan, and one of the members of the family of Petro Bey, who has made the most painful sacrifices for the liberty of his country, is also unacquainted with any foreign language. He may be versed in the arts of diplomacy, but he has the stamp on his countenance of a nobleness of cha-

racter which he has never belied. I have had no opportunity of becoming acquainted with Spigliotachi, another of the members of the government, and a native of the Peloponnesus. Of him I have heard neither good nor ill. Lastly, Coletti is the head of a party, who, to great natural intelligence, unites an European information. He is a native of Epirus, and was from his youth esteemed by Ali Pacha, who maintained him at his studies at the university of Pavia; he afterwards became physician to Mouktar, the son of Ali Pacha. He speaks and writes Italian well—he affects a style of dress rather Turkish than Grecian. Under an imperturbable gravity altogether Turkish; may be discerned in his countenance the Greek vivacity and cunning. From his lofty deportment every one perceives that he has been educated in the seraglio of an Eastern despot.

It would be useless to make mention of the seven existing ministers, as they exercise no authority. The government leaves them nothing but the name. It assumes every duty itself; it does not yet recognize the utility of a division of labour.

The legislative body is very ill lodged. In a short time, however, its sittings will be transferred to a mosque which has been converted into a senatorial chamber. The number of the legislators exceeds eighty; but there are only fifty present, the rest being employed on extraordinary services. Many of them are habited in the European style. The president, Notara, is generally venerated, not so much for the ancient nobility of his family, which is perhaps the most illustrious in the Morea, as for the candour of his disposition. Tricupi of Missolonghi is the most eloquent of their orators. Although there are many warm parties in the assembly, the dissensions have hitherto been carried on with great decorum. Three days after I had arrived in Napoli, the 24th of April, the news arrived that the Greek camp at Cremidi had sustained a defeat from the Egyptians, with a loss of 140 men; amongst whom were generals Zafiropulo, Xidi, and colonels Eleuteri and Cormoriti.

It is here necessary, in order to render clear my account of the events which I witnessed, to refer to some of the transactions which occurred a few months before my arrival, and which almost totally changed the situation of Greece.

During the last autumn, the chiefs of the Morea, Zaimi, Londo, Diliiani, and Sessini, desirous of participating in the government, intimated, with arms in their hands, that, according to the convention, the two bodies, the executive and the legislative, should be renewed, the year of their legal duration having expired. Colocotroni, with other generals, joined them, and consented to become their instrument—with the intention of seizing afterwards for himself the whole power. The government, threatened at that moment on many points by the enemy, did not think such a change either prudent or practicable. It armed itself, therefore, with great vigour, to repel a request which had all the appearance of rebellion rather than of a simple claim. It spared neither money nor flattery to draw over the principal commanders of the Roumeliots, and to induce their entrance into the Morea. Coletti was entrusted with this expedition; and, by an unexpected celerity and artful expedients, he conquered, dispersed, and disarmed the insurgents, and compelled the chief of them to surrender to the government, with

the exception of Zaimi and Londo, who found refuge beyond the Morea. The government, after this success, desiring to profit by the troops assembled in the Morea, amounting to seven or eight thousand men, determined seriously to lay siege to Patras, and to compel at once its surrender. The success against the insurgents, and the ascendancy which Coletti exercised over the Roumeliot Capitani, seemed to have pointed him out as the commander best adapted for this enterprise; but his rivals, who feared his increase of power and reputation, envied him, and sought to snatch from him such an opportunity. In the mean time, Ibrahim Pacha, to whom were known these civil discords amongst the Greeks, did not hesitate to take advantage of the occasion to disembark in the Morea, and surprise Navarino (Filo Castro). In fact, about the middle of February, he landed at Modon, with 14,000 regular troops; and a few days after invested that city. Coletti, who might have been able, with his tried promptitude, to oppose the Egyptians, was recalled to the bosom of the government; and the president, who had never been accustomed to arms, undertook to become himself general-in-chief. To his inexperience was joined great delicacy of health; he lost several days in Tripolizza, labouring under a fever. He afterwards established his head-quarters at Scala, *four hours* distant from the Greek camp; a distance too great to admit of his easily directing its operations. It was therefore necessary to delegate his power to some other general. Whether to avoid the rivalry which existed amongst the Roumeliot Capitani, who all aspired to the supreme command, or from partiality towards a countryman of his own, the president chose for general-in-chief, a Hydriot captain, Scurti, who had no experience in land-service. This unhappy choice was followed by an issue still more unhappy. On the morning of the 19th of April, the Greeks were unexpectedly attacked by the Egyptians. Many of the Roumeliot Capitani fought on that day with the greatest valour: some of them, transported with too much ardour (Piavella was amongst the number), imprudently descended into the plain. The enemy, superior in cavalry, in arms, and in discipline, repelled the Greeks at different points, and killed 140 men, and amongst them four commanders.

When this distressing news reached Napoli, it filled all ranks with consternation. Since the battle of Peta in 1822, in which the Greeks lost about 200 men, they had not sustained so heavy a disaster. In all the other battles, they had been accustomed to lose no more than ten, fifteen, or twenty soldiers. When Marco Botzari fell, only eleven combatants fell with him. A soldier of Wagram or Waterloo may perhaps smile at the description of these battles, as we smile on reading the war of the frogs and the mice in Homer; but the destiny of nations does not always depend on great slaughter. At Marathon, the Athenians saved their country with the sole loss of 192 heroes! Sometimes the death of a few men drew along with it the ruin of the Italian republics of the middle ages. What are the battles of Bolivar but skirmishes, compared with those of Napoleon? Yet their result will be more lasting and more glorious.

This discomfiture of the Greeks was the more humiliating and distressing, as it was sustained by the most distinguished troops of Greece, as are the Suliot and the Roumeliots. Amongst a people

who are not numerous, the combatants excite a much more lively interest than in an extensive nation. Every one knows the topography of the country; every one knows, almost by name, the combatants; every one is informed of the acts of his neighbour, his friend, and his relative. I was most highly interested at hearing the descriptions of individual prowess, on approaching the different groups of persons whom I met scattered in the streets. The Greeks have lost none of their ancient loquacity; and I experienced extreme delight in seeing revive before my eyes those scenes described by Demosthenes, and that unoccupied, curious, and garrulous multitude running in search of news about Philip. I was most anxious to fulfil the engagements I had made of delivering some letters to the president in person; and at the same time wished to view with my own eyes the theatre of war. I took advantage, therefore, of the company of General Roche, who was charged with a complimentary mission to the president. General Roche was sent to Greece by the committee at Paris, to whom the choice does honour. General Roche is an old soldier, of a martial aspect, sensible, frank, amiable—as usually are most of the French *à vieilles moustaches*. I thanked Fortune for procuring me a fellow-traveller so useful and so agreeable.

Surrounded by ten Palicari, who escorted us on the road, mounted upon lean horses, followed by six asses and mules that carried our baggage and servants, our little caravan entered Argos about dusk. This capital of the ancient monarchy of “the far-reigning Agamemnon,” is at present a city containing at most 10,000 inhabitants. Its streets are wide and regular; its houses principally of wood, with projecting wooden porticoes, light and elegant. In this revolution, first the Turks, and afterwards the Greeks, eagerly contributed to its destruction. It is now rising again from its ruins. The eparch, or prefect, with his counsellors, and the other chiefs of the city, whilst our supper was preparing, took us to view the site chosen for the new university. Signor Warvachi, a rich Greek merchant, left at his death a fund for this purpose, consisting of the interest of above one hundred thousand franks. The city has bought, to be built upon for this purpose, the large square space of a Turkish bazaar, of which there only remain the surrounding walls, with a fountain in the centre. But what was my pleasure, when I beheld a School for mutual instruction, built expressly by the government for this object, and opened only last December! The school is built upon the plan of the English schools; but it is too confined for the two hundred children who frequent it. Attached to it is a dwelling for the master, who acquired the method at Bucharest, from Signor Cleobulo; the latter having been taught, as I apprehend, at the schools in Paris. The establishment is attended by both boys and girls, who are kept separate from each other. A lady of Scio, to remove the inconvenience of having them together, and to obtain at the same time an adequate education for the girls, proposes to build for them a school adjacent; and already the means of effecting it are under consideration. I mention expressly this circumstance, to bring to notice those beneficent ladies of Edinburgh, who, as I have read in the journals, have adopted the generous intention of promoting the education of the Greek girls. We saw, besides, the rising walls of a Greek church, which is building with the ruins of

a mosque, that had once been constructed from the wreck of a former Greek church; while the latter, perhaps, owed its origin to the remains of an ancient temple. Thus rolls the wheel of fortune; and the world is but destruction and reproduction from the same materials.

On returning home a young damsel poured water upon all our hands.

\* “The golden ewer a maid obsequious brings  
Replenish’d from the cool, translucent springs;  
With copious water the bright vase supplies,  
A silver laver of capacious size:  
They wash.”\*

After this ablution we sat down, cross-legged, upon carpets, around a table covered with kid, lamb, pilaw, and coagulated milk, which is eaten mixed with the pilaw, new goat’s cheese and oranges. From time to time

—“Observant round

Gay stripling youths the brimming goblets crown’d.”\*

A young Palicari handed round a silver cup filled with wine. Having drunk to the independence of Greece, and washed our hands again, we arose, and the same damsel spread upon the carpets, skins and coverings that served for our bed:

Meantime Achilles’ *maids*† prepared a bed  
With fleeces, carpets, and soft linen spread:  
There, till the sacred morn restored the day,  
In slumbers sweet the reverend Phoenix lay.

(*Iliad*, book ix.)

I cite Homer, not from an ostentation of knowledge, but to show the reader how many of the most ancient customs of Greece are preserved after so many ages, invasions, conquests, calamities, and vicissitudes.

Early the following morning we set out for Tripolizza. I hailed the castle of Argos, which is placed on the summit of an isolated mountain, commanding the city. I hailed it the more cordially, for having, in 1822, stopped the march of Raschid Pacha’s army. The Greek government, forgetful of its services, neglects and allows it to go to ruin. It is decaying, like Aristides of old, in misery.

After an unpleasant ride of nine hours we arrived at Tripolizza, which lies at the bottom of the beautiful plain that bears its name. We were surprised at seeing outside the gate a multitude of people, and a long file of Palicari; and were still more so on observing a turbaned horseman, who, richly clothed, was coming on a Turkish horse full gallop towards us. He had the aspect of one of the Abencerrages, described in the wars of Grenada. All this ceremony constituted the honours of hospitality, with which the inhabitants of Tripolizza were desirous of receiving General Roche. The cavalier who came to meet us was Colonel Xidi, the commandant of the place, and brother of the general who fell in the battle of the 19th of April. As he drew near us, he discharged his two pistols, and then performed the Greek salutation, by placing his right hand upon his heart. The general testified much grief for the loss of his brother. The elegant colonel replied, “Happy should we Greeks be, to fall by a death like his.” We entered the city in the midst of a crowd of people, and were lodged at the house of the minister of the interior, which is one of

\* *Odyssey*.

† Pope has “*maids*.”

the few Turkish houses in Tripolizza remaining uninjured by the rage and vengeance of the Greeks. Looking around I beheld here and there heaps of ruins. The seraglio, or palace, of the Pacha who resided there before the revolution in this former capital of the Morea, is razed to its foundations, together with the harem, baths, and mosque which it enclosed in its ample circumference. The Turkish cemeteries, however, remained safe from Greek vengeance. Tripolizza is beginning to be re peopled, and to revive from the wretchedness into which the sack of the Greeks in 1822 had plunged it. This city, while it was yet the capital of the Morea, and the residence of the Pacha, contained about thirty-five or forty thousand inhabitants. Amongst these were only 3000 Greeks; the rest of the population consisted of Turks, and the descendants of renegade Greeks. At present the inhabitants amount to 15,000, owing to the influx of people from all quarters hastening to seek a refuge. For a thousand dollars may be bought at Tripolizza a house and garden, in a delicious climate, a healthy air, and in a delightful situation. The city stands at the end of a vast plain, surrounded by mountains, between the ancient Tegea, Mantinea, and Pallanteum. Perhaps it arose from the ruins of these three cities, as its name implies. It is not strong, or capable of sustaining a siege. It is surrounded by a wall with barbicans, and flanked with towers, which the Turks erected as a defence against the incursions of the *klephti* (robbers) who dwell in the neighbouring mountains. Colocotroni, before the revolution, entered it sometimes by surprise, in spite of its walls. The city sustained a siege in 1822, when there were 9000 Turks shut up in it, and 3000 Albanians; the Greeks, to assault it, had nothing but a mob of peasantry armed with implements of agriculture, sticks, a few thousand muskets, and a very few pieces of cannon.

The Greeks have learnt from the Turks the art of loitering away their time. In Greece visiting begins at seven o'clock in the morning. Every one who believes himself a gentleman, thinks it a duty and a right to pay his visits to a foreigner of distinction. At seven o'clock the following morning our Turkish chamber (decorated with coloured glass and covered with verses from the Koran, its walls painted in arabesque, and the ceiling with green varnish resembling emerald) was filled with serious, grave, and silent forms, who, after having touched their hearts with the right hand, squatted down in a circle; next, for a few minutes sipped a cup of coffee, and then smoked the pipe which the host infallibly offers them. The levee of a European court is perhaps less absurd, and less solemn, than these visits of ceremony in the Levant.

A few hours after, we proceeded to return the visits of those who had honoured us with their grave and silent presence, according to the custom of the country. Colonel Xidi was at dinner with some of his fellow soldiers, in a room hung with the most elegant Turkish arms, with bridles, embroidered saddles, and other implements of war. There hung from the wall a Turkish scimitar with a silver-gilt sheath, which had belonged to general Xidi. This scimitar was worth 100*l.* sterling. The splendour of the arms amongst both Turks and Greeks amounts to a passion; as with us, that of Etruscan vases, pictures, and medals. There hung, besides, from the walls a large silver-gilt reliquary surrounded with coral and gold fringe, which the Greek captains suspend from their neck the moment of entering battle. St. Demetrius, St.

Constantine, St. Helena now grant that protection in war, which Mars, Apollo, and Venus extended to the ancient Greeks. The banner of the deceased general was folded in token of grief. On the point were engraved these words, "God, Country, Hope, Charity." The banner is a spear with a long heart, which springs from a ball, under which are the arms of the cross

"All bedeck'd with gold so gay,  
And in its top is a holy cross,  
That shines as bright as the day." \*

We were shewn, in a group of Roumeliot soldiers who were standing intently looking at us, the brave man who in the battle saved this banner, by running for several hours, pursued by the enemy's cavalry. We were shewn, besides, a youth of the age of fourteen, who would not quit the general when he fell mortally wounded. The general ordered him to save himself, but he, concealed in a hollow, slew an Egyptian who was passing, and took his musquet which he was carrying with him, into Roumelia as a trophy. A few paces from the apartments a wounded soldier was extended on the ground, who had in vain exerted all his courage to bear away in safety his general. The colonel augmented his grief by sorrowful recollections, and on bidding us farewell, said, "that he lived only to avenge his brother." Amongst those from whom we received politeness in Tripolizza, I must not forget prince Demetrius Ipsilanti, who was as courteous to us as he is to all the travellers who visit him. He is bald, short in stature, and of a slight form; but if nature has not gifted him with a military presence, I was assured that he had always shown himself intrepid in war. He adopts the European habits—he speaks French well. He once served in Russia in the rank of a major, and still speaks of Russia with some sympathy. After having fought, in the first years of the revolution, for the liberty of his country, for the last two years he has been living remote from public affairs at Tripolizza. Whatever may be his reasons for discontent, Solon would not have pardoned him such a neutrality. On quitting the table, which was covered with Turkish viands, some one whispered to me, "The prince has a Turkish palate, a Russian head, and a Greek heart."

The following day it was announced that the Roumeliots and Suliots, who formed part of the camp at Cremidi, had abandoned the army, and were encamped near Tripolizza. In fact, the chiefs of these troops, offended at the preference shewn by the president, in giving the command to the Hydriot, Scurti, who had conducted them to slaughter and to the shame of discomfiture, and instigated by the faction opposed to the president and Mavrocordato, would no longer fight under the orders of the president, and resolved to return into Western Greece to defend their fire-sides.

Having read in the excellent collection of Greek songs of Mr. Fau-ri-el the almost fabulous prowess of this warlike race, I burned with curiosity to become acquainted with these hardy mountaineers, who, rather than dwell with Turks, prefer to live with wild beasts in their solitudes, and in the heart of the mountains:†‡

The first person whom I visited with General Roche, was General

\* Ancient Ballad.

‡ Canzone dello Sterghios.



Georgio Caraiscachi, a native of Arta. He resided in a mean dwelling, beyond the Argos gate. He was sitting upon a carpet, gorgeously dressed in embroidered gold and silver. Near the wall was hanging his musquet, covered with arabesque in silver. The room was crowded with soldiers, a troop of whom never quit their chief, but follow him every where. Caraiscachi was a klepht by profession before the revolution; he is of a middle stature, of a dry aspect, an astute countenance, and very prompt in his replies. General Roche, by means of an interpreter, commenced a discussion upon various political subjects. Our host with an ironical air, and with much address, sported on the most delicate points. Being asked by the general, whether he thought it advantageous that the national assembly of the ensuing October should extend the duration of the government to five years instead of one—he replied, “Soldiers ought not to occupy themselves with such enquiries—it is their business to obey.” “As you have seen,” added the general, “by the last battle the superiority of the European discipline over mere courage, are you not of opinion that it would be advantageous to Greece to employ a corps of regular American troops to oppose the regulars of Ibrahim Pacha?” “I believe it might,” replied the artful klepht, “but I fear that Greece is not in a condition to receive, and treat them as they are treated in Europe.” The general continued: “Do you not think it advisable, that the government should pardon Colocotroni, and replace him at the head of the army at this important crisis?” To this question an old warrior, who was standing at my side, replied: “Unhappy is that nation whose fortune depends upon a single man—better to perish than depend on one man.” He who uttered this opinion worthy of ancient times, was Pioia Pano of Suli, a lieutenant-colonel; he had served a long time in one of the Albanian regiments, which many years ago were in the pay of England, and was in Gaeta on its siege by Massena. General Roche, hearing this circumstance, offered him his hand, saying, “Let us join hands, and from enemies, as we then were, let us now become friends. I was in the army besieging Gaeta at that time.” This unexpected advance drew a smile of complacency from the austere countenances that were observing us. The grenadier height of the general, and his frank manners, pleased these wild soldiers.

The next we visited was Giavella. Chicchio Giavella of Suli is the son of Foto Giavella, who was one of the most valiant and sincere patriots among the Suliots. When these desired to treat with Ali Pacha, Foto Giavella set fire to his house, choosing rather to see it in ashes than profaned by some satellite of Ali. This man at fourteen years of age remained as hostage for his father in the hands of Ali Pacha. When Veli, the son of Ali, communicated to him that he was waiting immediate orders from the Pacha to burn him alive—as his father had not fulfilled his promise of confirming a capitulation disgraceful to his countrymen, he replied, “My father will then slay your Albanians, and may perhaps seize you and your father, and will burn you in return.” His son is a young man of thirty, of a middle stature, with lively sparkling eyes, and of impetuous courage. In the battle of the 19th, he narrowly escaped being cut to pieces, through his temerity, by the enemy’s cavalry. His dress and his arms were refulgent with gold and silver, his *Pesgli* (vest) was of green velvet bordered with red and embroidered in

silver. The arms and dress of a *capitano* often cost more than 10,000 francs. The general also asked *him* if he believed a corps of regular troops necessary in Greece. He replied that he was more than ever convinced of it, especially after the fatal experience of the last battle. The general intimated that he had suggested to the minister of war (Adam Ducas) to organize in Greece a national guard, distributed into a stationary, and an active corps—as is done in several states of Europe. Giavella replied, that he considered it a useful institution, and that he would recommend it to the minister.

A painter might have made a picture of Constantine Botzari, when we went to visit *him* in his bivouac. He was standing under a large poplar, his warriors made a circle around him—all standing. Neither gold nor silver glittered on his person. His dress was simple and modest like his character. Over a *pesgli* of light blue cloth, he wore a white capote of long goat's hair, the usual capote of the Suliots. Accustomed to distinguish the commander of these troops by the richness of their dress and their arms, we were making a survey around whilst we were already before him. A carpet spread upon the grass, for his convenience, was his only distinction. A profound silence reigned in this assembly of immovable warriors. Botzari was quietly smoking; he received us coldly, and yet kindly. He is from Suli, and the brother of Marco Botzari, the Leonidas of the Greek revolution. He is thick-limbed and robust, though of the middle stature, and is said to resemble his brother. His is the name dearest to the Suliots, of all the surviving names of that martial colony. His soldiers are almost all Suliots; and amongst them are many of his own relatives, who follow him in his wars, and, more from love than from right, always fight at his side. General Roche announced to Botzari that the French committee had selected the son of Marco Botzari to be educated in France. Botzari replied, that he was grateful to the committee; and that he wished his nephew to become well-informed.—The *Gen.* "Are you versed in the history of the ancient Greeks and their deeds?"—*Botz.* "We have not read their history, but we have heard it."—*Gen.* "The career you pursue will procure you honour amongst your contemporaries, and immortality with posterity."—*Botz.* "The aim of our actions is solely the good of our country."—*Gen.* "The death of your brother will always redound to the glory of the Greeks."—*Botz.* "The Greeks only desire a death like his."—*Gen.* "Is there amongst the Suliots, any one who bears the name of some illustrious ancient?" At this question, a cousin of Botzari, who was standing behind him, in a resolute tone answered: "The heart, and not the name, makes the hero."—*Gen.* "Should you like to have a King in Greece?"—*Botz.* "I think that a king would be desirable for the good of Greece in its present circumstances."

The general had purposely proposed this question to many other chiefs; and the answer of them all agreed with that of Botzari. I know not, to speak plainly, if confidence is to be placed in the sincerity of these answers; as the Capitani appeared too condescending, either from politeness or from dissimulation.

Constantine Botzari, as I have already observed, is the idol of his companions in arms. In the last affair of the 19th of April, they saved him at the price of their blood. He was dismounted from his horse by

an Egyptian officer, who was on the point of taking him prisoner. His soldiers and relatives, ashamed of losing their captain, resolved to save him at all hazards. They made a hedge around him with their bodies, they fight retreating, they thrust him along, they carry him nearly a mile; when the enemy presses forward, they make head against him; they fight, they fall, and replace each other, and in this manner leaving seventeen of their dead on the field, they bear him off in safety and they not only recover his horse, but they take from their enemies whom they had slain, twelve of their's. In this conflict, which renews the battles of the Iliad, six brothers, relatives of Botzari, fell, to preserve his life and the honour of the Suliots.

On taking leave, Constantine Botzari kissed us on the mouth. This is the most tender kiss of friendship that can be given in Greece. I have always thought that the Italian painters, in representing the deeds of the Roman story, exaggerated the colouring and the form they give to the Roman soldiers. Those stern countenances, those athletic limbs, that dusky flesh, appeared to me caricatured. However, after having seen the Roumeliots and the Suliots, I am convinced there is nothing in those pictures out of nature. The Roumeliots and the Suliots are the finest and most robust race of men I have hitherto beheld. Their skin, always exposed to the sun, is literally the colour of bronze. Their breast is ample as a cuirass. Nature, besides, has gifted them with a rich head of hair, which they leave thick and flowing, and which would be much more beautiful if they had not adopted the practice of shaving it off the temples. The Greeks have always had a great affection for an abundant head of hair. Homer, amongst the many epithets with which he qualifies his countrymen, uses that of "fair-haired Greeks." The greater part of them are born and die soldiers. From childhood they wear at their sides pistols and a sabre, which they never put aside. Like the other soldiers in Greece, they are obliged to provide themselves with clothing and arms. Their pay is a ration of bread, and twelve paras a day for their provisions, and twenty-five piastres a month for their other expenses. They have neither tents nor beds, nor shelter. The bed is the capote—a stone their pillow—their canopy a sky always serene. During the whole time of a campaign they never undress, or change their shirts. They are therefore horribly filthy; but, on the other hand, their arms are always clean and shining. When they wake, their first thought is to polish and put them in exact order. They are extravagantly fond of handsome and rich arms, which, glittering with gold and silver, make a strange contrast with their blackened shirts. They have not besides either knapsack, or bag to contain any thing. Well made in all respects, they are strong as lions, and active as goats. I saw the noble grenadiers of Napoleon, and I know the superb English guards; but the Suliots appear to me to surpass both. Their carriage, their bearing, are quite theatrical. They always fight scattered, every one chooses his post. They are not accustomed to combat with their bodies exposed. Like the ancients who covered themselves with their shields, they lie flat behind a stone, which protects them, and provided they have a piece of rock they are invulnerable—so well do they know how to lie close behind it, and to load and discharge their pieces. To deceive their enemies at a distance, they usually place in sight a thin red cap, some way from the place where they

are concealed. They are not accustomed to make entrenchments; when they wish to fight together and to fortify themselves, they form themselves into a *drum*, for thus they call a space inclosed with a little parapet of stones placed around it; from behind this parapet they keep up a fire upon the enemy, for the most part very destructive, as they generally aim well at their mark. General Caratazzo, on the 17th April, posted in one of these drums, made many hundreds of the Spartans who attempted to force his position, bite the dust. It is, that the Spartans never make more than three discharges of their muskets, and that they stand very close quarters, and that they then throw down their pieces and capotes, and with their drawn sabres fall upon the enemy. For they use the sabre instead of the *atagan*, which is the weapon adopted by the soldiers of the Morea. If, in this attack, they are unsuccessful, they lose their guns and their capotes. The Roumeliots, and still more the Suliots, think it a great misfortune to lose their captain, no matter in what way,—so that in the battle they will not sometimes permit him to expose himself much, and they guard him when at a distance from danger. They follow and abandon their leaders at their pleasure. There is no penalty, no dishonour for this desertion; because it is not really deserting, as they quit one standard only to enrol themselves under another. Whosoever should compare these bands of soldiers to the companies of the ancient Italian *Condottieri* or to the Spanish *Guerillas*, would not obtain a very exact idea of them. The resemblance is more conformable between them and the old Scottish clans; the robust limbs of these warriors, and their costume, resembling that of the Scotch, render this comparison much more perfect. In Roumelia, the command commonly resides in particular families, who have merited it by their bravery; and is generally transmitted from father to son. The Suliots have sworn eternal war against the Turks, and have adhered more faithfully to their oath than the knights of Malta. More than 150 of these brave men fell in the battle of the 19th of April. This was precious blood that was spilt, because since the Suliots have lost their country, there remains but about 1000 of them scattered throughout Greece and the Ionian islands. Their corps, however, are always numerous, as many Roumeliots, attracted by their warlike fame, love to make war in conjunction with them, and in their school become excellent soldiers. Like the ancient Spartans, they are always followed to war by a great number of Greeks, who fight under their orders.

Whilst we were separated from them, I called the attention of General Roche to the disobedience of these troops to the head of the government, observing, that it was a scandal, fatal in time of war, and that the defection of 2000 of these good soldiers from the Greek camp could not fail to hasten the fall of Navarino. I therefore advised the general to have a private conference with Constantine Botzari, who seemed the most influential and sincere of their chiefs; and to offer his mediation with the president to promote a reconciliation honourable to both parties, and of so much importance to their common country. The general, already persuaded of the importance of inducing these chiefs to abandon their resolution, invited Constantine Botzari to a private conference the following day at our residence. Botzari came alone, and the general's servant acted as interpreter in the following conversation:—

G. "As you know, being a soldier, the necessity of subordination, will you have the kindness to tell me if you have quitted the camp with the consent of the president?"

B. "The president, in truth, wished us to remain in the camp, but we were obliged to quit it when we understood that the enemy threatened to attack Missolonghi, and to invade Western Greece."

G. "You have, however, disobeyed the head of the government this is a fatal example. Will you remain at Tripolizza? I, who am for your cause, and am convinced that union alone can produce to a happy result, am ready to offer myself as an impartial mediator. If you, Botzari, will suspend your departure, I am certain the others also will change their resolution."

B. "We have left the camp, it is true, to the displeasure of the president; but we are still friends with him. We cannot suspend our departure,—our country is threatened,—our soldiers see their houses, their families in danger,—they themselves would abandon us if we should remain long in the Morea: and if the soldiers should go off, what service could I alone be to the president? I should be useless both to the Morea and to Western Greece."

G. "Since you are immovable in your design, give me at least your word that you will always be friends with the president, and obedient to the government."

B. "I assure you that I entertain no rancour towards the president; and I promise you that I will always be his friend."

Notwithstanding the specious reasons that Botzari gave for their resolution, the fact proved too well in the sequel, that the departure of these troops was one of the chief causes of the surrender of Navarino.

Funeral honours were rendered at Tripolizza to the memory of General Xidi. The bier, upon which the supposed body lay, was scattered over with flowers. I do not know whether the Greeks owe this practice of adorning the coffin with flowers to the Turks or the ancient Athenians, who also followed a similar custom. This excepted, all the ceremonies were like those observed at the funerals of Catholics. It does not occur to me to make any other observation than that the priests, poor and filthy in the extreme, sang psalms with a nasal voice, still more displeasing than that of the Capuchins in Italy. The people in their songs imitate this style, and catch as much enthusiasm of pleasure from these sounds as their progenitors did from those of Linus and Orpheus.

At Tripolizza is a grammar-school, in which is taught the ancient Greek, with the reading of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon.

On the 8th of May a school of mutual instruction was opened in a mosque fitted up for that purpose, and capable of containing 400 pupils. Adjoining is a small garden, and before the vestibule a copious fountain. The master is George Constantine, of Cyprus, who studied the method at the great school, Borough Road, London. Many gentlemen of Tripolizza superintend the school, and prince Ipsilanti takes a special concern in it. Having had an opportunity of knowing an inspector (Epaphrus) of public instruction, (Signor Gregorio Constantas,) I begged him to favour me with a succinct account of the condition of public instruction in Greece. This venerable and

learned ecclesiastic was so kind as to send me the letter placed in the appendix, (A.) for those who take particular interest in matters of this kind. There died not long since, in Tripolizza, one Gaudi Dimitzana, surnamed the Sabanaco, who, deformed by nature with two humps, was, however, gifted with the talent of improvisation. Without knowing to read or write, he sang in verse the history of the Greek revolution.

I could only collect about two thirds of his extempore effusions. I have here and there some happy strokes, much rhapsody, but, short, like most of the poetry of the Italian Improvisatori, are not worthy of a calm reading. This is, however, a proof that the modern Greeks, and the modern Greeks, have the same aptitude for improvisation, as the Greek and Grecians of antiquity.

After the departure of the Roumeliot troops, the president removed from Sala to Calamata; from thence he wrote to General Roche, that he should be grieved to occasion him a very unpleasant journey, and begged him to remain at Tripolizza. The general thought fit to conform to the wish of the president. With the greatest regret I separated myself from a person whom I esteemed more and more every hour; and at noon the following day, 30th April, took the road to Calamata.

The first day I proceeded only five leagues, and stopped in the evening at a house one mile from Leondari, in a most delightful valley, which does not in the least fall short of any of those described by the divine Ariosto. Limpid and perennial streams, cool air, the singing of birds, olive-groves always verdant, are the delights which the weary traveller finds there, after the heat of the day, and the fatigue of a miserably bad mule or horse. The nightingales peopled the groves, and the owl united its shrill infantine cries with their melodious notes.

No sooner were we arrived, than the two steady Palicari who escorted us, even more active and indefatigable than Spanish soldiers, set about getting our supper ready. A lamb is the dainty victim for these sacrifices. In a moment it was killed, skinned, drawn, and rubbed inside with pepper and salt. It was, afterwards, put on a stake for want of a spit, and set down to roast before a strong fire.

Achilles at the genial feast presides,  
The parts transfixes, and with skill divides.  
Meanwhile Patroclus sweats the fire to raise;  
The tent is brighten'd with the rising blaze.—&c.

POPE'S *Homer's Iliad*.—Book ix.

During the supper, I observed, that one of the Palicari was watching, with the same attention with which the ancients examined the viscera of lambs offered in sacrifice, a bone of the lamb (the shoulder-blade). I asked what was the subject of his attention. One of them, who spoke Italian, told me, that he was reading in it the future. He then added, between jest and earnest, that by the signs of that bone the future might be presaged; and that one of them, the night before the battle of the 19th of April, predicted the fatal issue of that day. This bone is, therefore, now called, in Greece, the "Gazette of the Palicari." I smiled at first at this superstitious credulity; but afterwards it excited the sorrowful reflection, that superstition is an incurable disorder amongst all nations, and that even the most uncivilized are not exempt from it; and to the shame of

this species of horoscope, I believe that the modern Greeks are not as superstitious as the contemporaries of Socrates, who had their oracles, temples, divinations, and sibyls, every where. The modern Greeks, notwithstanding, however tenacious of their religion, are not so much inclined to give their possessions and their money to their priests, as the ancient; who, besides the gifts with which they enriched their temples, used to deposit their money in charge of their priests. The Greeks of the present day prefer carrying their money in their girdles, and burying it, rather than confide it to the priesthood. The people in Greece are poor, but so also are the clergy; and their churches are still more so. It is not as in Japan, where the people are poor, but the monks and cathedrals abound in gold and silver. In Tripolizza there are not even bells to call the people to church. After four years of liberty in that city, a piece of iron attached to the gates is still used for the purpose (Turkish despotism did not permit bells); upon this they strike with a stone, and at the sound the Christians congregate like bees in the neighbouring church.

Another delightful spot, which has left an agreeable remembrance, is the source of the Pamisus, where we stopped to take a frugal repast of olives, fresh garlic, and goat's cheese. That I might gain a better acquaintance with the habits of a country, I have never hesitated to follow them. This spot was esteemed even by the ancients for the salubrity of the air, which they believed to be particularly beneficial in the disorders of children. A brook, formed by a spring, which wound round a grassy meadow, shaded by several majestic plane-trees, awakened the recollection of the fine ode of Petrarch,

“ Chiare fresche, e dolci acque,  
Ove le belle membra  
Pose colei che sola a me par donna,” &c.—

In Greece the traveller usually spreads his table with his companion, near some charming scene.

The brooks are numerous, and the fountains, which are respected even by the wildest soldiery, occasion a most delicious coolness in a climate where the sun is for several months too prodigal of his rays. How many streamlets, valleys, and trees could I point out, where the genius of desolation has been reigning during four centuries. Here are no palaces, no parks, no villas. Turkish tyranny has left nothing uninjured save the sun and the soil.

The province of Calamata, which is part of the ancient Messenia, is well cultivated, fertile in figs, wine, silk, and every species of fruit; perhaps as much so as anciently; but it has always had inconvenient neighbours. For four centuries the Spartans laid waste the country, and left its inhabitants but the choice between war and exile—between death and slavery; and now the Mainotes (the successors, if not the descendants of the Spartans,) often disturb the province by their incursions; from time to time descending from their mountains, and plundering these charming plains, interspersed with hills and rivulets.

I entered Calamata towards evening, and proceeded to dismount at the house of the president. There was a crowd of people there, resembling the press at a theatre opened gratis. I went onwards with the stream, in which I overtook Prince Mavrocordato, who saluted

me in the politest way. His countenance appeared to me much handsomer and more animated than the pictures of him in London. He dresses *à la Française*. When I saw him the first time at Calamata, his dress was in holes, or rather torn, which proceeded, in my opinion, more from affectation than necessity. He speaks French with facility and elegance—his conversation is lively, agreeable, and full of wit. He is very ready in his answers. One day General Roche remarked, "It is really a singular thing, that more is said at Paris about the affairs of Greece than in Greece itself." Mavrocordato replied, "That is, because it is easier to talk than to act." The general then replied, "I believe it rather proceeds from our always speaking like lovers of those we love." Mavrocordato rejoined, "Pity, that hitherto your love has been only Platonic." He has all the talents requisite in a secretary of state; understands and expedites business with readiness. On this point his enemies, unable to deny his ability, say, that he handles the pen better than the sword. He does not possess such influence over his countrymen as his talents and patriotism authorise; the reason is, that being born at Fanari, without connexions in Greece, without wealth, he is obliged to struggle singly against factions and cabals. For this reason also he is frequently obliged to make use of the arms of his enemies, and will find it difficult to reach the supreme authority in Greece. He is versed in the labyrinth of European politics, and his primary object is to preserve Greece independent; but, if ever she should be compelled to choose a protector, I am of opinion that Mavrocordato would give the preference to the most powerful and disinterested state—to Great Britain.

Mavrocordato introduced me to the president, well known by name, Conduriotti. Neatly habited in the costume of his island, he was sitting upon a sofa *à la Turque*, counting the beads of a *columbojo*. As he speaks no foreign language, our conversations, whenever we met, were short and unimportant. The Conduriotti family is certainly the richest in Hydra;—its property is said to amount to a million.

At the commencement of the revolution, this family contributed very important sums of money for the support of the navy; and this sacrifice, with the reputation of being an excellent citizen, raised Conduriotti to the first rank in the government. But from that time his fame has been on the decline. He was formerly esteemed a man of firmness, but experience has proved him obstinate rather than firm. His integrity is without blemish, but he is accused of partiality towards his own friends and the Hydriots, his countrymen. The fatal termination of the expedition that he undertook against the Egyptians has greatly diminished his credit. However, though his administration may be censured, he will, at least, have given a useful example in all revolutions, that the wealthy, instead of declining public employment, and standing on the shore watching the tempest, should plunge at once into the danger, and perish, if necessary, with their country.

The Greek camp, instead of receiving reinforcements, was daily growing weaker, from the departure of many soldiers, who in Greece quit their standards according to their caprice. In vain had the president endeavoured to arm the hardy and warlike population of Ar-



cadia. At first, some thousands flocked to the support of Navarino, but by degrees they soon left the camp. The other inhabitants of the Peloponnesus, irritated at the extortions and vexations of the Roumeliots in the Morea, refused to take up arms, unless Colocotroni was reappointed to his command, under whom they had before triumphed twice over the Turks. In the mean time Navarino, without the hope of being succoured by land, had no other free communication than by sea; in consequence of which the president had returned to Calamata, to open a treaty with the Mainotes, and march them to the support of the besieged place.

It was the intention of the president to proceed by sea to Old Navarino, to animate the courage of the garrison of Neo-Castro, and direct from thence the operations of the campaign. With this intention, we embarked at Armiros, in the territory of Sparta, ready to set sail: but, whilst we were waiting a change of the wind, the news arrived that the Egyptian fleet was before Modon.

I passed three days on the coast of the ancient Lacedemonian territory; and though not very enthusiastic on the subject of antiquities, yet I confess that I trod the shore with a mixture of high admiration and respect. At this time General Murzina, one of the three ministers at war, and one of the most powerful chiefs of the Mainotes, disembarked at Armiros with about one hundred and sixty soldiers, in order to confer with the president. The Mainotes, as is well known, have never submitted to the Turks; secured by their inaccessible mountains, and not less by their extreme poverty, they have always preserved their independence.

“ Il concavo di balze incoronato,  
Lacedemone suol.” *Iliad*, Book ii.

Their countenance is less handsome, but more stern and thoughtful than that of the other Greeks, from whom they are distinguished by a greater luxuriancy of hair flowing over their shoulders, and by wide breeches, folded in plaits round their thighs.

General Murzina stood remarkable among his soldiers, not so much for his glittering arms as for his robust make and fulness of form, and for a pair of immense mustachios, from beneath the huge shadow of which no smile could shew itself. He sate himself by the side of the president, on the sea-shore, where the conference was held. There lay before them a proclamation, to be published in the province of Maina, with a view to excite the people to take up arms. It was read in the presence of the accompanying soldiers, but without producing (as appeared to me) any emotion; nor did it make any greater impression when it was published in their mountains. The Mainotes do not give their blood for words; to them may be applied the motto “*Point d'argent, point de Mainotes.*” Thus vanished this hope of succour for Navarino.

Having completed the object of my journey, I took leave of the president, and returned to Napoli di Romania. No accident occurred on the road, although I took no escort with me—perceiving that the traveller is, perhaps, in as much security in the Peloponnesus, as in Italy, Spain, or Portugal.

All the inhabitants of the Peloponnesus are armed with a musquet

and pistols, and an *atagan*; which, under the Turkish government, was prohibited. They now ostentatiously display the arms they have wrested from their oppressors. A levy *en masse* in the Morea might possibly produce fifty thousand fighting men. The people are handsome and sturdy. During the visits I made at Tripolizza and Calamata, I was at length able to gain a glimpse of the fair sex. They are some of them certainly worthy of the praises that the poets have bestowed, and continue to bestow upon them.

I have seen four *eparchiai* (or prefectures); but it must not be imagined that they in one respect resemble any thing of the kind in Europe. Hitherto there exists no municipal administration, and no courts of justice are yet organized. The eparch, therefore, discharges in his own person many duties which ought to be distinct from his office. The eparchia consists of a secretary, who generally sleeps, eats, and gives audience in the same chamber. There is no post for letters throughout the Morea: the government corresponds by means of expresses, and individuals are obliged to send their letters by a messenger. The gazettes of Hydra, Athens, and Missolonghi are not yet in circulation amongst the people, but they are read with eagerness by the educated classes: that of Missolonghi is supported by the sale it has in the Ionian Islands. The Hydriot gazette has but two hundred subscribers, and the Athenian still fewer.

The national domains have been let for twice as much this year as the last, which augmentation is owing to the cessation of the monopoly exercised by the primates in letting them, and to the increase of cultivation, which keeps pace with the increasing confidence of the people.

These are a few of the observations I have made while travelling over the tract of the Morea extending from Napoli di Romania to Calamata. What, it will be asked, have the Greeks been doing the last four years? Little,—very little. But what could be effected by a people who, after having repelled two invasions of the Turks, had a few months ago to extinguish a civil war? And what can a people effect who are just emerging from a brutalizing slavery of four centuries? Tyranny preys on the vitals of a nation; the effects of its deadly poison continue even after the cause has ceased.

It is easy to conceive that at Napoli di Romania the chief subject of discourse was Navarino. As long as the communication with Neo-Castro remained open, we entertained a well-founded hope that the place would hold out a long time; but what was our surprise, on learning that the Island of Sphacteria, which lies between the Old and the New Navarino, was taken by the Egyptians! In fact, the Egyptian fleet, after a fruitless attack on the 7th May, made an attempt at noon on the 8th upon the island at different points, and carried the place without much loss. The Greeks, who had neglected to fortify it sufficiently, did not make so brave a defence as the importance of the post required. Mavrocordato, who was on the island, escaped with difficulty: the brave Captain Psamado of Hydra fell, and five hundred Greeks were either killed or made prisoners. In the appendix will be found an account of this event, transmitted by an eye-witness, and which I was unwilling to suppress, although some of the praises it contains appear to me dictated by the warmth of friendship and gratitude. (B.)

This event occasioned me the severest affliction. Count Santa Rosa,

my intimate friend, fell in the battle. A few months before, he had come to Greece with Major Collegno to offer his services to the government, and being but coolly received, he clothed himself in the Albanian costume, and, with the enthusiasm of a Crusader, entered amongst the Greek troops as a simple volunteer, and both in the camp and the battle endeavoured to infuse his own enthusiasm into the soldiers. The day of the attack on the island, he disdained to escape, as he might have done, with the other fugitives, on board a Greek brig, and preferred awaiting the enemy. The few Greeks who imitated his example met, like him, a glorious, but a useless death. The Piedmontese army will cherish with affection the memory of its two most distinguished officers, the Count Santa Rosa, and Lieutenant-colonel Tarella, who in this country, the ancient sister of Italy, have by their death raised a trophy of Italian valour. Tarella fell in 1822, at the battle of Peta; and thus both these brave men died in a foreign land, without any other tomb than the hearts of their friends. 7

This new disaster induced the legislative body to retract their negative to the formation of a corps of regular troops. The executive, at the beginning of the campaign, convinced of the impossibility of making head against the Egyptians, had proposed to levy a corps of foreign regular troops, in order to gain more time. The legislative body, either from its distrust of foreigners, or from too much deference to the Greek chiefs, (who cannot bear the idea of a regular force) rejected the proposal. Now, however, afflicted and overwhelmed by these reiterated failures, they unanimously determined to take into their pay four thousand foreigners, and to organize six thousand national regular soldiers.

Soon after the capture of the island, the garrison of Old Navarino, about one thousand strong, being unable to remain, for want of water, in a city not naturally strong, attempted, under cover of the night, to force a passage through the enemy's camp; but they were surprised on the road, and obliged to surrender themselves prisoners, with the exception of one hundred and forty Roumeliots, who opened themselves a road, sword in hand. Ibrahim Pacha detained as prisoners, only Captain Hadgi Cristo and the Bishop of Modon, who were the two principal commanders. He set at liberty the other soldiers, after having despoiled them of their arms and money.

Whilst the prisoners were filing off before Soliman Bey, the French Commodore Séve, the Lieutenant of Ibrahim, turned to those around, saying, "Observe these unhappy sons of liberty: what have they done during the last four years? They have not built a single ship of war, they have not organized a regiment, they have only thought of making war amongst themselves, and destroying one another." This was an insolent speech; but the Greeks might take a lesson from it.

The Greeks, easily dejected, had need of some prosperous event to rouse their courage; and fortune, for an instant, smiled upon them. The 15th of May the news was spread, that Admiral Miaulis had burnt the Egyptian fleet in the harbour of Modon. A traveller asserted that he had perceived at Calamata a great shock towards night. Another reported that he had seen from the summit of the mountains of Arcadia, a conflagration in the harbour of Modon, which lasted several hours. In the midst of joy, and doubt, and hope, a letter at

committed a crime of so deep a dye. In the moral, as in the physical world, all things at the beginning are imperfect, shapeless, and of a displeasing aspect." Whilst the venerable secretary was making this apology for his country, I noticed amongst the by-standers four noble and handsome Spezziots, lightly dressed, whom I conjectured to be the brothers of the celebrated Bobolina, from the resemblance they bore to another of the brothers, with whom I had travelled in the Morea. In this belief, I placed my hand upon my heart, and they, having returned the salutation, invited me to visit their sister, which I did with the greatest willingness. This modern Amazon, the object both of satire and of praise amongst the Greeks, her complexion bronzed, her eyes sparkling, and full of fire in all her movements, came to meet me with pleasure and openness of manner, and received me with the greatest cordiality. To tell her something agreeable, I announced the probable release of General Colocotroni. "If it is so," replied she, "I will return to the camp with him, and make war against the Turks." Unhappy woman! her vow was not accomplished. She was killed a fortnight afterwards, in her own house, by a shot discharged by the relations of a girl whom her son had carried off.

Not to lose the benefit of the wind, we re-embarked, and at one o'clock in the morning arrived at the harbour of Hydra. This, in a summer's evening, by moonlight, is one of the most magnificent scenes imaginable. The city, composed of houses excessively white, hanging in the form of an amphitheatre upon a steep mountain, appears in the night like a mass of snow; and the lights, which at a distance sparkle from the open windows, appear like stars of gold on a silver ground. I believe that this comparison has already been made by others; and I repeat it, because it is just. When we entered the port, it resounded with the strokes of hammers, and the cries of the sailors raising the anchor. This noise proceeded from three fire-ships, which were preparing with all haste for the squadron of Miaulis. Early the following morning, I went on board to visit these infernal machines: they are most simple, consisting of a vessel the inside of which is rendered like a mine, by means of barrels of powder, pitch, and other substances. A train of powder placed around serves to communicate with the barrels and the exterior through two great holes at the poop. When the fire-ship, either under cover of night, or in the daytime protected by a brig of war, has grappled an enemy's ship, the sailors get into a skiff, and the last applies the fire to two holes in the poop. The skiff immediately escapes to avoid the explosion. Every sailor has an extraordinary reward of one hundred dollars. Miaulis gave two hundred to each of those who exposed their lives in the harbour of Modon. Every fire-ship costs the government between three and four thousand dollars, according to its size. The Hydriot sailors were preparing the vessels (which may prove their grave) with the same alacrity as if adorning a ball-room. The Hydriots are robust and somewhat taciturn, preserving the seriousness of the Albanian nation, from which they are descended. They despise the mirth and loquacity of the Moreots: few of them can read or write, but many speak two or three languages—Italian, French, and Turkish.

Hydra and Spezzia have not eparchias. They are governed by a synod, or senate, composed of some of the heads of the island: I went

to pay my visit to the senate according to the custom of travellers, and begged permission of Signor Lazzaro Conduriotti, the president, to see General Colocotroni.

“*Ispida e folta la gran barba scende.*” TASSO.

When I beheld Colocotroni sitting amidst ten of his companions, prisoners of state, and treated with respect by his guards, I called to mind the picture that Tasso draws of Satan in the council of the devils. His neglected grey hairs fell upon his broad shoulders and mingled with his rough beard, which, since his imprisonment, he had allowed to grow, as a mark of grief and revenge. His form is rugged and vigorous, his eyes full of fire, and his martial and savage figure resembled one of the sharp grey rocks which are scattered throughout the Archipelago. I presented him the compliments of Bobolina, and announced to him that in a few days he would be free. He thanked me by the interpreter, and asked what was the news. I told him that the Egyptians were on the point of gaining possession of Navarino; and that they were formidable, not only for their personal valour, but for their tactical skill, and the cavalry in their army. He observed, that to conquer the Egyptians, it was sufficient merely to levy men, and then (suiting the action to the word) to fire. “I know,” added he, “the positions in which their tactics and cavalry would be useless. Do you know what has given the victory to the Egyptians?—Unity of command; whilst the Greeks are ruined by the mania that every one has for command without experience.” Whilst he raised his arm in speaking, I noticed upon it a sabre wound, and asked him where he had acquired that honourable decoration. “It is not the only one that I bear on my person,” he replied; and thus saying, he showed me another mark of a shot, on his left arm, another on the right side of his breast, and a fourth, on his thigh.

Whilst speaking, he hastily ran over the beads of a rosary, and, instead of the Turkish gravity which the Greeks have contracted, he rolled his eyes rapidly and fiercely, arose and sat down, agitated as if still a klept in fear of the ambushes and attacks of the enemy. General Colocotroni is certainly not a man of the common stamp. A few days afterwards, he was set at liberty, and received by the government in Napoli di Romania with all due dignity and honour. On the act of reconciliation with the government, he replied without premeditation to the speech which one of the legislators addressed to him. In his unpolished reply is a remarkable passage, in which he said, “In coming hither from Hydra I have cast all rancour into the sea; do you do so likewise—bury in that gulf all your hatreds and dissensions; *that shall be the treasure which you will gain.*” He was speaking in the square of Napoli, where the inhabitants had been for several days excavating the earth, in the hope (common in Greece) of finding a hidden treasure.

Hydra was not inhabited by the ancients. It is an island consisting of barren mountains, excepting a few spots of ground, which at a great expense and labour are cultivated as gardens by the owners of some of the houses. The buildings are handsome, constructed of stone, with solid walls; some of them are noble and towering above the rest, particularly those of the President Conduriotti, Miaulis, and the brothers

Tombazi. The nobles of Hydra are like the ancient Genoese, who were frugal in their living, but splendid in their habitations, to impose upon the people, and acquire dominion over them. This island owes its prosperity to the love of liberty. Before the revolution, the Greeks, who wished to withdraw from the oppression of the Turks, abandoned the more fertile islands, which excited the avidity of their tyrants, and sought upon this arid and rocky soil the most grateful hospitality—that of liberty. Thus rose Venice; thus emerged from its marshes the republic of Holland; and thus in the wilds of America has liberty been nursed. For the last twenty years the population of this city has been on the increase, and it is said that it now exceeds 30,000 inhabitants. Hydra could send to sea 6000 sailors; but for want of vessels and money, it employs no more than 2000. This year the Grecian fleet comprises 94 brigs, divided into three squadrons. Hydra furnishes 50, Spezzia 30, and Ipsara 12. At the beginning of the campaign the fleet possessed 20 fire-ships, which are always replaced as they are destroyed. This island has hitherto produced the most skilful commanders, Miaulis, Sactari, Psamadò, Tombazi, &c. The Hydriots are expecting with impatience the arrival of the frigates, purchased by the government in America. They are by no means boasters, and confess that they are not always in a condition to face the enemy with their small ships, and are therefore obliged to carry on a war of stratagem and surprise.

I experienced much hospitality from the nobles of the island. The sons of some of the chiefs had the courtesy to conduct me themselves to view the batteries of the harbour, and the other fortifications of the island. The former are well constructed, and kept up with great care. Before the revolution Hydra possessed but three cannon. The port alone is now defended by more than thirty of brass. The young men took me by sea to Vlicos, about a mile from the city, where the senate keeps an advanced post of Stratioti (*common soldiers*): and as Vlicos is a place of disembarkation, the senate has had erected a stone parapet of great strength, with barbicans, behind which the musqueteers may drive the enemy from the shore. Every year, whilst the Turkish fleet is at sea, the senate maintains a garrison of 3000 men; the island therefore has three modes of defence: first, its squadron, secondly, its situation on a narrow canal, which facilitates the manœuvring of the fire-ships; thirdly, a garrison generally of Roumeliot soldiers. Vlicos is an agreeable promenade at sunset. A torrent opens its passage to the sea; here and there between the rocks are seen Indian figs, fig-trees, and olives; and higher up are scattered the country-houses belonging to the sea-captains, who raise, in small gardens, flowers and orange and other fruit trees. At Vlicos are two miniature churches, in which two small lamps are always burning; here the mothers and sisters of the sailors are accustomed to offer up their prayers and vows when the Hydriot fleet sets sail to attack the Turks; whilst the squadron, in passing before these chapels, wafts its last farewell to the suppliants.

The description given by Homer of the character of the people of Phæacia will apply to the common people of Hydra:

“A race of rugged mariners are these,  
Unpolish’d men, and boisterous as their seas.

The native islanders alone their care,  
 And hateful he who breathes a foreign air,—  
 These did the ruler of the deep ordain  
 To build proud navies, and command the main;  
 On canvass wings to cut the watery way—  
 No bird so light, no thought so swift as they.

*Odyssey, Book vii.*

The people of Hydra are accused of being profligate and ferocious. I cannot defend them, having myself witnessed a standing monument of their private revenge. Two or three years since, an inhabitant of Hydra treacherously slew another. What was his punishment? the friends of the dead man utterly destroyed two windmills belonging to the assassin, and dismantled his house. These ruins, the result of the punishment of one crime by another, are still visible. The islanders are, however, watchful and courageous; of which the following event affords a proof:—In the afternoon of the 25th May, at the time when even in Greece the siesta is permitted, the sound of cannon was heard afar off; every one enquired the reason; the vidette on the island announced that an Austrian frigate had appeared before Spezzia to claim an Austrian prize, which had been taken into that port. The frigate accompanied the demand with some discharges of cannon. Hydra was all in alarm,—it was also feared that the vessel came to demand the release of two imperial ships, captured a few days before. The gunners were at their post. The sailors got ready a vessel—all the youth burnt with desire to salute with cannon-shot this ally of the Turk. The Austrian frigate, however, was satisfied with committing some piracies, and did not proceed any farther.\* Whatsoever indignation this attempt of the Austrian vessel had excited, an equal joy was produced by the arrival of the English frigate, the *Cerberus*. She cast anchor three miles distance from the island. All the youth were anxious to pay their respects to Captain Hamilton, the kind and generous friend of their Admiral, Miaulis. I passed a whole day on board the frigate with many of these young men, who shook hands with the English sailors with a fraternal confidence. I quitted Hydra with regret—that nest of dauntless mariners, over whom the fate of Ipsara and Scio impends, inspired me with a melancholy sympathy.

The love of independence is that which, like Plato's love, animates the universe; it animates every desert, every mountain, every grotto. At the summit of a high rock opposite the island of Hydra is a small chapel, over which a solitary olive-tree casts a partial shade. A monk, the guardian of the spot, was sitting at the foot of the tree: our pilot hailed him, and begged his prayers for the safety of our voyage. The good hermit answered, "I will pray for you and for our country." Between the island of Modi and Porro, we met an Ipsariot privateer, which was slowly approaching, towing after it two Austrian vessels, captured by it at the entrance of the Dardanelles. No sooner had our sailors seen it, than they shouted aloud to it from the distance, to sail after the Austrian frigate which had appeared before Spezzia, and then added the intelligence of Miaulis's victory. The privateer returned thanks, and informed us, that the Turkish fleet was on the point of sailing from the straits. In the mean time the sun set, the wind fell, and the sea was as tranquil and smooth as a mirror.

\* I reckon thirty imperial ships sailing in the Archipelago in the service of the Turks!

It is a proverb with the sailors, "to eat with the light of the day." Each of us drew forth his provisions, and, with that hospitality which is common in the Archipelago, contributed his supplies to the common stock, and commenced without any distinction of rank. Night coming on, we slept under the open sky, stretched at the bottom of the vessel, and lulled by the gentle sound of the oars. At sun-rise we were before Egina. The shaft of an old column, which is seen projecting from afar off; the beautiful plain reaching to the shore, covered with olive-trees, rich pastures, and corn-fields; irregular mountains rising towards the south of the island, and bounding this beautiful view, made me wish that some accident might suspend our voyage. It became perfectly calm, and my wish was gratified. We went on shore to await the rising of the wind. I hastened to visit the solitary column (a fragment, possibly, of some temple); and thence, by the ruins of the ancient port of Egina, which are still visible in the sea—to Egina, which has arisen within these few years. The inhabitants had lived in a city built by the Venetians upon a mountain in the interior of the island; but the love of commerce induced them to prefer the sea-shore, and they accordingly chose the site of the ancient Egina. The emigrations caused by the present revolution had assembled here a mixture of wandering Greeks from various parts; from Scio, Natolia, Zaituni, Livadia, &c.; the various dresses of the women presenting to the traveller a continued masquerade. The population now amounts to about 10,000 souls; amongst whom there are about 1000 Ipsariots, who, after the catastrophe in their own country, have sought an asylum here. The costume of the Ipsariot women is striking from its various colours, resembling that of some of the Swiss peasantry. Now, however, a great part of them are dressed in mourning for their husbands and relatives, slain last year by the Turks. They wear on their heads a large turban, from which descends a corner of the handkerchief, which covers all their face except the eyes, and a band of hair which crosses their forehead. I cannot affirm whether this practice of covering the face is an imitation of the Turkish costume, or the continuance of that of the ancient Athenian women. The Ipsariot women are beautiful, courageous, and capable of the most heroic acts. Almost all of them can swim. The aunt of Captain Canaris, a strong woman of sixty years of age, saved her life at the taking of Ipsara by swimming three miles. The wealthiest families of Ipsara have taken refuge at Egina, and continue to follow maritime employments. Ipsara is an arid sterile rock. Egina, on the contrary, is fruitful, sunny, and under a delightful sky; nevertheless, the Ipsariots always sigh for their barren Ipsara. The government has offered them the Piræus, as a compensation for the loss of their island; but the Ipsariots desire to suppress the illustrious name of the Piræus, and to substitute that of New Ipsara. The mere name of country is an illusion dear to him who has lost the reality.

I inquired for the habitation of Captain Constantine Canaris, desirous of becoming acquainted with that intrepid leader of the fire-ships. I found him by the side of his wife, playing with his son Miltiades, a child of three years of age. He received me with frankness and courtesy, and made his elder son Nicholas present me with a half-blown rose, a mark of affection in the Levant. Canaris is a



young man about thirty-two, frank and gay, and at the same time extremely modest. I could never induce him to relate any of his deeds; he is loved by all his countrymen, but envied by the Hydriots, through whom he has been left this year without the command of a fire-ship. His gun was hanging against the wall. His arms and his courage are all the riches of this intrepid man, after having burnt four of the enemy's ships of war. Last year, having avenged the burning of his country by that of an enemy's ship, he presented himself at Napoli di Romania, poor and in want of every thing. Whilst each inhabitant was eagerly making him some present, he said before the legislative body, "I would much rather than all these gifts, receive another fire-ship to burn in the service of my country." Whilst we were speaking, his wife, with matronly dignity, suckled an infant three months old, named Lycurgus. She is an Ipsariot, of great beauty, grave and modest—a Minerva. Having paid this tribute of respect to the most courageous of the Greeks, I proceeded to the port; a favourable wind having sprung up, I found many of the principal people of the island here, who shewed me great politeness. The inhabitants of these islands still observe a liberal hospitality, the ancient precept of Jupiter. They made me promise to return to Egina, to visit the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius; and I gave Runfo my promise to become his guest.

Anacharsis compares the islands of the Archipelago to the scattered stars of Heaven. Byron calls them, "the gems of the sea." I shall make a comparison more prosaic. I have travelled to the lakes of Scotland; to those of Switzerland; and to those of Upper Italy, which are most beautiful; but I have never experienced so much pleasure as when sailing in the Archipelago. It is a more varied and extensive scene. These islands, rising and disappearing every moment, are like pleasing thoughts which succeed one another. Scarcely does the traveller lose sight of one, and perceive it dissolving into vapour, when another afar off, appearing like a cloud, becomes visible, assuming a reddish hue, interspersed here and there with obscure spots, which are masses of verdure always green, or with some white points, which by degrees grow larger to the view, becoming cities and villages. It is like an illusion which becomes a reality.

We arrived at Colouris late at night. The caïques in the harbour were full of families coming from Western Greece to escape the Turks; who, to the number of ten thousand, had entered Salona. The shore and the squares were full of people, proceeding from Athens from fear of the Turks of Negropont. Colouris and Bellachi are two great villages in the Island of Salamis, which every year at the opening of the campaign give refuge to all the old men, women, and children of Eastern and Western Greece. This island, which has several times saved the ancient Athenians, gave an asylum in 1821 to full one hundred thousand Greeks. At the beginning of the winter, when the Turks usually retire, the families return to their fire-sides, if the fury of the Turks has not destroyed them. It was rumoured that the Turks had made an incursion. To ascertain this point, I resolved to wait a day in the island. These wandering families live crowded in houses, or in cottages covered with leaves: it is a most moving spectacle. If every people knew how much independence has cost their

ancestors, they would spill the last drop of their blood in its defence ! In the midst of this picture of confusion and misery, I had the good fortune to make acquaintance with Eñmanuel Tombazi, who is one of the most experienced sailors of Hydra, and commanded for a long time the Greek squadron, in the war of Candia. He built the finest corvette in the Greek fleet, and was then constructing a fire-ship of his own invention. It is of a much lighter form than the others ; and possesses the advantage of having the steersman under the bridge. He told me that he hoped to obtain from the government the command of it for Canaris, and, in fact, he fulfilled his promise. On my return from Greece, I met this fire-ship near Cerigo, with the squadron of Miaulis ; by this time it has probably effected some glorious explosion. Tombazi extended his kindness so far as to procure me the company, as far as Athens, of Petrarchi, an amiable and well-informed young physician. Having learnt that the news of the disembarkation of the Turks in the fields of Marathon was unfounded, I pursued my voyage, and in the evening we set sail from the harbour of Bellachi, to the Piræus. On crossing this gulf—

“ Thy glorious gulf, unconquer’d Salamis ! ” \*

it is impossible not to be affected with a thousand and a thousand thoughts. I saw on my left the ancient mysterious Eleusis ; I beheld in front the hill from which it is said Xerxes witnessed the discomfiture of his fleet. In the mean time the darkness of night involved every object ; and, inspired with these recollections, I repeated to my fellow-travellers those fine verses of Foscolo, “ *Suoi sepolchri*,” in which he supposes that the sailor, along the coast of Eubœa, beholds the forms of the combatants of Marathon :—

“ —il navigante,  
Che veleggiò quel mar sotto l’Eubea,  
Vede per l’ampia oscurità scintille,  
Balena d’elmi, e di cozzanti brandi,  
Fumar le pire, igneo vapor, corrusche,  
D’armi ferree vede larve guerriere  
Cercar la pugna ; e all’ orror de’ notturni  
Silenzi si spandea lungo ne’ campi  
Di falangi un tumulto, e un suon di tube,  
E un incalzar di cavalli accorrenti,  
Scalpitanti su gli elmi a’ moribondi,  
E pianto, ed iumi, e delle parche il canto.”

I awoke in the morning under the salubrious sky of Attica, and eagerly sought with my eyes the Piræus, the ancient, the famous Piræus, and with grief beheld only an insecure harbour, and a few ruins here and there near the sea ; but I turned round and beheld the Parthenon, towering above the Acropolis of Athens—a magnificent recompense for all the fatigues of the voyage. The road from the Piræus to Athens was full of women and children coming from that city. It was the time of barley-harvest, a grain which thrives best in Attica, and is used for mixing with the bread of the peasantry. These were busily engaged in getting in their produce, and securing it in the city before the Turks, like locusts, should plunder the country. After a

\* The Corsair, c. iii.

two hours' walk, amidst olive-trees and vineyards, I entered Athens. The streets were full of Palicari; but the houses were empty, the families and furniture being withdrawn. The population in the winter comprises about twelve or fourteen thousand inhabitants—in the summer, however, only three thousand men remain for its defence. The fortress of the Acropolis requires only a garrison of five hundred men. It is abundantly provided with water and provisions of every kind. General Goura, the commander in Eastern Greece, has placed it in a condition to sustain a two years' siege. The city is only defended by a wall, behind which are placed, as occasion requires, two or three thousand fusileers. This would be but a poor defence against regular European troops; but to arrest a Turkish army, a mere wall is sufficient; a ditch alone, in 1822, sufficed to preserve Missolonghi from twenty thousand Turks. The Venetians, when they possessed the Morea, had planted it with towers and small castles on heights to supply the want of numerous armies. The Athenians have adopted a better system of defence by removing every hope of booty. With this view General Goura gave early orders for the women and children to evacuate the city: if the Turks therefore should wish to gain possession of Athens by force, they would purchase with their blood only heaps of stones; excepting a few houses, all the rest of the city is a ruinous wilderness. If the Greeks are disposed to make an obstinate resistance, they may fight from house to house, and at last retire into that part of the city which is at the foot of the Acropolis, and under its protection.

On the 30th May, whilst I was present at a sitting of the chiefs, which was held in an old mosque, the news was brought by a Palicari from Napoli di Romania, that Navarino had capitulated. Notwithstanding the Mahometan imperturbability evinced by all the chiefs of the Continent of Greece, this news discomposed their gravity, and made them lay down their pipes. The surrender of Navarino is an event that may be attended with fatal effects. As a fortress, it is not of much importance, but it is of great value as a sea-port: the harbour is spacious and secure, and may serve as a winter station for the enemy's fleet, which may thence threaten every point of the Morea. The Lacedæmonians also in the Peloponnesian war committed the error of neglecting this point, and the Athenians having made themselves masters of it, oft-rified the harbour, and rendered it a most annoying position to their enemies. The following are the particulars of the siege of Navarino, which were communicated to me in person by Major Collegno, who contributed by his valour and his counsel to the defence of the place.

[We are sorry to break off this interesting narrative of M. Pecchio thus abruptly for want of further space, having allotted it too little,—the conclusion shall be given in our next number.]

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## THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

SLEEP came on the eyes of a maiden fair,  
 On eyes that had ne'er seen love,  
 As she lay with her rosy-braided hair  
 'Mid the gloom of a summer grove,  
 With her dark lids' fringe and her forehead bright,  
 Like morning at rest in the arms of night :

When a vision before her arose and said :—  
 " Sweet maiden, thou dost not know  
 That a spirit is hovering around thy head  
 That will work thee joy or woe—  
 That will steep thy heart in delight, or be  
 The fountain of thy life's misery.

" I come from a land where no passions thrive,  
 Where feeling is never known,  
 Where the blood careers in all that live  
 Cold as the Arctic zone,  
 And the years of their lengthen'd lives go by  
 In an undisturb'd tranquillity.

" The sun is bright in our lovely land,  
 But it warms not the vital flood ;  
 We passionless live in that climate bland,\*  
 In a medium of evil and good ;  
 Love, glory, fame, are to us unknown,  
 Each lives for himself, unmoved, alone.

There, fair one, we feel neither grief nor hate,  
 From half human suffering free ;  
 If thou wilt belong to our happy state,  
 I will give the charm to thee—  
 The charm that till death shall guard thee well,  
 The spell that shall make thee insensible."

Thus the vision spoke with a keen clear sound,  
 As a voice amid freezing air,  
 And thick clouds hover'd above and around  
 When it said to the maiden fair :—  
 " Come, take thou the boon which I proffer thee,  
 And live from emotion and passion free.

" I've a talisman here from a frozen star,—  
 Three moons on thy bosom worn,  
 The charm is complete, and thou wilt be far  
 From the tumults of passion borne ;  
 And feeling shall fly thee, and nought shall distress  
 Of the ills that turn love into wretchedness.

" Once placed on thy breast thou must guard it well  
 Till the charm be woven complete,  
 Against all emotions that harm the spell,  
 Love, pity, hope, fear, or hate."  
 The maiden stretch'd forth her lily-white hand,  
 And accepted the gift at the vision's command.

To her full ripe bosom she laid it close,  
 Yet shiver'd to feel its cold,  
 And the vision departed, as light arose  
 From a lotus flowery fold,  
 A purple light that still brighter grew,  
 As she gazed more intent, on the maiden's view.

Now pinions of seraph hue appear  
 Amid that rich light to form,  
 And a witching youth rose in the beamy sphere,  
 His lips were with kisses warm,  
 And his bright blue eyes shot a piercing day,  
 That struck on her heart with its living ray.

Now expanded in triumph of youthful pride,  
 Ah, where is pride so met?  
 He came forward and stood by the maiden's side,  
 In his radiance soft and sweet,  
 But she saw him unmoved, for armed was she  
 With the spell of insensibility.

Then his young cheek flush'd, and his arm he drew  
 Round her neck, and he press'd her lip  
 With his own—while the maiden no warmer grew,  
 Yet still did the bright boy sip,  
 Till, unchided, he signs of his victory saw,  
 For the icy spell had begun to thaw.

And now more close to the maid he clung,  
 And his charm wreathed round her heart,  
 Like a snake's fiery coil round a white altar flung  
 To chastity set apart,  
 While, inflamed by her coldness, enraged by disdain,  
 His attacks he redoubled again and again.

The talisman melted, love's triumph was nigh,  
 When the maiden return'd his kiss,  
 When she play'd with his ringlets and gazed in his eye,  
 And thought those were moments of bliss.—  
 They were toying 'mid flowers the whole happy day,  
 When that maiden's soft slumber vanish'd away.

The dream had its moral—there was one long knelt  
 To that maid with the bosom chill,  
 But after this sleep she the first time felt  
 That to be insensible,  
 She must share with no other in life's hopes and fears—  
 So she welcomed love with its joys and tears.

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*A Country Lodging.—Dialogue with a Sportsman.**Pouldon, September 20th.*

ON my way back to town the other evening from a visit, I had the misfortune, at the turning of a road, not to see a projecting gateway, till I came too near it. I leaped the ditch that ran by, but my horse went too close to the side-post; and my leg was so hurt, that I was obliged to limp into a cottage, and have been laid up ever since. The doctor tells me I am to have three or four weeks of it, perhaps more.

As soon as I found myself fixed, I looked about me to see what consolations I could get in my new abode. The place was quiet. That was one thing. It was also clean, and had a decent-looking hostess. Those were two more. Thirdly, I heard the wind in the trees. This was much. "You have trees opposite the window?"—"Yes, Sir, some fine elms. You will hear the birds of a morning." "And you have poultry, to take care of my fever with? and eggs and bacon, when I get better? and a garden and a paddock, when I walk again, eh? and capital milk, and a milk-maid whom it's a sight to see carrying it over the field."—"Why, Sir," said my hostess, good-humouredly but gravely, "as to the milk-maid, I can say nothing; but we have capital milk at Pouldon, and good eggs and bacon, and paddocks in plenty, and every thing else that horse or man can desire, in an honest way."—"Well, Madam," said I, "I shall desire nothing of you, you may depend on it, unbecoming the dignity of Pouldon or the pretty whiteness of these window-curtains."—"I dare say we shall agree very well, Sir," said my good woman with a gracious smile.

The curtains were very neat and white, the rest of the furniture corresponding. There was a small couch, and a long-backed arm-chair, looking as if it was made for me. "That settee," thought I, "I shall move into that other part of the room:—it will be snugger, and more away from the door. The arm-chair and the table shall go near the window, when I can sit up; so that I may have the trees at the corner of my eye, as I am writing. The table, a small mahogany one, was very good, and reflected the two candles very prettily, but it looked bald. There were no books on it.

"Pray, Mrs. Wilson, have you any books?"

"Oh, plenty of books. But won't you be afraid to study, Sir, with that leg?"

"I'll study without it, if you can undo it for me."

"Dear me! Sir, but won't it make you feverish?"

"Yes, unless I can read all the while. I must study philosophy, Mrs. Wilson, in order to bear it: so if you have any novels or comedies—"

"Why, for novels or comedies, Sir, I can't say. But I'll shew you what there is. When our lady was alive, rest her soul! eight months ago, the house was nothing but books. I dare say she had a matter of a hundred. But I've a good set too below; some of my poor dear husband's, and some of my own."

"I see," said I, as she left the room, "that I shall be obliged to send to the clergyman: and that's a forlorn hope. If there's a philosopher

in the village,—some Jacobinical carpenter or shoemaker,—there will be another chance. At all events, I shall behave in the most impudent manner, and send all round. ‘*Necessitas non habet legs*,’ as Peter Pindar says. This is the worst of books. A habit of reading is like a habit of drinking. You cannot do without it, especially under misfortune. I wonder whether I could leave off reading, beginning with a paragraph less a day?”

Mrs. Wilson returned with an arm full. “This, Sir,” said she, giving me the top one, “our lady left me for a keep-sake.”

It was Mrs. Chapone’s Essays. “Pray,” said I, “Mrs. Wilson, who was the lady whom you designate as the Roman Catholics do the Virgin? Who was *Our lady*?”

Mrs. Wilson looked very grave, but I thought there was a smile lurking under her gravity in spite of her. “Miss V., Sir, was no Roman: and as to the Virgin, by which I suppose, Sir, you mean the—but however—oh, she was an excellent woman, Sir; her mother was a friend of the great Mr. Samuel Richardson.”

“Oh ho!” thought I, looking over the books, “then we shall have Pamela.”—There was the Farrier’s Guide, some Treatises on Timber and the Cultivation of Wood (my hostess was a carpenter’s widow), Jaclin and Boaz (which she called a strange fantastic book), Mrs. Glasse’s Cookery, Wesley’s Receipts, an old Court Calendar, the Whole Duty of Man, nine numbers of the Calvinist’s Magazine (I looked at my hostess: she was in ill health, and I forgave her): an odd volume of the Newgate Calendar, the Life of Colonel Gardiner, and, sure as fate, at the bottom of the heap, Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded. “Virtue Rewarded!” thought I: “I hate these eternal *mercenary* virtues; these bills brought to Heaven for payment; these clinkings of cash in the white pockets of conscience.”

“You have one novel, at any rate, Mrs. Wilson.”

“Sure, Sir, it is better than a novel. Oh, it is a book full of good fortune.”

“Of good fortune! What, to the maid-servant?”

“To every body that has to do with it. Miss V. was—dubious like—which of the cottages to live in; and she fancied ours, because she found Pamela and Colonel Gardiner in the corner-cupboard.”

“I dare say.—Now here,” said I, when left to myself, “here is vanity at second hand. The old lady must take a cottage because she found a book in it, written by an old gentleman, who knew the old lady her mother. And what a book!”

With all my admiration of Richardson, Pamela had ever been an object of my dislike. I hated her little canting ways, her egotism eternally protesting humility, and her readiness to make a prize of the man, who, finding his endeavours vain to ruin her, reconciled her virtue and vanity together by proposing to make her his wife. Pamela’s is the only female face to which I think I could ever have wished to give a good box on the ear. “And this,” said I, “was the old maid’s taste. It is a pity she was not a servant-maid. The rest of the appellation, somehow or other, might have been got rid of.”

While I was thus venting my spleen against a harmless old woman, in a condition of life which I had always treated with respect, and was beginning to regret that I had got into “methodistical” lodgings, my

hostess comes back again, with three more books, to wit, *Paradise Lost*, Thomson's Seasons, and a volume containing the whole of the *Spectator* in double columns. "Head of my ancestors!" cried I, uttering (but internally) a Chinese oath: "here thou art at home again, Harry! *This* is sense. *This* is something like. The cottage is an excellent cottage; and, for aught I know, had the honour of being one of the many cottages in which my great grandfather's friend Sir Richard used to eschew the visits of the importunate."

There was a bed-room as neat as the sitting-room, and with more trees at the window. My leg was very painful, and I had feverish dreams. However, my horseback had made me nothing the worse for my dinner, and having taken no supper, my dreams, though disturbed, were not frightful. I dreamt of Pamela, and Dick Honeycomb, and my ancestor Nathaniel. I thought that my landlady was Mrs. Harlowe, and that Dick being pressed to marry, said he would not have his cousin Pamela, but Nell Gwynn; which the serious Commonwealth officer approved, "because," said he, "of the other's immoral character." In one of my reveries, between sleep and awake, I hardly knew whether the rustling sounds I heard were those of the trees out-of-doors, or of old Mrs. Harlowe's petticoat.

In the morning, it was delightful to hear the sound of the birds. There is something exhilarating in the singing of birds, analogous to the brilliancy of sunshine. My leg was now worse, but not bad enough to hinder me from noticing the *chancy* shepherds and shepherdesses on the mantelpiece, or those others on the coloured bed-curtain; loving pairs with lambs, repeated in the same group at intervals all over the chintz, as if the beholder had a cut-glass eye. The window of the sitting-room has a little white curtain on a rod. This, of the bed-room, is a proper casement with diamond panes; and you can see nothing outside but green leaves.

However ill I may be, I am always the worse for lying in bed. I contrived to get up and remove to the settee in the other room; at which the doctor, when he came, shook his head. But I did very well with the settee. It was brought near the window, with the table; and I had a very pretty look-out. Opposite the window you can see nothing but trees, but sitting on the left side, you have a view over a fine meadow to the village church, which is embowered in elms. There is a path and a stile to the meadow, and luxuriant hedge-row trees. I was as well pleased with my situation as a man well could be, who had a leg perpetually reminding him of its existence; but Poulton is at a good distance from town, and I was thinking how long it would take a messenger to fetch me some books, when I heard a shot from a fowling-piece. I recollected the month, and thought how well its name was adapted to these Septembrizers of the birds. Looking under the trees, I saw a stout fellow, in a jacket and gaiters and the rest of the costume of *aricide*, picking his way along the palings, with his gun re-prepared. "Ay," said I, "he has 'shot as he is used to do,' and laid up some poor devil with a broken thigh. There he goes, sneaking along, to qualify some others for the hospital, and they *have none*."

I threw up the window, to baffle his next shot with the noise. He turned round. It was Jack Tomkins. "Hallo! my boy," said he, "why where the devil have you got? D——n me, if I don't blow.



You deserve it, Harry, for keeping so close. I'll tell Tom Neville and the rest; d—mme, if I don't. Snug's the word, eh? Is she pretty? Some delicate little devil, I warrant, fit for your verses and all that, eh?"

"She's too delicate for you, Jack; you'd frighten her."

"Oh, don't tell me. They're not frightened so easily. What the devil are you putting out of the way there? You may try to laugh as you please; but hang me, Harry—I mustn't come up, I suppose?"

"Pray do; and (lowering my voice) I'll introduce you to a little friend of mine, of the name of Leg. Jack! Jack! say nothing at the door—Most respectable woman—You understand me."

Jack (who is a man of fortune, and was at Trinity, though the uninitiated would not suppose it,) clapped a finger\* significantly on one side of his nose, and knocked very much like a gentleman. Presently he came into the room grinning and breathing like an ogre. "My dear Honeycomb, how are you?—an unexpected pleasure, eh? The good lady tells me you have hurt yourself: something about a horse—what Bayardo the spotless, eh? (Here Mrs. Wilson left the room, and Jack burst out.) Oh, you devil! Well, where's Lalage? Where's Miss Leg—Fanny or Betty, or what the devil's her name?"

"The poor thing has a very odd name, Jack. What think you of Bad Leg?"

"Nonsense. Miss Bad Leg! impossible. I know of nobody of the name of Bad. Come, you're joking; and I can't stop long. I'll come back to dinner, if you like; but must be off now;—so introduce me. Is that the way there?"

"No, this is the way, Jack. Little Bad Leg, my dear creature, allow me to introduce my friend John Tomkins, Esquire, of Galloping Hall. John Tomkins—Bad Leg."

"Eh? pooh, pooh, Harry. This is one of your fetches. Come, come, I know your goes."

"Egad, Jack, it's neither my fetch nor my go, at present, I assure you. There is an old epigram—

'I am unable,' yonder beggar cries,

'To stand or go.' If he says true, he lies:—

which is not true; for he may sit, as I am obliged to do at this present."

I had some difficulty in persuading my friend Tomkins that there was no other leg in the case than my own. "Well, Harry," says he, "I'm heartily sorry for it, upon my soul; for now as you have caught me with my Joe Manton, I suppose I'm to be had up for fetching down a few birds; whereas if I could have fairly found you out in your tricks with the cottagers, d——n me if I couldn't have read you a bit of a lecture myself, by way of a muffler."

"Why, Jack, as you say, I have caught you in the fact, and I wonder at a fellow of your sense and spirit, that you're not about cutting up a parcel of tom-tits."

"Grouse, Harry, Grouse, and partridges and pheasants, and all that. Tom-tits! let the Cockneys try to cut up tom-tits."

"Well, to be sure there's a good deal of difference between breaking the legs of partridges and tom-tits. The partridge, too, is a fierce bird, and can defend itself. It's a gallant thing, a fight with a partridge!"

"Eh? Nonsense. Now you are at some of your banter. But it's no joke, I assure you, to me, having a fine morning's sport. You can read and all that; but every man to his taste. However, I can't stop at present. Here's Needle, poor fellow, wants to be off. Glorious morning—never saw such a morning—but I'll come back to dinner, if you like, instead of going to the Greyhound. I gave a brace of partridges just now to the good woman: and I say, Harry, by G—d, if you get me some claret, I'll have it out with you—I will, upon my soul—I'll rub up my logic, and have a regular spar."

My friend Jack returned in good time, and had his birds well dressed. I was in despair about the claret, till the host of the Greyhound drew it out from a store which he kept against the month of September; and Jack being a good-humoured fellow, and having had a victorious morning, he did very well. Mrs. Wilson and the doctor had equally protested against my having company to dinner, being afraid of the noise and the temptation to eat; but I promised them to abstain, and that I would talk as much as possible to hinder Jack from being obstreperous; which they thought a dangerous remedy. I got off very well, by dint of talking while Jack ate; and such is vanity, that I was not displeased to see that I rose greatly in my hostess's opinion by my defence of the bird-creation. It was curious to observe how Jack shattered her, as she came in and out, with his oaths and great voice, and how gratefully she seemed to take breath and substance again under the Paradisaical shelter of my arguments. But I believe I startled her, too, with the pictures I was obliged to draw. This is the worst of such points of discussion. You are obliged to put new ideas of pain and trouble into innocent heads, in the hope of saving pain and trouble itself. But we must not hesitate for this. The one is a mere notion compared with the other. It is soon got rid of or set aside by minds in health; and the unhealthy ones are liable to worse deductions, if the matter is not fairly laid open.

However, wishing to let Jack have his case in perfection, as far as he could, I was for postponing the argument to another day, and seeing him relish his birds and claret in peace. But the more he drank, the less he would hear of it. "Besides," says he, "I've been talking about it to Bilson—you know Bilson, the Christ Church man,—and he's been putting me up to some prime good arguments, 'faith. I hope I sha'n't forget 'em. By the by, I'll tell you a good joke about Bilson—But you don't eat any thing. What, is your leg so bad as that comes to? You don't pretend, I hope, not to eat partridge, because of your love of the birds?"

"No, Jack; but I'd rather know that you had killed 'em than Bilson, because you are a jollier hand; you don't go to the sport with such reverend sophistry."

"That's famous. Bilson, to be sure,—But stop, don't let me forget another thing, now I think of it. Bilson says you eat poultry. What do you say to that? You eat chicken."

"I am not sure that I can apologize for eating grouse, except, as I said before, when you kill 'em. Evil communications corrupt good platters. I can only say that no grouse should be killed for me, unless a perfect Tomkins—an unerring shot—had the bringing of them down I could give up poultry too; but death is common to all; a fowl i

soon despatched ; and many a fowl would not exist, if death for the dinner-table were not part of his charter. I confess I should not like to keep poultry. There is a violation of fellowship and domesticity in killing the sharers of our homestead, and especially in keeping them to kill. It would make me seem like an ogre. But this is one sentiment : that violated by making a sport of cruelty is another. But I will not argue this matter with you now, Jack. It would be a cruelty itself. It would be inhospitable, and a foppery. I wish to put wine down your throat, and not to thrust my arguments. Besides, as you say, I never shall convince you ; so drink your claret, and tell me where you were yesterday."

"Why at Bilson's, I tell you, and so I must talk while I think of it. We had a famous joke with Bilson. Since he went into orders, he is very anxious not to swear ; and so he laid a wager he'd never swear again ; and yesterday, in the middle of dinner, while he was champng his bird, and cutting up your argument about cruelty, all of a sudden what does our vicar but clap his hand to his jaw as if he was going to give a view holla, and rap out the d—dest oath you ever heard. He had champ'd a shot, by G—d, with an old tooth. Now that's meat and drink to you, Harry, for all your tenderness."

"Why, it was only a shot in a black coat, Jack, instead of a black cock."

"That's famous. I'll tell him of that. Oh, Hall, your laugh is savage. See—you enjoy the sport now yourself."

"It ought to be a lesson to him."

"Oh yes ! mighty considerate persons you Tatler and Spectator men are, and would make fine havock with our amusements."

"Excuse me. It is you that make fine havock. I would have you amuse yourself to your heart's content, if you would do it without breaking the bones and hearts of your fellow-creatures."

"'Fellow-creatures !' and their 'hearts !' The hearts of woodcocks and partridges ! Pooh, pooh ! Bilson might have borne his pain better, I own, though it's a d—d thing, that sort of jar ; but what he says, is very true ;—he says, if you come to think of it, there must be pain in the world, and it would be unmanly to think of it in this light."

"Very well. Then do you, Jack, who are so manly, and so willing to encourage one's sports, stand a little farther, and let me crack your shin with this poker."

"Nonsense. That's a very different thing."

"Perhaps you'd prefer a good crack on the skull ?"

"Nonsense."

"Or a thrust-out of your eye ?"

"No, no : all that's very different."

"Well : you know what you have been about this morning. Go and pick your way again along the palings there ; and leave me your fowling-piece, and I'll endeavour to shoot you handsomely through the body."

"Nonsense, nonsense. I'm a man, you know ; and a bird's a bird. Besides, birds don't feel as we do. They're not Christians. They're not reasoning beings. They're not made of the same sort of stuff. In short, it's no use talking. There's no end of these things."

"Just so. This is precisely the way I should argue if I had the

winging of you. Here, I should say, is Mr. John Tomkins. Mind, I am standing with my manning-piece by a hedge."

"With your what?"

"With my manning-piece. You cannot say fowling-piece, when it is *men* that are to be brought down."

"Oh, now you're joking."

"I beg your pardon; you will find it no joke presently. Here, says I, is Mr. John Tomkins coming; or, Here is a Tomkins. Look at him. He's in fine coat and waistcoat (we can't say feather, you know :) keep close: now for my Joe Manton: you shall see how I'll pepper him. 'Pray don't,' says my companion. 'A Tomkins is a Tomkins after all, and has his feelings as we have.' 'Stuff!' says I: 'Tomkinses don't feel as we do. They're not Christians, for they do not do as they would be done by. They're not reasoning beings, for they do not see that a leg's a leg. They're not made of the same sort of stuff; and so if they bleed, it does not signify:—if they die of a torturing fracture, who cares? In short, it's no use talking. There's no end of these things. So here goes. Now if I hit him, he is killed outright, which is no harm to any body; and if I wound him, why he only goes groaning and writhing for three or four days, and who cares for that?'"

"Upon my soul, if I listen, you'll make a milk-sop of me. Consider—think of the advantages of fresh air and exercise; of getting up in the morning, and scouring the country, and all that."

"Excellent: but, my dear Tomkins, the birds are not bound to suffer, because you want fresh air."

"But it's the only time of the year, perhaps, that I can get out: and I must have something to do—something to occupy me and lead me about."

"The birds, Tomkins, are not bound to have their legs and thighs broken, because you are in want of something to lead you about."

"Well, you know what I mean. I mean that we must not look too nicely into these things, as somebody said about fish; or we should fret ourselves for nothing. The birds kill one another."

"Yes, from necessity; for the want of a meal. But they do not torture—or if they did, that would be because they did not reason as well as you and I, Tomkins."

"What I mean to say is, that there's pain in the world already: we cannot help it; and if we can turn it to pleasure, so much the better. This is manly, I think."

"Well said indeed. But to turn pain into pleasure, and to add to it by more pain, are two different things, are they not? To bear pain like a man, and to inflict it like a sportsman, are two different things."

"A sportsman can bear pain as well as any body."

"Then why does he not begin by turning his own pain into a pleasure? As it is, he turns his own pleasure to another's pain. Why does he not begin with himself?"

"How with himself?"

"Why you talk of the want of amusement and excitement. Now to say nothing of cricket, and golf, and boating, and other sports, are there no such things to be had as quarter-staves, single-stick, and broken heads? A good handsome pain there is a gallant thing, and strengthens the soul as well as the body. If there must be a certain portion of

pain in the world, these were the ways to share it. But to sneak about, safe one's-self, with a gun and a dog, and inflict all sorts of wounds and torments upon a parcel of little helpless birds,—Tomkins, you know not what you are at, when you do it; or you are too much of a man to go on."

"I cannot think that we inflict those tortures you speak of."

"How many birds do you wound instead of kill? Say, upon an average, twenty to one, which is a generous computation. How many hundred birds would this make in the course of the day? How many thousands in the course of a season? To bring them down, and then be obliged to kill them, is butcherly enough: but to lame, and dislocate, and shatter the joints and bodies of so many that fly off, and leave them to die a lingering death in their agony,—I think it would not be unworthy of some philosophers and teachers, if they were to think a little of all this as they go, and not talk of the "sport" and the "amusement" like others; as if men were to be trained up at once into thought and want of thought, into humanity and cruelty. Really, men are not the only creatures in existence; and the laugh of mutual complacency and approbation is apt to contain very sorry and shallow things, even among the "celebrated" and "highly respectable." I don't speak of you, Jack; but of those who make a profession of thinking, which you know you are not under the necessity of doing. But what's the matter?"

"I've got the d—dest toothache come upon me. It's this cursed draught. Of all pains the toothache is the most horrible. I've no patience with it."

"I'll shut the door. There—now never mind the toothache, for I'll bear it capitably."

"You bear it! That's a good one. Very easy for you to bear it; but how the devil can I?—Hm! hm! (writhing about) it's the cursedest pain."

"Stay—here's some oil of cloves Mrs. Wilson has brought you. How does it feel now?"

"Wonderfully. The pain is quite gone. It was very bad, I assure you. You must not think I am wanting in proper courage as a man, because it hurt me so. You know, Harry, I can be as bold as most men, though I say it who shouldn't."

"My dear Jack, you have as much right to speak the truth, as I have. The boldest of men is not expected to be without feeling. An officer may go bravely into battle, and bear it bravely too, but he must feel it: he cannot be insensible to a shattered knee."

"Certainly not."

"Or to a jaw blown away—"

"By no means."

"Or four of his ribs jammed in—"

"Horrible!"

"Or a face mashed, and his nose forced in—"

"Don't speak of it!"

"Or his two legs taken off by a cannon-ball, he being left to fester to death on a winter's night on a large plain."

"Upon my soul, you make my flesh creep on my bones."

"A gallant spirit is not bound to feel all this, or even to hear of it, without shuddering, even though the battle may be necessary, and a great good produced by it to society."

"Certainly, certainly, God knows."

"It is only a woodcock or a snipe that ought to bear it, without complaining: your partridge is the only piece of flesh and blood that we may put into such a state for no necessity, but purely for our sport and pleasure."

"How? What's that you say?"

"I say it is none but birds that we may, with a perfect conscience, lame, lacerate, mash, and blow their legs and beaks away, and leave, God knows where, to perish of neglect and torture, they being the only masculine creatures living, and not to be lowered into comparison with soldiers and gallant men."

"Hey?—Why as to that—Hey? What? 'Fore George, you bewilder me with your list of tortures. But how am I to be sure that a bird feels as you say?"

"It is enough that you know nothing certain. As you are not sure, you have no right to hazard the injustice, especially as you cannot help being sure of one thing; which is, that birds have flesh and blood like ourselves, and that they afford similar evidences of feeling and suffering. Allow me to read you a passage that I cut the other day out of an old review. It is taken from Fothergill's Essay on the Philosophy, Study, and Use of Natural History; a book which I shall make acquaintance with as soon as I can. Here it is.

"It may perhaps be said, that a discourse on the iniquity and evil consequences of murder would come with a bad grace from one who was himself a murderer: and so it would: but not if it came from the lips of a repentant murderer. Who can describe that which he has not seen, or give utterance to that which he has not felt? Never shall I forget the remembrance of a little incident which occurred to me during my boyish days—an incident which many will deem trifling and unimportant, but which has been particularly interesting to my heart, as giving origin to sentiments, and rules of action, which have since been very dear to me.

"Besides a singular elegance of form and beauty of plumage, the eye of the common *lapwing* is peculiarly soft and expressive: it is large, black, and full of lustre, rolling, as it seems to do, in liquid gems of dew. I had shot a bird of this beautiful species; but, on taking it up, I found that it was not dead. I had wounded its breast; and some big drops of blood stained the pure whiteness of its feathers. As I held the hapless bird in my hand, hundreds of its companions hovered round my head, uttering continued shrieks of distress, and, by their plaintive cries, appeared to bemoan the fate of one to whom they were connected by ties of the most tender and interesting nature; whilst the poor wounded bird continually moaned, with a kind of inward, wailing note, expressive of the keenest anguish; and, ever and anon, it raised its drooping head, and turning towards the wound in its breast, touched it with its bill, and then looked up in my face, with an expression that I have no wish to forget, for it had power to touch my heart, whilst yet a boy, when a thousand dry precepts in the academical closet would have been of no avail."

"Well now, Harry, that's touching; d—mme if it isn't. He's right about the precepts. You have saved 'em from being dry, eh, with your claret; but all that you have said hasn't touched me like

that story. A lapwing! Hang me if I shall have the heart to touch another lapwing."

"But other birds, Jack, have feelings, as well as lapwings."

"What do you say, though, about Providence? Bilson said some famous things about Providence. What do you say to that?"

"Oh, ho! what he

"Admits and leaves them *Providence's* care"—

Does he?—You remember the passage, Jack, in Pope:

'God cannot love (cries Blunt with tearless eyes)

The wretch he starves; and piously denies.

The humbler bishop, with a meeker air,

Admits, *and leaves them*, Providence's care."

"But we are Providence, Jack. Nay, don't start: I mean that our own feelings, our own regulated feelings and instructed benevolence, are a part of the general action of Providence, a consequence and furtherance of the Divine Spirit. You see, I can preach as well as Bilson. Humanity is the most visible putting forth of the Deity's hand; the noblest tool it works with. Or if this theology doesn't serve, recollect the fable of Jupiter and the Waggoner. Are we content with abstract references to Providence, when we can work out any good for ourselves, or save ourselves from any evil? Did Bilson wait for Providence to induct him to his living? Did he not make a good stir about it himself? Push him into a ditch the next time you meet him, and see if he will not bustle to get out of it. Leave him to get out by himself, and see if he does not think you a hard-hearted fellow. Wing him, Jack, wing him; and see if he'll apply to Providence or a surgeon."

"Eh? That would be famous. I say—I must be going though; it's getting dark, and I must be in town by nine. Well, Harry, my boy, good by. I can't say you've convinced me; you know I told you I wasn't to be convinced; but I plainly confess I don't like the story of the lapwing; it makes the bird look like a sort of human creature; and that's not to be resisted, damme if it is. So I'm taken in about lapwings. Adieu."

"Well, Jack, you shall say that in print, and perhaps do more good than you are aware. Have you any objection?"

"Not I, faith; I'd say it any where, if it came into my head.—But how? In the Sporting Magazine?"

"Why I'm afraid we can hardly attain to such eminence as that, especially on such a subject."

"I was thinking so. Oh, I see:—you'll pull your hive about my ears. Well, so be it. Adieu, Harry; I'll send you the books."

"Adieu, honest Jack, jolliest of the myrmidons of 'young-eyed Massacre.'"

## CARACTACUS.

From the Isle of the West the captive came,  
 Downcast his eyes, but not with shame ;  
 The soldier is sad at the captive's chain,  
 As he thinks of his own far home again :  
 The fortune of battle hath chain'd his hand,  
 And led him away to a southern land ;  
 But his lofty soul is unconquer'd still—  
 Fetters cannot subdue that brave one's will ;  
 Though his chain is deep in his dungeon floor,  
 And the bolts are brass of his triple door,  
 And darkness is round him, and racks are nigh,  
 His heart is not craven, he fears not to die.

From his western isle to the Roman gate,  
 To swell out a triumph's long-drawn state,  
 At the van of the conqueror's chariot bound,  
 'Mid the jeer of the crowd and the soldiers round,  
 Had that warrior been led ;—his face was pale,  
 But his blue eyes were bright, and his limbs were hale ;  
 His stature was lofty, his carriage bore  
 The impress proud of his native shore,  
 That the haughty Roman, though conqueror he,  
 Look'd not with more kingly majesty.  
 O 'tis the hero's crown, if he fall  
 From the height of power in a victor's thrall,  
 To preserve the unshaken heart, and bear  
 Bravely the suffering that waits him there ;  
 While the coward will fly to the dagger or bowl,  
 From the agony harrowing up the soul ;  
 When each new breath is a torture higher,  
 Each moment of time an age in fire ;  
 The last glance of glory extinguish'd, forgot,  
 Man, life, and creation one hideous blot—  
 Loud pæans the deeds of the conqueror swell,  
 But who will the captive's triumph tell ?

From his dungeon gloom to the glare of day  
 Is Caractacus led by his guards away.  
 His wrists are link'd with an iron chain,  
 But he hears its clank with unalter'd mien ;  
 For his courage is firm as that man's should be  
 Who has learn'd to conquer adversity.  
 On his brow at times a deep thought made  
 A hue pass over of darker shade ;  
 Mayhap 'twas a gleam of his island earth,  
 His green meads of Severn and native hearth.  
 In blood to the last he had done and dared,  
 And the Roman had deeply his vengeance shared ;  
 While, though vanquish'd, 'twas only by those who gave  
 To the universe law, and to freedom a grave.

Claudius sat on the world's proud throne,  
 Round him his glittering warriors shone ;  
 Lord of a thousand victories, he  
 Concentred his empire's majesty ;  
 That empire which stretches from Afric's pyres  
 To the icy North's impassive fires ;  
 While Iberia and Mesopotamia display  
 The arc of its rising and setting day.



Purple and gold was the robe he wore,  
 With its rich folds piled on the marble floor.  
 Perfumes in clouds of incense arose,  
 Bearing the odours of amber and rose  
 To the ceilings of fretwork and ribs of gold,  
 And paintings rich that their wreaths enfold.  
 The victor's bay bound the emperor's brow,  
 And shaded the lightning that flash'd below  
 From a deep eye, dark as a winter midnight,  
 When the hidden thought rush'd from its depth to light.  
 The adamant lip and the moveless limb,  
 Seem to comport with none but him.  
 Guards and patricians stand around,  
 And the lictors mark the imperial bound.

Sudden the tramp of feet draws nigh,  
 The portal arch fixes every eye.  
 All is still as eternity within,  
 Without is a rattling fetter's din,  
 At intervals clanking as it draws near,  
 Its sound of captivity, suffering, and fear.  
 He comes ! he comes ! to the Roman gaze  
 That meets him in silence and amaze,  
 The Briton comes, with his stature tall,  
 Like a lion entrapp'd in the hunter's thrall,  
 That looks on his bondage and seems to say—  
 " I 'm a sovereign born—I am one to-day !"  
 He turn'd not his head from the victor's throne,  
 For his sight was placed upon him alone.  
 The grandeur around, and the southern's pride,  
 Drew not his princely glance aside.  
 Though his palace afar on his native plain  
 Was a rude hut built on the wild champaign ;  
 Though earth was the floor, and mud the wall,  
 To him 'twas more worth than that gilded hall.  
 The wolf's rough hide o'er his shoulders cast  
 Caught the butterfly courtier's smile as he past,  
 But his carriage crush'd the vain sneer ere it broke,  
 For his limbs were knit like his native oak—  
 It would humble the stoutest Roman there,  
 One grasp of his iron arm to dare.

‘ I am conquer'd, a prisoner, my crown is with thee ,  
 I fought that my country, my race might be free.  
 Is this be a crime in a Roman eye,  
 Lictors, lead me forth, for this will I die.  
 Let to-morrow enthrone me in power again,  
 Again will I combat, although it be vain,  
 Thee, Claudius, or thine, and will gloriously die,  
 As honour requires in our far country ;  
 There we brand a slave with the curse of scorn,  
 And deem none noble but the blessed free-born.  
 What would'st thou with me ?—I have nothing now  
 Save my own stern will that the world shall not bow !"  
 Thus the captive said, and the Roman cried :—  
 " Go, his chains unloose, lest the universe wide,  
 While it sees us the victor in battle, may know,  
 We're vanquish'd in greatness of soul by a foe !"

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## LETTERS FROM THE EAST.—NO. XVIII.

*Damascus.*

WE had resolved next to visit Damascus; but various obstacles were thrown in the way by the governor, who considered the route too dangerous in consequence of the war between the two pachas. Leaving the Holy City then, after a stay of about three weeks, we retraced the mountain path to Ramla, and after passing a night at the Catholic convent, arrived at Jaffa on the following morning. Signor Damiani once more received us hospitably, and, fortunately, we found a boat in the port about to sail for Acre the next morning. We accordingly embarked, and after being out all night, reached Acre the subsequent forenoon. This town is at present the strongest in Syria, being encompassed with a new wall. Being obliged to spend several days here to wait for an opportunity of going to Damascus, we had full opportunity of observing the effects of the war between the two chiefs. Three or four human heads were frequently brought into the town in the course of the day, cut off by the pacha's troops from some of the enemy's stragglers, or, in default of them, from the poor peasants. This war was occasioned by mere private feuds, and unauthorized by the Porte. The young Pacha of Acre, who acted in a most rash and ungovernable way, opposed with success the stronger chief of Damascus by means of the mountain troops of Lebanon. He resolved on cutting a deep and wide trench all round the town, effecting a communication with the sea on each side; which was not impracticable, as the point on which it stood advanced considerably into the sea. But the trench, if executed, could not avail in any way for the defence of the town, as it was more than a mile distant, and an attacking army would find it easy to pass it in the night. But the pacha believed the place would be impregnable if the water flowed all round it; and to effect this object, he made the whole population go out and work from morning till evening. The soldiers were seen going about the streets, and compelling by blows the idlers they met, to go and dig at the trench. The town was nearly emptied; and on walking one day to the spot, we found all ranks of people, rich men, merchants, and domestics, mingled with the poorer classes, working up to their chins in the ditch, each with his wicker basket in his hand, which they filled with the earth, and then threw its contents above the bank. Some others were employed in digging, and overseers were set over the whole; rations of bread and water were served out at mid-day, and at sunset they were allowed to enter the city. We walked out a short distance, and stood beneath some palms to view their return. The better order of people came first, the poorer followed; amongst both were seen several noseless and earless people, who had been the objects of Djazzar's cruelty. The mountaineers who had been compelled to come and assist in the work, came last, singing their mountain songs with great cheerfulness. The gates were closed on them, till summoned to resume their task the next day. This prince, Selim, is the second in succession from Djazzar. The instances of the latter's cruelty are innumerable. He seemed to take a supreme delight in destroying; yet he has built the handsomest mosque and bathing-house in Syria. Beside the former are a quantity of fine palms, and a beautiful fountain. He was a rigid

Mussulman, and never failed to attend the mosque twice a day, and died in his bed at last in peace, at the age of eighty years. The history of his prime minister, the Jew, is tragical and interesting. This Israelite was an uncommonly clever man, and so well versed in all the affairs of the province, as to be invaluable to Djezzar, who cut off his nose and ears, however, for no reason on earth, but still retained him his prime minister. Suleiman, his successor, who governed only two years, could not do without the Jew's services; and on the present Pacha Selim's accession, he stood in as high confidence as ever. "In those days," said Anselac, the Jewish merchant, who was bewailing to us the fate of his friend, "no Turk dared to turn up his nose at a Jew in the streets of Acre, or discover the least insult in his manner; but the face of things was changed at last." The unfortunate Israelite had served Selim for some time with his usual integrity and talent, when his enemies, taking advantage of the young Pacha's ignorance and weakness, persuaded him that his minister, from his long intercourse with the Porte, and deep experience in intrigue, would probably be induced to maintain a secret correspondence, and detail his master's exactions. The next time the minister appeared, he was ordered to confine himself to his house, and not appear again at the palace till sent for. He obeyed, trembling and astonished, and remained in safety secluded amidst his family and friends. But the habit of ruling had taken too strong a hold on his mind; this quiet and inactive life pressed heavily on the old man's spirits, and he resolved to venture to go to court again. He came and prostrated himself before the Pacha, and humbly demanded to know what his offences were, and why he had been deprived of his office. Selim was very angry at seeing him again, and bade him instantly begone. The advantage he had thus given his enemies over him, was not lost. A few evenings after he was at supper with his family, when one of his servants told him two messengers from the palace were below; he instantly knew their errand, and tranquilly retiring to another apartment, requested a short time to say his prayers, and was then strangled by the mutes, and his body thrown into the sea. "I was returning," said Anselac, "on the following evening from Sidon, and saw a body on the shore, partly out of the water; and on coming to the spot, found it was that of my friend and countryman, the minister, of whose cruel death I had not heard." This poor man removed soon after with his family to Beirout, under the Consul's protection, as he thought the Pacha might take it into his head to serve him in like manner, or strip him of his property. Djezzar was called the butcher, partly from a small axe he carried at his sash of an exquisite edge; and he sometimes amused himself by coming behind a culprit, or an innocent person, (it mattered little which,) and, hitting him a blow with it on the back of the neck, putting an instant period to his cares. During one of Djezzar's journeys to guard over the deserts the caravan of Mecca, his nephew, Suleiman, found access to his seraglio: the chief, on his return, discovering the circumstance, drew his hanger, and stabbed several of his wives with his own hand. The Porte often attempted to take him off, but the various Capidgé Bashis sent for that purpose were none of them suffered to enter his presence, as the death-warrant of the Sultan, if exhibited in presence of the offender, is never resisted even by his own guards. He very civilly

received all their kind inquiries after his health, and the welfare of his province, and took care to have them taken off snugly by poison.— Having at last procured an excellent guide, who undertook to conduct us by a circuitous route to Damascus, we quitted Acre. Travelling over the extensive plain, we came in the evening to Ebiléné, a village delightfully situated on an eminence, on the sides of which a number of sheep were feeding. We took possession of a large and lofty apartment, the khan of the village, and taking a pipe and coffee, than which nothing is more refreshing after a journey, we waited patiently for our supper. After a good while, this made its appearance: as usual, two or three dishes of meat cut into pieces, with a rice pilau, and placed on a table about six inches high. It being night, a large fire was kindled in the middle of the khan, and many of the Syrian peasants entered. The scene soon became very gay; they had two or three instruments of music, a couple of fifes and a flute, and several of the young peasants danced in a circle, very gracefully, to their own native airs. The various groups seated beneath the pillars in the strong light of the fire, or behind in the shadow of the wall, in their light costumes, composed a striking scene; but the after-part of the night was doomed to be less agreeable to us. The villagers, one after the other, had dropped off, and, not being aware that we were now entering into the territory of that race who may be considered the lineal descendants of those who so tormented the Egyptians, we lay down calmly to rest. But to rest was utterly impossible, as we were instantly invaded and bitten in every part of the body. Change of position, or place, was useless, for the old floor seemed to have been their inheritance for ages. Demétrée, Mr. G—'s Greek servant, a man of much humour and some corpulence, was peculiarly exposed to these assaults, and after exhausting all his store of Greek oaths and anathemas, took refuge in the terrace; but above, or below, there was no escape. We quitted this village with no small pleasure, at an early hour, fatigued and unrefreshed, and after some time entered a long and rich valley, in which we halted for an hour at mid-day, and then pursued the way to Tiberias. At a few miles distance, is shewn the field where the disciples plucked the ears of corn and ate: and within three miles of the town, turning out of the path for a short distance, on the left, we came to the Mount of Beatitudes, where Christ preached his sermon. It is a low and verdant hill, rising gradually on every side toward the summit, on which small masses of rock are scattered. It is admirably calculated for the purpose, as a multitude of people might stand on the gently sloping sides of the mount, even to the bottom, and hear distinctly every word of the speaker. The prospect of the lake beneath, of the mountains of Gilboa, and that of Bethulia to the north, is extremely beautiful. Proceeding towards Tiberias, we passed by a spot on the left, on a gentle declivity, where, tradition says, the five thousand were miraculously fed. The town of Tiberias is surrounded by a wall, but it is rather a wretched place within. No ancient remains of any interest are at present found here. A small and ancient church, to which a descent of several steps beneath the surface leads, is called St. Peter's. The only lodging-place for travellers is in the house of a Sheick, which is held in dread, on account of the myriads of fleas that inhabit it; from whom we were fortunate enough to escape. On the shore, at

some distance to the south of the town, are warm mineral baths, which are much used and esteemed. At the extremity of the north-eastern shore, some remains are said still to exist where Capernaum formerly stood. The inhabitants of the town are chiefly Jews, with some Turks. Having two letters of introduction from the Armenian convent at Jerusalem to a rich old Jew, we were fortunate enough to be admitted into his house. The apartments were handsomely furnished; the table was spread with various dishes of meat and wine at mid-day and in the evening, and we were served with breakfast in the European style. This old man was a merchant of Aleppo, where several of his sons now lived in opulence, and he had come in his old age—for he was now four score,—and built this house far from his native home, in order that he might die at the lake of Tiberias. The attachment of the Jews to the places of their ancient record and glory, is sometimes excessively strong. In walking along the shores, we met occasionally Jews from Poland, chiefly elderly men, who had come from their country to this spot, from no other motive but to spend their last years round the lake. Our kind host had a synagogue in his house, and a Rabbi to officiate, and service was duly attended twice a day by his wife, who was half his own age, and all his servants. On the night of our arrival, we walked on the terraced roof to enjoy the coolness of the air. It was moonlight, and the lake and its shores were as beautiful a scene as can be conceived. It brought to mind the night, though so different a one, when Christ walked on the surface of its waves to rescue his disciples. Yet Tiberias is a scene where Nature seems still to wear as sublime and lovely an aspect, as in the day when it drew the visitations and mercies of the Lord. No curse rests on its shores, as on those of the Dead Sea; but a hallowed calm and a majestic beauty that are irresistibly delightful. The length of the lake is about fourteen miles, and the breadth five. The fish it contains have a most delicious flavour, and are much the size and colour of a mullet. The boats used on it are in some seasons of the year much exposed from the sudden squalls of wind which issue from between the mountains. The water is perfectly sweet and clear. The Jordan is seen to enter it at its northern extremity, and its course is distinctly visible through the whole extent of the lake. The range of mountains forming its eastern shore, is very lofty; their steep and rocky sides are barren, with a sprinkling of trees on a few of the summits. The western shore, where the town stands, is lower, but its picturesque hills, divided by sweet valleys, are covered with a rich carpet of verdure, but almost destitute of trees. The ride to the southern end of the lake is very pleasant, where the Jordan flows out of it. An ancient bridge, some of the ruined and lofty arches of which stand in the river, adds much to the beauty of this scene. We bathed here in the Jordan, which issues out in a stream of about fifty feet wide, and flows down a rich and deserted valley, inclosed by bare and lofty mountains. The stream was here clear and shallow, and about fifty feet wide; but it soon became deep and rapid. Little is said in the Scripture, respecting the extensive valley of the Jordan between Tiberias and Jericho. It must have been thickly populated from its luxuriance, being watered throughout by the river. Yet, with all the charms of its situation, the air around the lake, during the summer, is close and sultry. Of all places in Pales-

tine, however, a stranger would desire to fix his residence here; as a situation on any of the verdant hills around would avoid the often oppressive air on its banks. We now bade adieu to the hospitable old Jew, who told us he looked forward with delight to the future judgement that was to take place in the valley of Jehoshaphat, to be near which had been one cause of his coming here. It was to be only on his countrymen; all the rest of the world were to be excluded:—a very necessary measure, for how the Jews are all to squeeze into the narrow little valley is rather hard to conceive. A small Turkish camp of cavalry, intended to act against the Pacha of Acre, was pitched without the town, their various dresses, and fine chargers gave great animation to the scene. The afternoon was delightful, without being at all too warm; and we wound along the cliff on the western side of the lake with uncommon pleasure; for almost every step gave new attractions to the scenery. The mountains became loftier, and within a few miles of the northern end, drew back from the lake, leaving a rich plain of two or three miles broad between. Turning off here to the left, the light failed ere we could find a resting-place for the night.

Contesini, the guide from Acre, would have us stop in a low and damp spot, but a Turk who had requested to become one of our party, advanced up on an adjoining hill, protesting that there was a village somewhere in the neighbourhood. Not very long after, we heard his voice calling from some distance, and on following, found him planted in a small hamlet of three or four cottages; they looked so dirty, however, that we preferred sleeping on the roof to entering within. Having taken a frugal supper, it was vain to think of going to sleep, as from this elevated position we had a full view of the lake and its shores beneath, which were now lighted up by a cloudless moonlight. The next morning the wind blew extremely cold; but cold and night-dews are much less evils than the nightly tormentors, which, however, we never met with in Palestine in any place but Ebilené. We now entered on a wild and stony tract of country, till about mid-day we came to the mountain of Bethulia, and wound up it by a long and steep ascent; the upper part is covered with trees. On its summit is the modern town of Safet, in the midst of which rises a lofty rock, the top of which is occupied by the castle of the governor. The whole appearance of the place is the most *outré* and romantic imaginable. In walking or riding along several of the streets, you are obliged to pass over the roofs of the houses, which stand on ridges of the rock, and seem to strive which can climb highest. It is a position of immense strength, and might well defy the power of Holofernes and his army, even without the aid of the beautiful Judith:—it answers exactly to the description given in the Apocrypha. It being very hot, we seated ourselves beneath the shade of a large tree, in the middle of the scattered town, beside a fine fountain, to which the women of the place came for water, but none of them answered to the description of their heroic ancestor. It was a market-day, the defiles and terraced roofs of the place were thronged with people from the mountains and valleys; and our servants having procured some meat, we took our repast beneath the tree, in a primeval manner, by the fountain side, sheltered from the heat. The lake, that like a beautiful spectre haunts your course often and long,

was seen through an opening in the mountains, far below sparkling in the sun. The place being said to possess excellent wine, we procured some as a resource for our journey; but the search was most amusing, having to get at one house over the roof of another, or to descend a steep passage into a divan, the windows of which looked down over perpendicular precipices. Towards evening we descended the mountain, passing by two or three springs of delicious water, and in the course of a few hours came to the spot, opening into a rich plain, where Syria and Palestine are divided. As we were now coming into the seat of the war, it was necessary to be cautious what paths we pursued; and while hesitating, two well-dressed Turks rode by, who assured us the one before us was safe to a certain distance.

Some time after dark, we came to the bank of a stream, on which stood a solitary cottage inhabited by an old man and his son. The night was chill; and dirty as the single apartment of the cottage seemed, we should have been glad to have availed ourselves of it, but no bribe could induce the peasant to admit us. We were therefore compelled to pass a comfortless night on the banks of the stream, and by daybreak proceeded over the plain cold and dispirited: our provisions were exhausted, and there was no prospect of finding any entertainment by the way. Near the summits of the mountains on our left were scattered a few Arab tents, but they were too far off, and our reception was too uncertain to make the attempt. In about four or five hours we came in sight of an Arab camp, pitched near a rivulet of water in the middle of the plain, and flocks of cattle were feeding on the rich pasture; the large tent of the Sheick was conspicuous in the midst; and we resolved to trust to their hospitality. Riding past the line of tents, we stopped at the door of the chief's, and alighting from our horses entered. The Arabs gave us a kind and friendly reception; we sat down on a carpet spread on the floor, and in about half an hour a repast was brought of boiled rice, cakes of bread, and fresh and delicious butter. These people are altogether a different race from the Bedouins of the Desert; they are richer, more civilized and peaceable: having settled with their flocks and herds in one of the rich and wild plains of Syria, they decamp and wander to another in search of fresh pasture. Their encampments and their journeyings probably present a vivid picture of those of the patriarchs, who with their "flocks, and herdmen, and camels, went on their journeys," until they pitched their tents in a place that had water, and was rich in pasture. While we were here, an officer arrived from the Prince of the Druses, with a demand of men from the Arabs for the war, as they were within the bounds of his jurisdiction. They looked very dissatisfied at this, and deliberated on it while the officer was taking some refreshment, and who, when he had received their answer, rose up and rode away. We bade adieu to these friendly Arabs, who would have considered any offer of remuneration as an insult. By the way, the pipe of the Syrian shepherds, playing the wild airs of the country, was often heard in the mountains, and sounded very sweetly. The country, however, through which we were passing was uninteresting. Towards evening we again met and crossed the Jordan, not far from its source: it was here not more than a foot in width: the course of this river is for the most part perfectly straight.

In the plain near where Syria and Palestine are said to join, it flows into a small lake, and thence to the lake of Tiberias and the Dead Sea ; it has scarcely a winding in its course. We now began to wind up the steep hill, on the top of which the town of Hasbeia stands. Here again street ascends over street ; it is an old and populous town, and the ancient palace of the great Sheick, or Prince, is in the middle. We took up our abode in the house of one of the natives, and being very fatigued, were delighted at the sight of a good fire, and the busy preparations for supper. In this house four brothers and their wives dwelt together in harmony. In the night it rained very hard, which put the roads into a dreadful condition. We set out in the forenoon, and in the course of a few hours the weather cleared up ; the tract we travelled over bore marks of the devastations of the war ; the fine village of Rasheia, which we passed by, was destroyed : this was the result of a battle fought a few weeks before, in which five men had been killed ; the force to which they belonged took to flight, and the victors spread havoc around as they went on. In the great battle, which was fought on the plain behind us a few days after our passing, between the troops of Damascus and those of the Prince of the Druses, joined with the force of Acre, ten thousand men were engaged on both sides, who fought with the distant fire of musketry. Sixty of the Damascenes were slain, on which the army took to flight, and had the Acrians pushed on, they might easily have entered the city. At night we stopped in another large village, part of which had been also destroyed. We always found the Syrians very civil, and willing to afford the best accommodation in their power. On entering the cottage of a peasant, a fire is kindled on the floor, which is of wood or earth ; eggs are always to be had, sometimes fowls, and you spread your mattress on the floor, and the people are thankful for a small remuneration. The next morning we were obliged to pass the summits of some of the mountains, which, as well as part of their sides, were covered with snow. The mountain of Gibl Sheick, crowned with snow, had for a day or two been a sublime object on the right. On the following day we set out early, impatient to behold the celebrated plain of Damascus ; a large round mountain in front prevented us from catching a glimpse at it, till, on turning a point of the rock, it appeared suddenly at our feet. Perhaps the barren and dreary hills we had been for some days passing, made the plain look doubly beautiful, yet we stood gazing at it for some time ere we advanced. The domes and minarets of the sacred city rose out of the heart of a forest of gardens and trees, which was twelve miles in circumference. Four or five small rivers ran through the forest and the city, glittering at intervals in the sun ; and to form that vivid contrast of objects in which Asiatic so much excels European scenery, the plain was encircled on three of its sides by mountains of light and naked rocks.

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## REGULUS BEFORE THE ROMAN SENATE.

THOU here! and have not prison gloom,  
 And taunting foes, and threaten'd doom,  
 Obscured thy courage yet?  
 O joy for earth! thus to behold  
 One spirit of such glorious mould,  
 One sun that cannot set,—  
 Though storms beat round it in their might,  
 And sorrow fling her blackest night.  
 Thy power is past! thy sword hath rust!  
 Thine outward honour in the dust,  
 Nor chief nor ruler thou!  
 The fetter mark is on thy limb—  
 Thine hair is grey—thine eye is dim—  
 And on thy pallid brow  
 Those records of soul strife are set,  
 That none may gaze on and forget.  
 Thou lion chain'd! thou eagle blind!  
 Though last I saw thee unconfined  
 In grandeur and in might,—  
 One empire wreath thy victor crown,  
 Another tremble at thy frown,—  
 Less glorious far *that* sight,  
 Than thus, to view thee standing now,  
 Chief of the stern and stricken brow!  
 The mighty ones of Rome are met,  
 Her senate sages round thee set,  
 (Each worthy of a throne)  
 Yet mean, compared with thine, their state,  
 They but dispose of others' fate,  
 Thou, Patriot—of thine own!  
 For them the world may guerdon be,  
 Thine, thine—is *immortality*.  
 But holier things than life or power  
 Surround thee in this awful hour,  
 Still, warrior, art thou strong?  
 That suppliant—'tis thy wife that bends—  
 Those tears—they flow from faithful friends,  
 Thy children round thee throng—  
 One word, but one, and thou may'st stay—  
 Firm spirit, *wilt* thou turn away?  
 A dull deep pause—that hush of breath,  
 As of men who watch a warrior's death,—  
 One still, stern look from him—  
 A look that tells of spotless fame,  
 Of strength for suffering, not for shame,  
 Resolve, no grief must dim,—  
 This, and the Roman all would save  
 Departs, self-martyr'd, for the grave!

M. J. J.

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\* HE needed only, says Cicero, to have spoken one word, and it would have restored him to his liberty, his estate, his dignity, his wife, his children, and his country; but that word appeared to him contrary to the honour and welfare of the state. The illustrious exile, therefore, left Rome, in order to return to Carthage, unmoved either with the deep affliction of his friends, or the tears of his wife and children, although he knew but too well the grievous torments that were prepared for him.

ROLLIN.

## A MAN INTRODUCED TO HIS ANCESTORS.

QUEVEDO tells a story of an old Spanish nobleman, who meeting his coachman in the place unmentionable to polite ears, and being respectfully asked how he came there, said it was on account of the fatal indulgence he had shown to his wicked son. "But," said he, "Peter," wiping his eyes, "how came *you* here?"—Ah, my lord," replied Peter, "it was for being the father of that wicked son of yours."

It is frightful to hear the comments people will make on a story of this sort. Some go so far as to pretend that there is no reckoning on a legitimate family in Europe. An Ogleby, say they, for aught we know, reigns in France; and a Sawney Beane at Madrid. A corporal may be half-brother to the King of Prussia. Some prig of a fellow is perhaps the precursor, at no great distance, of the illustrious Alexander of the North; and the Emperor of Austria may be the exalted result of a parish beadle. In the old story-book which represents Virgil as a magician, the poet is said to have pronounced Augustus to be the son of a baker. The reason assigned for the discovery was, that the emperor had ordered the poet so many loaves a week, instead of money, to do what he liked with. By this rule, the holy allies might be all made out the descendants of parish officers; for there is nothing that occupies them so much as keeping a sharp eye upon vagrants, waging war with surreptitious munched apples, and the reading of books in church time, and wearing their respective cocked-hats with a solemn propriety. The Emperor of Austria, when shown a manuscript Ariosto in Italy, is recorded to have said that he had no countenance for authors of that sort: (which every body will readily believe, who has seen his Majesty's face).

However, the famous Austrian lip has been long in the family. There is no denying that. Whatever its origin, it is of old standing. I have heard the same thing of slanting foreheads in other families. Dryden tells us of a recipe, by which to ascertain the legitimacy of certain royal families famous for intermarrying with their aunts and uncles,

"Who by their common ugliness are known."

Thinking of these matters, and happening to fall upon the geometrical ratio of descent, by which it appears that a man has, *at the twentieth remove, one million forty-eight thousand six hundred and seventy-six ancestors in the lineal degree—grandfathers and grandmothers*,—I dropped the other evening into a reverie, during which I thought I stood by myself at one end of an immense public place, the other being occupied with a huge motley assembly, whose faces were all turned towards me. At this multitudinous gaze, I felt the sort of confusion which is natural to a modest man, and which almost makes us believe that we have been guilty of some crime without knowing it. But what was my astonishment, when a master of the ceremonies issued forth, and saluting me by the title of his great-grandson, introduced me to the assembly in the manner and form following:

May it please your Majesties and his holiness the Pope:

My Lord Cardinals, may it please your most reverend and illustrious eminences ;

May it please your graces, my lord dukes ;

My lords, and ladies, and lady abbesses ;

Sir Charles, give me leave ; Sir Thomas also, Sir John, Sir Nicholas, Sir William, Sir Owen, Sir Hugh, &c.

Right worshipful the several courts of aldermen ;

Mesdames, the married ladies ;

Mesdames the nuns and other maiden ladies ;—Messieurs Manson, Womanson, Jones, Hervey, Smith, Merryweather, Hipkins, Jackson, Johnson, Jephson, Damant, Delavigne, De la Bleterie, Macpherson, Scott, O'Brien, O'Shaughnessy, O'Halloran, Clutterbuck, Brown, White, Black, Lindygreen, Southey, Pip, Trip, Chedorloamer (who the devil, thought I, is he?) Morandi, Moroni, Ventura, Mazarin, D'Orset, Puckering, Pickering, Haddon, Somerset, Kent, Franklin, Hunter, Le Fevre, Le Roi (more French !) Du Val (oh, ho ! a highwayman, by all that's gentlemanly !) Howard, Churchill, Burdett, Argentine, Gustafson, Olafson, Bras-de-feu, Sweyn, Hacho and Tycho, Price, Lloyd, Llewellyn, Hanno, Hiram, &c. and all you intermediate gentlemen, reverend and otherwise—with your infinite sons, nephews, uncles, grandfathers, and all kinds of relations.

Then, you, sergeants and corporals, and other pretty fellows,—

You, footmen there, and coachmen younger than your wigs,

You gypsies, pedlars, criminals, Botany-Bay men, old Romans, informers, critics, and other vagabonds,—

Gentlemen and ladies, one and all,—

Allow me to introduce to you, your descendant, Mr. Manson.

Mr. Manson, your ANCESTORS.

What a sensation !

I made the most innumerable kind of bow I could think of, and was saluted with a noise like that of a hundred oceans. Presently I was in the midst of the uproar, which became like a fair of the human race.

Dreams pay as little attention to ceremony, as the world of which they are supposed to form a part. The gentleman usher was the only person who retained a regard for it. Pope Innocent himself was but one of the crowd. I saw him elbowed and laughing among a parcel of lawyers. It was the same with the dukes and princes. One of the kings was familiarly addressed by a lord of the bedchamber, as Tom Wildman ; and a little French page had a queen much older than himself by the arm, whom he introduced to me as his daughter. I discerned very plainly my immediate ancestors the Mansons, but could not get near enough to speak to every one of them, by reason of a motley crowd, who, with all imaginable kindness, seemed as if they would have torn me to pieces. "This is my arm," said one, "as sure as fate," at the same time seizing me by the wrist. "The Franklin shoulder," cried another. A gay fellow, pushing up to me, and giving me a lively shake, exclaimed, "The family mouth, by the Lord Harry ! and the eye—there's a bit of my father in the eye."—"A very little bit, please your honour," said a gypsey, a real gypsey, thrusting in her brown face : "all the rest's mine, Kitty Lee's, and the eyebrows are Johnny Faw's to a hair."—"The right leg is my pro-

perty, however," returned the beau: "I'll swear to the calf."—"Mais—but—*notta to de autre calf*," added a ludicrous voice, half gruff and half polite, belonging to a fantastic-looking person, whom I found to be a dancing-master. I did not care for the gypsey; but to own my left leg to a dancing-master was not quite so pleasant, especially as, like Mr. Brummel, it happens to be my favourite leg. Besides, I cannot dance. However, the truth must out. My left leg is more of a man's than my right, and yet it certainly originated with Mons. Fauxpas. He came over from France in the train of the famous Duke of Buckingham. The rest of me went in the same manner. A Catholic priest was rejoiced at the sight of my head of hair, though by no means remarkable but for quantity; but it seems he never expected to see it again since he received the tonsure. A little coquette of quality laid claim to my nose, and a more romantic young lady to my chin. I could not say my soul was my own. I was claimed not only by the Mansons, but by a little timid boy, a bold patriot, a moper, a merry-andrew, a coxcomb, a hermit, a voluptuary, a water-drinker, a Greek of the name of Pythias, a freethinker, a religionist, a bookworm, a simpleton, a beggar, a trembling father, a hack-author, an old soldier dying with harness on his back.

"Well," said I, looking at this agreeable mixture of claimants, "at any rate my vices are not my own."

"And how many virtues?" cried they, in a stern voice.

"Gentlemen," said I, "if you had waited, you would have seen that I could give up one as well as the other, as far as either can be given up by a nature that partakes of ye all. I see very plainly that all which a descendant no better than myself, has to do, is neither to boast of his virtues, nor pretend exemption from his vices, nor be overcome with his misfortunes; but solely to regard the great mixture of all as gathered together in his person, and to try what he can do with it for the honour of those who preceded him, and the good of those who come after."

At this I thought the whole enormous assembly put on a very earnest but affectionate face; which was a fine sight. A noble humility was in the looks of the best. Tears, not without dignity, stood in the eyes of the very worst.

"It is late for me," added I; "I can do little. But I will tell this vision to the younger and stouter; they perhaps may do more."

"Go and tell it," answered the multitude. But the noise was so loud, that I awoke, and found my little child crowing in my ear.

K. L. M.

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## VALLOMBROSA, CAMALDOLI, AND LA VERNA.

*Florence, Aug. 1825.*

DEAR D—, I now send you the conclusion of my visit to Vallombrosa, Camaldoli, and La Verna. After strolling about the woods and meadows of Camaldoli, we went up the hill to see the Hermitage. A winding shady road, of about a mile, leads to it. From the top of a neighbouring mountain, not at a much greater elevation than this, the Adriatic and the Gulf of Genoa may be seen at once. To meet with a town of hermitages is beyond a reasonable expectation; and this is, moreover, a walled town, though no more than half a mile in circumference, with a square before the church, and regularly-formed streets. It consists of twenty-eight habitations, each with a study, a bedroom, an oratory, and a kitchen, with a small garden adjoining. No bad place to live in, you will say, putting cold and solitude out of the question,—but they are two grievous matters; besides, they had to attend to seven calls from the belfry every four-and-twenty hours. The hermitage we entered still bore evidence of how much its last occupier had mingled a love of the world he had quitted, together with his heavenly contemplations; for I saw, pasted against his study walls, prints of saints and sea-ports, the Madonna and the city of Florence, the final triumph of the church, and a map of Tuscany. The garden was rank and desolate. Before the revolution it was the custom for the monks to pass their youth here, in emulation of their patron-saint, ere they were permitted to enjoy a life of less austerity in the convent below. Now church and houses are falling into decay; for either there are not funds to keep them in repair, or a hermitage is thought unnecessary for the nineteenth century. The exterior of the church, at least the front, is handsome; the marble of the building and the statues are bleached to the dazzling whiteness of snow; there needed not this comment on the clear and nipping air that blew about us. We were glad to run briskly down the hill, the ladies to a supper and lodging prepared for them in the dairy-house, at a short distance from the convent, and R. and I to the refectory and our beds within the holy pale.

A large painting, by Pomarancio, of the Angels ministering to Jesus in the Desert, occupies the farther end of the refectory. The subject is appropriate, but I can say nothing more in its praise, except that it is, what is called, respectable. SILENTIUM was over the door; that was enough, without striking us all dumb at the supper-tables; and suppose there was a little irregularity in our talking and laughing, should it not be pardoned under favour of the noise from the adjoining kitchen, as the busy cooks prepared our dainty dishes? At that moment I could not help thinking of Friar John of the Funnels, who “liked to remove his humanity into some good warm kitchen of God, that noble laboratory! and there admire the turring of the spits, the harmonious rattling of the jacks and fenders, and criticise on the position of the lard, the temperature of the pottages, the preparation for the dessert, and the order of the wine-service. *Beati immaculati in via—matter of breviary, my masters!*”

We passed a couple of days here in a most agreeable manner, chatting with the monks, sauntering about, lolling under trees, dis-

covering new points of view, sketching some of them as remembrances of the scenery, and turning over the library-books, though nothing very rare or amusing was to be found there, for this convent, like the others, has been spoiled of its choice books and manuscripts. I like these monks, and hope they like their monkery; yet I believe there are few of them who would not rejoice at being turned adrift again, provided it was by their own government. There is nothing remarkable in the convent, except its extreme neatness and cleanliness. As I was shewn through it, my conductor, wishing to pass by one of the doors, found it locked; upon which he was about to leave me in order to get the key, but perceiving it was in the lock on the other side, he said in a tone of regret,—“Then we must go the other way,”—at the same time giving me a sign of silence by pressing his finger on his lips. I followed him into an oratory, where a monk was reading. Though we moved onward as gently as possible, he was startled, and raised his head for an instant, when from his youth, his handsome features, his pale and melancholy look, I felt assured he was the heart-struck, miserable being, whose story I had heard. He was of noble family, educated in the best manner, and well accomplished, particularly in painting. In love with a young lady to whom he was about to be married with the consent of parents on both sides, his happiness seemed certain; when suddenly, by one of those acts of tyranny which fathers can commit, she was commanded to marry another man. The poor girl obeyed; and in a few months died of a broken heart. Her lover came here to lead his wretched life. He never smiles, rarely speaks even to his brethren, and sedulously avoids visitors. In his cell is a Madonna painted by himself in his happy days; and it is thought it bears a resemblance to her whom he so dearly loved, and who died for his sake.

This is an afflicting story, and the having seen him, impresses it on me the more deeply. I am glad to escape to another subject.

Camaldoli derives its name from Campo di Maldulo; he was the proprietor of the land in the days of St. Romualdo, and in 1009 made a gift of it to that romantic penitent. For the first two centuries the monks were called Romualdini, not Camaldolesi. They professed the rules of St. Benedict. The Emperors Otho the Fourth and Henry the Sixth were their principal benefactors. The saint's establishment was on the top of the mountain, at the hermitage; and there was only a hospital, where the present convent stands, for the sick and infirm. It appears, as they grew rich, that the greater part of them became invalids; for the hospital rapidly swelled in its dimensions, until it was capable of accommodating a full hundred, together with their attendants, and then nothing could be more proper than to call it the convent. From this parent-stock several Camaldoli-scions have taken root in different parts of Italy, and there used to be one in France. By their laws this order is not allowed to erect a convent nearer to a town than five miles. There are two curious passages in their history which may amuse you. In 1450 a party of soldiers (under whose guidance is not mentioned) resolved upon attacking the convent, to possess themselves of the gold and jewels which the nobility of the Casentino had deposited there for safety during the wars of that period. On they marched, probably a little alarmed beforehand at the

impiety of their enterprise, when, as they approached the consecrated walls, a dark cloud happened to roll down the hill towards them. All was consternation in an instant. They expected nothing less than that the cloud should open, and discover the saints arrayed in terror, ready to punish them for sacrilege. At length the cloud began to enclose them, and they ran down the mountain for their lives. The other anecdote is of a more heroic nature. When the Venetians united themselves with the Pisans, in 1498, under the command of Guidovaldo, Duke of Urbino, Pietro Medici, and Carlo Orsini, against the Florentine Republic, they despatched a hundred men to Camaldoli, with orders to force the place from its allegiance to the Republic; but as the monks, rather than betray their country, declared they would defend themselves to the utmost, the soldiers thought fit to retire. The Duke of Urbino, enraged at their obstinacy, marched up the hill a short time afterwards, on the 13th of November, at the head of five hundred men, to carry the convent by storm; but his fire, and sword, and scaling-ladders were all set at nought by the monks, who fought most bravely in their defence. The assault continued from daybreak to sunset, without the slightest advantage on the enemy's side. On the contrary, forty of them were killed, and a great many wounded, among whom was the Duke, who was shot by an arrow. After which the monks assembled in their choir, and chanted the twentieth psalm; the seventh and eighth verses of which they constantly repeat in their service in remembrance of that day: "Some trust in chariots, and some in horses, but we will remember the name of the Lord our God. They are brought down, and fallen; but we are risen, and stand upright."

Among their learned men no more than one has attained celebrity,—Ambrogio Traversari. This name ought ever to be held in honour by all lovers of ancient literature, and of its offspring, the modern. Without his assistance, and the earnest example he set to others, it is probable that Cosimo de' Medici and his grandson Lorenzo could not have accumulated their vast treasure of classic authors. He was born in 1386, and died 20th October, 1439. He was one of the first in modern Italy that studied the Greek language, under Grisolora and Demetrius Scerani. Never was a man so active, so indefatigable in any pursuit, as Ambrogio was in discovering the lost or forgotten works of the Greeks and Romans. For fourteen years of his life, says Tiraboschi, his sole occupation consisted in conversing with the learned that were then in Florence, corresponding with those that were at a distance, collecting MSS. from every quarter, exhorting others to similar researches, translating many ancient Greek writers into Latin, and composing other works, all relative to his eager pursuit; and nearly the whole of the remainder of his life was devoted in the same manner. In 1431 he was raised to the dignity of general of his order. His letters and travels are extremely curious, often affording a minute insight into the literature and history of the age. His last years were passed in the retirement of Camaldoli; and he speaks of his happy seclusion from the world, after so busy a life, in several of his letters. "*Fatcor, Laurenti carissime, ita me delectat ista tranquillitas mea, &c.*" he says when writing to one of Cosimo's sons, informing him how comfortably he was preparing the windows of the convent with glass

against the winter, when, alas ! upon referring to the date, I saw it was written only eight days before his death.

Now, without putting you to the fatigue of travelling to Florence and back, suppose me again at Camaldoli, with my friend T. for a companion ; and that we are about to set forth for La Verna, under the guidance of a little boy, carrying some provisions presented by the good monks for our refreshment on the way. We were sentenced to fourteen *wolf's miles*, as they are aptly called by these mountaineers. Had it not been for T.'s high animal spirits, I should have been weary of the task. He found admirable food for his wit in the badness of the roads ; and the worse they were, the better company he became. Our distress was, in this manner, turned to comedy ; and having once got into the vein of exaggeration, any thing like a level track stopped his poetical complaints, and a delightful footing on a bit of green turf threw him into a state of melancholy. The mountain scenery, though not of the best order, now and then tempted us to stop and look about us. We descended to the very edge of the plain, walked through two or three vineyards and cornfields, were puzzled in our way across a swamp, leaped over a river of no account unless after a violent storm or the melting of the snow, enjoyed a long shady lane, and turning upwards on a paved road, sadly dilapidated, we dismissed our little guide, as it was then impossible to mistake the way. So bare and wide is the mountain on the summit of which La Verna is situated, that the eye, in want of intervening objects, is deceived in respect to the distance. In a short time we supposed ourselves about a mile from the convent, not without passing several compliments to each other on our speed ; when, woe to compliments ! this deluding mile, stretching itself out beyond all calculation, lasted for an hour and a half. La Verna has a most curious appearance from whatever point it is viewed. Imagine a barren mountain crowned with a circle of rocks, for the greater part rising perpendicularly, and to the height, in some instances, of two or three hundred feet,—according to my conjecture, though books talk of double that height. It would bear a resemblance to the ruins of a gigantic castle, were it not that the tongue of land (as the Italians call it) upon the rocks is covered with a thick and lofty wood.

By a steep and winding ascent we came to the convent, and remained awhile in the court-yard unnoticed by a row of friars seated on a bench and basking in the sun. At last one moved slowly from his seat, and as slowly approaching, addressed us in a whining, snuffling tone, with *Loro son' Inglesi?* I satisfied him on that point, and said something civil as I requested their hospitality. To this he gave no reply, but leisurely walked back again, sat down, and whispered to right and left. This was a shabby reception. Presently another from the reverend bench crawled towards us, repeating the question of *Loro son' Inglesi?* Then I thought it prudent to drop a hint that we should pay for their hospitality ; a hint which ought to have been unnecessary, as they well know the English are sure to remunerate them handsomely. However, my advice to you, when you visit them, is not to stand, as I did, on a delicate mode of expressing your intentions, but at once, and in plain words, to let them know you will pay according to the treatment you



receive. The being explicit may make some difference; for we were served badly, and with every symptom of unwillingness.

This convent is bound by its charter to afford food and lodging to all travellers for the space of three days. It was the same at Camaldoli, until a most impudent advantage was taken of it by a swarm of idle rogues, who marched at the end of every three days, alternately from one convent to the other, insisting on their privilege. On this account the Camaldolesi became no longer hospitable on compulsion, though poor travellers are always kindly treated by them.

Few places can be more romantic and picturesque than La Verna. Owing to the inequalities of the ground, and its being thickly covered with wood, the smallness of its extent is concealed, so that in many parts it is difficult not to imagine oneself in the depths of a wide forest. Then the sudden and abrupt heights, the chasms, the rocks torn and splintered into such various shapes, all add to the enchantment. Trees flourish there remarkably well, and the banks are beautiful with wild flowers. A small plot of ground, railed off from less holy feet, is where, according to the inscription, St. Giovanni, a Franciscan, was joined in his evening walk by Jesus Christ; and such is the magic of the surrounding scenery, that it influences the mind to a belief in the supernatural. The friars also told us that the place was formed by the earthquake at the moment of the crucifixion; and further, that God had given a special promise to St. Francis that an earthquake should never happen there again. How far that may be true I am not able to judge, but certainly it has been formed by some violent convulsion of nature, throwing up these rocks from the interior of the mountain, and leaving vast and unfathomed caverns beneath. Let us hope the promise was assuredly given to the Saint, because a slight shock might again fill up the caverns with piles of rocks, and all the sacred buildings, chapels, altars, rosaries, wax candles and friars.

La Verna cannot be the Lavernium of Cicero; for, upon reference to the passage, I see he mentions that a fine fish was caught in its neighbourhood. The other supposition is probable, that it obtained its name from a temple erected there to Laverna the Goddess of thieves and robbers, the place having been always famous for them. Indeed it is so admirable a fastness, that nothing short of the basest ingratitude could have occasioned them to omit paying due honour to their deity in its very precincts. The Conte Orlando di Chiusi was glad to bestow it on the hermit Saint and his disciples, after having in vain endeavoured to dislodge the banditti, who greatly infested his possessions in the Casentino. At that time one *Lupo*, captain of the robbers, whose atrocities are made the most of, in order to elevate his conversion into a miracle, was persuaded by St. Francis to be one of his disciples in a russet gown, and to change his name to Agnello—a curious comment on the proverb of “a wolf in sheep’s clothing.”

A portly friar, very partial to half a crown, is the cicerone. He showed us the exact spot where St. Francis received the five wounds; the cold stone bed on which he lay in his cave, and the rock that so tenderly received him when the devil threw him down;—there it is with the impression of his body, as if he had been stopped by a lump of dough that was afterwards petrified; and if that is not sufficient for a

miracle, I remarked that he must have fallen in an impossible direction, curving under the edge of the precipice. The convent is extensive, but neither handsome nor striking. There is nothing remarkable in the church or the chapels. Paintings are not for so cloudy an atmosphere ; so the walls are decorated with large works in *terra cotta*, by Andrea and Luca della Robbia.

The best memorial I have seen of St. Francis is the humble cottage in which he lived, still preserved under the dome of a beautiful church by Palladio, at the foot of the hill of Assisi. St. Francis was a zealous and a good man. Born in an age when the riches, the insolence, and the power of priests and monks were at their height, he stood forth the champion of reform. He dedicated himself to a life of meditation, prayer, and self-denial, that he might, agreeably to his creed, obtain the favour of Heaven for that especial purpose. That he carried his devotions to a pitch of enthusiasm and extravagance is certain ; but it by no means appears that he pretended to work miracles, or invented or encouraged those pious frauds attributed to him. The order he established was in imitation of the lives of the apostles. His followers were to be a brotherhood of missionaries, forbidden to possess worldly wealth, enjoined to earn their bread by the labour of their hands, never to receive alms unless in unavoidable necessity, and prohibited from making an application to the Pope for any privilege whatever, or for any interpretation of his will. His mistake was in trusting to the possibility of assembling together a crowd of men, sincere and incorruptible as himself, with the pope for their neighbour and infallible guide. The consequence was, that in 1230, four years after his death, immediately upon his canonization, the Franciscans (*Lupo* among them no doubt) obtained from Pope Gregory IX. a Bull declaring they are not compelled to obey the will in its strict sense, and explaining their laws and regulations quite in a contrary manner. Thus they became beggars by profession, and never more pretended to earn their livelihood by labour. Chaucer, who lived in the succeeding century, and is reported to have beaten a Franciscan in Fleet-street, alludes to the abuse of their founder's will, and to their dissolute lives, in the "Pardonere's Tale," without venturing to say it is a Franciscan he is describing, else it had been a libel.

"What? trowen ye, that whiles I may preche  
And winnen gold and silver for I teche,  
That I wold live in poverte wilfully?  
Nay, nay, I thought it never trewely.  
For I wol preche and beg in sondry londes,  
I wol not do no labour with min hondes,  
Ne make baskettes for to live thereby,  
Because I wol not beggen idelly.  
I wol non of the apostles contrefete ;  
I wol have money, wolles, chese, and whete,  
Al were it yeven of the pourest page,  
Or of the pourest widewe in a village,  
Al shulde hire childre sterven for famine,  
Nay, I wold drinke the licour of the vine,  
And have a jolly wenche in every toun."

Nor was this all. Their begging was so importunate, that sometimes it amounted to violence ; and they extorted legacies from the dying.

A general of their own order, so early as 1257, laments the frequency of these crimes in one of his circular letters. Add to which, in rivalry of the Dominicans, they were negotiators between princes and nations, and erected an inquisition. The number of their convents in different parts of Europe, previously to the French revolution, is astonishing to us Protestants: they had, under various appellations, but all springing from La Verna, 7900 convents, containing about 115,000 friars and 29,000 nuns. These were Franciscans alone, and I know not to what calculation the other orders amounted at that period; yet the number, however great, was incomparably less than before the time of Luther. But let not this alarm you about Catholic emancipation: friars and nuns are now few even in this land of faith, except in the papal states; and public opinion is every where so much against them, that their bad qualities have actually passed into proverbs.

There are about ninety friars at La Verna. Without seeing them, it is difficult to persuade oneself of the fact of such a congregation of dirty faces, hands, and feet, and what else I cannot answer for; nor without conversing with them, to imagine human beings, professing to teach others, so ridiculously ignorant. Their convent is in every corner dirty like themselves, except a few tolerable rooms for their pay-visitors; I beg pardon—I ought also to have excepted the large jack-towel at their common washing-place adjoining the refectory,—that was clean and without a stain.

We were thankful it was no more than ten miles to Bibbiena, where our horses were waiting to carry us back to Florence. Recluse and studious monks, (so we talked on our road) though they might now be spared, have done some service in their day: to them we are indebted for many learned men; they gave the world many of its most useful inventions; and it was within their walls that the stores of ancient literature were preserved. But as for busy, meddling, worldly friars—they never could do any thing but evil. B.

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TO SPAIN.

Oh, suffering Spain! survey thine Argo's world\*—  
 Bolivar's flag see where Pizarro's flew—  
 See the proud ensigns of the free unfurl'd  
 From Niagara's flood to far Peru!—  
 What man has done, again may not man do?  
 Flows not thy blood from them whose swords of yore  
 Cleft a red path Rome's own firm legions through,  
 And spurn'd to Calpe's wave the flying Moor?  
 Wake, land of Chivalry!—let Ebro pour  
 Henceforth his murmurs on the freeman's ear,  
 And let each grey Sierra statelier soar  
 To see "the Mountain-nymph †" again draw near!—  
 Riego's spirit bids thee wake again—  
 Oh, speaks thy lost Leonidas in vain? J.

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\* If America may be termed the *Golden Fleece* of Spain, Columbus may be poetically denominated her *Jason*, and the ship in which he sailed the *Spanish Argo*.

† "The Mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty."—*L'Allegro*.

## GRIMM'S GHOST.

LETTER XXVII.

*News from Brighton.*

I CONGRATULATE my ever dear Emma on her secure seclusion in the apartments of the Anti-out-of-Town Company in White-friars. It is called by some prettier name in the Great Unknown's novel of Niggle—Australia or Andalusia, or something of that kind. I wish papa would have taken us there too. But he had a notion that we all began to look pale with raking to the Temple Gardens, the Royal Circus, and the Hackney Assembly; so nothing would suit him but going to the sea. For my part, I hate the sea; one wave is so like another: they all come rolling till they arrive at the beach, and then they break into a huge white bush, like the late Doctor Rees's wig, and come bang upon the shore, bringing with them pebbles enough to give the *coup de grace* to ninety-nine Saint Stephens. We have got a nice lodging in North-street, commanding a romantic view of all the passengers, inside and out, as they alight from the New Dart Safety Coach. All the beauty and fashion of Brighton pass our door: Munden went by yesterday leaning on his stick, and Incledon this morning. The latter talks of leaving us, because Mr. Munn, of the Golden Cross Inn here, would not let him amuse the Royal Catch and Glee Club by singing all the parts in "Glorious Apollo." Mr. Munn offered him either treble, second, or bass, but the veteran determined to have all or none. If we do not all return with a stock of health, which, properly invested, shall last us for life, it will be no fault of papa's. Before it is well day-light he thumps at our chamber-doors with his stick, and calls out, "Come, girls, come, girls, nobody lies a-bed at the sea-side." No sooner are we dressed than he walks us off up the East cliff as hard as we can trot, and in the course of our walk is sure to encounter three or four fat red-faced men of his acquaintance (all papa's acquaintance are fat and red-faced); and when the elderly worthies have arrived opposite the Snake Houses—so called because the Rothschildren were intertwined there—they stand open-mouthed to catch the sea-air, for all the world as if they were singing "Come if you dare," to those horrid Roman Catholics the French, on the opposite coast, at a place they call Dip, because people go there to bathe. By the way, the bathing here is shocking. My brother Bob tells me that he tried it last Wednesday. He took a plunge out of the machine, head first, as he usually does at the River Lea Lock in the Clapton Marshes; but it seems the sea had in the mean time given him the slip, so that he found himself hands and knees on the bare pebbles—a regular Nebuchadnezzar, nibbling at sea-weeds with two excoriated patellæ. Hardly had he time to congratulate himself that it was no worse, when back came the ocean roaring in a terrible passion about something or other, sent him bang against the steps, mounted the machine before him without saying with your leave or by your leave, and rushed out again, carrying away with it his new nankeen Cossacks, with seventeen and sixpence in the right pocket, and the key of his portmanteau in the left. Tom has since taken the hint, and quietly sneaked into the warm-bath. Talking of keys reminds me of locks. The locks here are shocking. When you shut your cham-

ber-door, it opens of itself in half a minute, until you give it a good drive with your shoulder, and then it won't open again at all, out of pure spite. It is precisely the same with the drawers. When you push one side of them in, the other end comes out, like a widow's fat, under the dominion of Mrs. Thompson's (late Bailey's) stays, of which more particulars may be had in Margaret-street, London, and at No. 14, Castle-square, Brighton. The drawer in which I keep my puce-coloured spencer teased me in this manner full ten minutes last night, until I settled the matter by a dos-a-dos movement, which I had luckily practised at the Hackney Assembly; and thus, as the poet has it, "strength and nature made amends for art." Well, but to return to papa. As soon as he has us up in the clouds opposite the snake houses, he beckons to some young donkey-monger, and bargains for the hire of a brace of Jeruslaem ponies, upon which he sees Selina and me fairly mounted, and then sends us off to scour the country, that we may "earn our breakfast." Last Thursday our two beasts of burden were in an exploring humour, and as we knew they would be deaf to all remonstrances, we even let them take their own way. They accordingly took us down a romantic dell, where we met Jack Appleby, who is in the tape and pin line on Ludgate-hill, and where we found our further progress impeded by a swing-gate leading to a narrow muddy road. There was some poetry chalked upon a board affixed to a post on the left side of the gate, which Selina copied into her album. It ran as follows:—

This road is not passable,  
Not even jack-ass-able:  
When this way you do travel,  
Pray bring your own gravel.

We took the hint, and by dint of pinching the left ears of our beasts, induced them to go back to the Old Steyne. No sooner is our breakfast swallowed, with an accompaniment of eggs and Brobdignag shrimps, which papa makes us eat whether we will or no, merely because they grow in the sea, than we are walked off to the Chain Pier, because exercise is good for us. This is a pretty kind of a thing enough: it sticks into the ocean without seeming to have any business there, like the bowsprit of my uncle Simon's ship, the Charming Sally, which you may remember pokes across the High-street, Wapping, into the garret window of Donaldson, the chandler. How old Neptune puts up with such an impertinent intrusion is his affair, not mine. But, my dear, there is one dreadful inconvenience in the Chain Pier—you must come back the way you came; so that it is impracticable to cut any vulgar people whom you may see approaching. There are, to be sure, two or three little side shops where they sell ginger-beer, into which you may bolt; but these are far too small and too few for the occasion. Yesterday I was walking upon the Pier in my new broad-brimmed straw hat, remarkably convenient for the sea-side in a high wind, as the brim at one moment quite covers your face and flaps down to your chin, and at another takes such a sudden tilt backward that you are well nigh strangled by the ribbons that fasten it round your throat. Well, who should join us on the pier but Christopher Withers, a remarkably genteel young man, who curls his whiskers with hot irons into the shape of corkscrews. Papa has nick-

named him Kit Corkscrew ; but that I don't mind. Mr. Withers is a great favourite of mine—such a man for anticipating all one's wants ! Last Tuesday he bought for me, at Stefanoni's, a blue glass monkey with emerald eyes. His acquaintance here is quite among the tip-tops. He knows a Polishing lancer who wears a cap at the top of his helmet, that he may use one if he loses the other. My brother Bob, who affects the military, ventured to hint that a Lancer could not be of much service in modern warfare : but Withers set him right in that particular, exclaiming,—“ My dear sir, you may depend upon it that a lancer with that long instrument, would poke you about and make you very unhappy ! ” This settled the controversy, and Withers, Bob, Selina, and I, were just turning to go back along the pier, when who should I see approaching but Jack Appleby, with that horrid vulgar mother and sister of his. You might have knocked me down with a feather. We hurried into one of the little recess shops to avoid them, and stood with our noses touching the wall, fearing to look round, and half stifled with the smell of radishes and cucumbers, until we concluded that they must have passed, when on peeping abroad to see if the coast was clear, we came plump upon them. It seems the wretches had halted to regale themselves at the adjoining recess, as Jack Appleby roared out—“ O ho ! been doing like us, I see ; *fantiquing* the spruce.” Was there ever such a hound ! That's the only objection I have to Brighton ; you are sure to meet so many people you wish at Jericho. One thinks of nothing but cutting from morning to night. Bob calls it leading the life of a dragoon—I don't see the wit. Only fancy Nancy Appleby ; nankeen pelisse, cotton stockings, black shoes, green veil, and sand-coloured hair, crossed on the forehead, and fastened with a yellow brooch, looking for all the world like a lump of sucked barley-sugar ; talking of coming down by Crossweller's coach, and being frightened as they drove through the tunnel at Reigate, and a parcel of such-like trumpery, and all in the hearing of young Withers. I cannot express how I felt—somehow quite no how !

I had flattered myself with the hope of seeing your brother Frederick here, thinking that the recent strike among the haberdashers' apprentices, to enable them to improve their minds, would have given poor Frederick an opportunity of coming again to the York hotel, and playing billiards with the waiter. Your letter of yesterday, which I received this morning at breakfast, dissipated the flattering illusion. I was upon the point of carrying my tea to my mouth when I read the fatal paragraph ; I could not help exclaiming—“ My cup is indeed a bitter one,” upon which that civil smirking toad-eating Mrs. Anderson said, —“ Is it, my love ? then why not take another lump of sugar ? ” Papa asked young Withers to dine with us to-day. We had some music before dinner. But only think how unlucky : you know I have two music-books, one for show, and one for use. The first consists of Beethoven, Rossini, Mozart, and all that sort of unattainable stuff. The other is for every-day use. I had put the show-book at top, but young Withers most unaccountably opened the wrong book, and to my infinite confusion pored for at least twenty minutes over “ The Hours of Love,” “ Tom Bowling,” “ When you tell me your heart is another's,” “ Whistle, and I will come to you, my Love,” “ God save the King,” and “ Won't you, Mr. Mugg.” Withers drove up in

such a dashing fly! The dinner was very bad. A sprawling bit of bacon upon a tumbled bed of greens. Two gigantic antediluvian fowls, bedaubed with parsley and butter, a brace of soles, that perished from original inability to flounder into the ark, and the fossil remains of a dead sirloin of beef. I had no appetite, and had just impressed our visitor with a notion of the delicacy of my stomach, when Mrs. Anderson bawled out from the bottom of the table—"Sir, you should have seen her at luncheon peg away at the prawns!" If this is not hanging matter, it is high time for Mr. Martin to bring in a bill to make it so. You should see Kemp-town. It is built by the Reverend Mr. Kemp,—they say he is a seceder. I don't know why they call him so. Papa says it is because you see the sea from his new buildings. For my part I don't like the place. It is a terrible long way off: half way to Rottingdean; a sad drag when you want to go to Lucombe's to take out what you have won at loo. At present it is at a stand-still. A parcel of carcasses of houses,—like the living skeleton, only people don't pay three shillings a-head for looking at them. Here are those eternal Applébys coming down the street with the addition of their horrid father in his gamboge-coloured slippers, which he walks all about the town in—I must run to tell Mary to say we are not at home. So in haste I subscribe myself unalterably yours,

LOUISA THOMPSON.

P. S. The bloom of health which the sea bestows will, I hope, soon subside into its proper lodgings, my cheeks. At present it resides in my nose.

DRINKING SONG.

*By Maitre Adam.\**

WHETHER the sun sinks in the wave,  
 Or high careers above,  
 I always troll the lusty bowl,  
 For wine is all my love.  
 In jolly Bacchus' corps enroll'd,  
 No other grief is mine,  
 Than when my paunch thinks fit to scold  
 For want of generous wine.  
 As soon as in the morning beam  
 Our world begins to bask,  
 In quest of the delicious stream  
 I haste t' embrace the cask.  
 With glass in hand, the god of day  
 Enraptured I bespeak :—  
 Ye mines, can all your wealth display  
 More rubies than my beak?  
 If Fate some day should stop my breath,  
 While tipsy o'er the cup,  
 I would not such a charming death,  
 For life renew'd, give up.  
 In Orcus' self, 'neath floods of wine,  
 I'd make Alecto fall,  
 And hoist a tavern's thirsty sign,  
 Ay, e'en in Pluto's Hall!

\* See N. M. M. vol. v. p. 139.

## A SHORT MYSTERY.

*From the German.*

(The following narrative is founded on fact.)

IN the village of Rubeland (which is situate in the Lower Hartz, in the county of Reinstein) there are superstitions enough to satisfy a poet or a monk. There is not an old man who has not a goblin story to tell for every white hair that is left on his foolish head : and there is not a village girl who will go to sleep, on any night between Michaelmas and Easter, without mumbling a prayer for protection against the elves and dwarfs of the country.

I am ashamed to say it, (for it is my native place)—but there is not perhaps a more ignorant and idle set of people than is to be found in this same village of Rubeland. It is like a spot on which the light of Heaven has never shone; dark, melancholy, and superstitious. The inhabitants work a little (and lazily) in the morning, in order to earn a miserable meal, and at night they bewilder their weak brains with telling and listening to stories about goblins and fairies, which would make a man of the world absolutely die with laughter to hear. The only excuse for them is, that their fathers and grandfathers up to the flood have been all as foolish as themselves. I never heard of a philosopher having been born in Rubeland; no, not one. One fellow, indeed, who called himself an orator, and who had tolerable success as a travelling tinker and mountebank, claimed it as his native place; and a poor youth, who slept all day for the purpose of writing nonsense-verses at night, was certainly born there: but no one else who can be called even remarkable.

It is a singular fact that my great uncle Wilhelm should have chosen the neighbourhood of this village to live in: but so it was. My uncle Wilhelm—the reader doubtless has often studied his learned productions) was professor of medicine in the colleges of Gottingen. It was he who made such a noise throughout all Germany, twenty years ago, by his famous papers on the disease *hypochondriasis*, as every body knows. During the winter months, and indeed during those parts of spring and autumn which verge upon winter, he dwelt at Gottingen in quality of professor; but in the full summer season he shut up his laboratory, and came to enjoy quiet and breathe the fresh air of the country, in the neighbourhood of our village of Rubeland.

My uncle was a sad sceptical fellow in some things. He laughed at the great ghost of the Hartz mountains—the magic tower of *Scharzfeld*—the dwarf-holes of *Walkenried*—the dancing pool—the devil's wall—the copper kettles of the elves, and all the rest of the infernal machinery of the little spirits; and positively roared himself into an asthma, and affronted three of the richest burghers of Blankenburg by the ridicule which he cast upon the idol *Pustrich* or *Spit-fire* to their faces. My uncle, moreover, cared nothing for people only two inches and a half high. He had enough to do, he protested, with the larger race of fools: the little ones he left to the pigmy doctors, of whom he had no doubt but that there was a large number. It was natural, he said, that it should be so: it was as natural that there should be found doctors where there was plenty of patients, as that in places where there was a



multitude of cabbages and fruit, there should be (as there always is) a plentiful stock of caterpillars and grubs.

But my purpose is not, at present, to give a detail of my uncle Wilhelm's opinions, some of which might shock the tender-minded reader; but simply to rescue an anecdote, which I have heard him relate, from unmerited oblivion. "I was going," said he—but I believe I must still keep him as the third person singular. I can manage the matter better in that way, and the reader will excuse me.

It was on a wet evening, then, in the month of September 17—, that an elderly man, respectably dressed, stopped at the little inn of the village of Rubeland. On dismounting he gave particular directions to the ostler to be careful of his nag (a stout little roadster), and proceeded straight to the kitchen-fire, where he disencumbered himself of his outer coat and boots, and ordered the private room to be made ready for his reception. The landlady bustled about to do his bidding, while the stranger sat down quietly among the boors who crowded round the great kitchen-fire, some of whom offered him the civility of the better seats, but he rejected all with a silent shake of the head, and in fact appeared to be occupied with any thing but what was going on around him. At last, his valise having been unstrapped and brought in, some idea or other occurred to his recollection, and he opened one of the ends of the "leathern convenience," and took thereout a bulky object, containing a variety of curious instruments. These he examined, wiping some and breathing upon others, and displaying all to the wondering eyes of the peasants, who were not long in coming to the conclusion that he was a conjuror of no common acquirements. The stranger, however, did not observe their astonishment. Indeed it is very doubtful whether he remembered that any one was near him; for he quoted once or twice a Latin sentence, pressed a concealed spring or two in some of the instruments, which shot out their steel talons at his touch, and in a word performed such other marvels, as occasioned a considerable sensation among his spectators. If the truth must be told, they all huddled together more closely than before, and avoided coming in contact even with the tail of his coat.

All this could not last long, the more especially as the little busy landlady had done her best in the mean time to get the stranger's room in order, and which she announced as being ready at the very moment that he was in the midst of a Latin soliloquy. 'This he cut short without ceremony on hearing the news, took up his valise, instruments, &c. and quitted the kitchen for the parlour.

And now came the time for conjecture. 'What could the stranger be?—a magician? an ogre? a ——' but they waited to see whether or not he would order two or three little children to be roasted for supper before they resolved upon their conclusions. In the course of a minute or two he rang his bell, and, to their great disappointment, ordered a fowl and a bottle of wine to be got ready;—absolutely nothing more. This perplexed the Rubelanders almost as much as the curious instruments which he had exhibited. On consideration, however, they thought that the stranger's caution had probably put a rein upon his appetite, and that he had contented himself for once with vulgar fare.

But it is not my intention to speculate on all the speculations which entered into the heads of the villagers of Rubeland. It is sufficient for

my present purpose to state, that by a natural turn of conversation the villagers began to consider how they might best turn the visit of the stranger to account. Some proposed that he should sow the great common with florins, another that he should disclose where the great pots of money lay that were hid by the elves, when a band of those malicious wretches was dispersed by Saint Somebody, during the time of Henry the Fowler. At last old Schwartz, the only man who had a glimmering of common sense in the room, suggested that he should be requested to visit the cottage of young Rudolph, who lay tormented with visions and spirits, about a mile off the village. And the reason why Schwartz proposed this was, as he said, "because he observed the old gentleman put his hand upon the pulse of the landlady's daughter, and keep it there as though he were in count, at the time he left the kitchen." Although this was a sad descent from the florins and pots of gold, the influence of Schwartz was considerable among his fellows, and he finally prevailed. The stranger was petitioned to visit the pillow of Rudolph, and the sick man's state described to him. He immediately and almost joyfully consented. He only stipulated for the two wings and breast of the chicken, and half a dozen glasses of Grafenburg, and then he said "he should be ready."

I must now transport the reader from the little inn of Rubeland to the cottage of Rudolph, the patient. He will imagine the stranger recruited by a good supper and some excellent Grafenburg wine, and see him seated by the bedside of the young peasant, holding his wrist gently in one hand, and inquiring cheerfully into the nature of his ailment. Although he could get no definite answer on this point, Rudolph was ready enough to tell his story, and the stranger very wisely let him proceed. If the reader can summon up as much patience as the stranger did, he may listen to the present narrative. These are the very words,—(for the stranger, being a plain-spoken man, thought it well to note down the particular words of the sufferer, in order to shew the strength of the impressions which had been made upon his brain):—

—"It was a stormy night on which I married Elfrid, the widow's child. We had been made one by the priest at the neighbouring church, just before twilight; and during the ceremony my bride shivered and turned aside from the holy water, and her eyes glistened like the lights of the glowworm, and when it was ended she laughed aloud. The priest crossed himself; and I, while my heart sank within me, took home the beauty of the village.

"No one knew how the mother of Elfrid had lived. She dwelt in a fair cottage, round which wild flowers blossomed, and the grape-vines ran curling like green serpents. She was waited on by an old Spanish woman, but never went abroad. She paid regularly for every article which she bought, and spent freely, though not prodigally. Some said that she received a pension from the Elector of ———; others that strange noises were heard on the quarter days in her house, and that her money was paid at midnight!

"She had only one child,—Elfrid; a pale and melancholy girl, whose eyes were terribly lustrous, and whose hair was dark as the plumage of the raven. She walked with a slow majestic pace: she seldom spoke; but when she spoke, it was sweetly though gravely; and she sang sometimes, when the tempest was loudest, in strange tones

which seemed almost to belong to the winds. Yet she was gentle, charitable, and, had she frequented the village church, would have been universally beloved. I became the lover of the widow's child. I loved her first one stormy autumn—I forget how many moons ago—but it was soon after I received this wound in the forehead by a fall in the Hartz. I was dissuaded from marrying her; for I had desecrated a tender girl for her; but my mad passion prevailed, and I took my young wife, Elfrid, home, to a cottage on the banks of the solitary Lake of Erloch.

"Come near me, my sweet bride," I said; but she sate with her hands clasped upon her knees, and looked upward, yet half aside, as though she were trying to distinguish some voice amidst the storm. "'Tis only the raging of the wind, my love," said I. "Hush!" answered she, "this is my wedding song. Why is my brother's voice not amongst them?" And she sate still, like a shape of alabaster, and the black hair streamed over her shoulders; and methought she looked like that famous Sibyl who offered to the proud Tarquin her terrible books. And I began to fear lest I had married a dæmon of the air; and sometimes I expected to see her dissolve in smoke, or be borne off on the wings of the loud blast.

"And so she sate for a long time, pale and speechless; but still she seemed to listen, and sometimes turned a quick ear round, as though she recognised a human voice. At last the wind came sighing, and moaning, and whining through the door and casements, and she cried—'Ho, ho! are you there, brother? It was well done, indeed, to leave my husband here, without a song at his wedding.' And she smiled, and clapped her hands, and sang—oh! it was like a dirge—low, humming, indistinct noises, seemed to proceed from her closed lips; and her cheeks brightened, and her eyes dilated, and she waved her white hand up and down, and mimicked the rising and falling of the wind.

"We were alone in our lonely cottage. I know not how it was, but we were alone. My brothers had not come to me, and my sister lay at home ill. "'Tis a wild night, my lovely Elfrid,' said I; and she smiled and nodded, and I ran my fingers through her dark hair; and while I held up a massy ringlet, the wind came and kissed it till it trembled. 'Oh! are you there?' said my bride; and I told her I had lifted up the black lock: but she said that it was not I, but another.

"Then we heard the sobbing and swelling of the lake, and the rushing of the great waves into the creeks, and the collecting and breaking up of the billows upon the loose pebbly shore. And sometimes they seemed to spit their scorn upon the winds, and to lash the large trunks of the forest trees. And I said, 'I almost fear for thee, my Elfrid, for the lake sounds as though it would force its banks,'—and she smiled. 'The spirits of the water are rebellious to-night,' exclaimed she: 'their mistress, the moon, is away, and they know not where to stop. Shall we blow them back to their quiet places?' I replied that it would be well, were it possible; and she lifted up her hand, and cried 'Do ye hear?—' and the wind seemed to answer submissively; and then suddenly it grew loud, and turned round and round like a hurricane, and we heard the billows go back—and back—and the lake seemed to recede—and the waters grew gentle—and then quiet; and at last there was deep and dark silence all around me and my bride.

"And then it was that I lighted a torch, and our supper was spread. The cold meats and dainties were laid upon a snow-white cloth, and the bright wines sparkled like the eyes of Elfrid. I took her hand and kissed her, but her lips felt like the cold air. 'Herman, my fond husband,' said she, 'I am wholly thine; but thou hast not welcomed me hither with a song. It is the custom where I was born, and I must not be wholly thine without it.'—'What shall I sing?' enquired I. 'Oh!' said she, 'the matter may be what you please, but the manner must be mine. Let it be free thus—thus—' (and she sang a strange burial chaunt)—'thus,—rising and falling like the unquiet tempest.' I essayed a few words—but they were troubled and spiritless—

"My love, my love, so beautiful, so wise!  
I'll sing to *thee*, beneath the dawning moon,  
And blow my pastoral reed  
In the cold twilight, till thine eyes shine out  
Like blue stars sparkling in thy forehead white.  
I'll sing to *thee*, until thy cloudy hair  
Dissolve before my kisses pure and warm.  
Oh! as the rose-fed bee doth sing in May,  
To thee, my January flower, I'll sing  
Many a winter melody,  
Such as comes sighing through the shaking pines,  
Mournfully,—mournfully,  
And through the pillar'd beeches stripped of leaves  
Mak's music, till the shuddering water speaks  
In ripples on the forest shores—"

"Away!" said my bride, interrupting my song—"Away!  
Thou hast wed the wind, thou hast wed the air—  
Thy bride is as false as fair:—  
As the dew of the dawn  
Beneath the sun,  
Is her life, which beginneth afresh  
When day is done.  
I am fushion'd of water and night,  
Of the vapour that haunts the brain—  
I die at the dawn of light,  
But at eve—I revive again!  
Like a spirit who comes from the rolling river,  
Changing for ever,—for ever,—for ever!"

And she muttered again, and again—"for ever,"—and "for ever!" And even as she sang methought her long arms grew colder, and longer, and clasped me round and round, like the twining of the snake or the lizard. I shrank from her in terror, when she laughed once more in her unearthly way, and shewed her white teeth in anger. "Dost thou not love me, Elfrid?" said I;—and she laughed again, and a thousand voices, which then seemed to invest our cottage on every side, laughed fiercely and loudly, till our dwelling shook to its centre. "Ah, ha! dost thou hear them?" said she—"Love thee!—Can the wind love thee?—or the air?—or the water? Can fire delight in thee?—But, ay: *that*, with its flickering voice and curling tongue, may embrace thee, as it clasps the heretic martyrs; but no further. The elements are above thee, thou youth of clay! Why wouldst thou tempt them, fond thing, by linking thy short life to their immortality?" And as she spoke, she kissed me for the first time with her chilling lips, and whispered over me, and I saw a shivering into another life.

—“And in this state I have seen more than ever met the eye of man. I have seen the rack stoop down, and the whirlwind pause, and the stars come about me, by hundreds and thousands, hurrying and glancing. Dumb nature has spoken before me, and the strange language of animals has become clear. I have looked (as the Dervise did) into the hollow earth, and there beheld dull metals and flaming minerals, gold and rubies, silver, and chrysolites, and amethysts, all congregated in blazing heaps. I have seen the earthquake struggling in his cavern like a beast. I have communed with unknown natures, and sate by the dropsy and the awful plague. And once methought we went out—I and my bride—into some forest which had no end, and walked among multitudes—millions of trees:—The broad great oak was there, with his rugged trunk and ponderous arms, which he stretched out over us:—the witch elms waved and whispered, and the willow frowned upon us and shook its dishevelled hair:—we heard the snake rustling in the grass, and saw his glittering eyes and leper’s coat; and he writhed and curled before us on our path, as though some unseen dominion were upon him; and the owl laughed at us from his hole; and the nightingale sang in the pine; and some birds there were which gave us welcome, and hundreds chattered in the abundance of their joy. All this while my bride was silent, and paced slowly beside me, upon the greensward. And she never lifted her pallid face from the ground, though I asked earnestly, again and again, how it was that the brute creatures had awakened from their dumb trance, and stood up before us with the intelligence of man!

—“Sometimes I think that all this may be—a dream. I am here (*where am I?*)—wasting, like half-sunned snow. My flesh shrinks, my spirit quails, and my imagination is always restless, night and day. All my left side seems palsy-struck, and my heart is as cold as stone. My limbs are useless, and over my very brain the chilling winter seems to have blown!

—“Yet, no; it cannot be a dream: for once, in every month, when the white moon grows round, and casts down her floods of cold light upon the fields and rivers, until the waters dance and the branches quiver with intense delight, *She* comes to my bedside, and still bends over me. Then, while I lie motionless, though awake, she kisses my lips with so cold a kiss, that methinks I am frozen inwards to the heart. And my head—my head is a burning ball—ha, ha!—you should come to me when the moon is ripe. *Then* you shall see the gambols of the water-elves—and the spirits who ride upon the storm-winds—and the mermen,—and the unnatural sights of the deep black ocean—and the HELL that is always about me! Will you come.—and look at the wonders which I will show you?—Will you come?—”

—“Let me look upon your forehead,” said the stranger, when the faintness which here seized Rudolph had put an end to his tale. “Methinks the error is *here*, rather than in the moon.”

“Is there any hope that I shall be disenchanted?” enquired the youth faintly.

“We will see,” replied the stranger: “You must have patience and water-diet. You must be obedient, too, to those whom I shall bid attend you; and—but at present we will tie a string round your arm and see of what colour is the blood of an elf.”

"Shall I be free?" reiterated the youth; "I have cursed——"

"Have you prayed?" asked my uncle Wilhelm; (for *he* was, as will be remembered, the stranger of the inn)—"have you prayed?"

"That never occurred to me," said the young peasant, as his blood ran freely upon the puncture of my uncle's lancet—"That certainly never occurred to me;—but I will try."

"In the mean time," observed my uncle, "I will do my best; and it shall go hard but we will conquer the elves."—

— —And, in fact, my uncle Wilhelm *did* finally prevail. The peasant Rudolph recovered, and wedded the girl-whose society he had once forsaken. What became of Elfrid, or whether she existed at Rube-land, or elsewhere, I never was able to learn. Perhaps, after all, she was but a fiction—a distinct one, undoubtedly—but, probably, like many others of the spirits of the Hartz: nay, it is not impossible; even, but that she may have arisen from that very tumble which our friend Rudolph had amongst those celebrated mountains.

—"A lancet, a blister, and a gallon or two of barley-water," my uncle Wilhelm used to assert, would put to flight the most formidable band of elves or spirits that ever infested a German district; and, to say truth, I begin almost to renounce my old faith in those matters, and to come round to my uncle's opinion.

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#### APRIL VERSES.

Spring!—sweet child of Winter gray,  
 (Who hath shrunk dissolved away—  
 Weak—dissolved to tears, in age,  
 And sought out some hermitage,  
 Where through Summer months he may  
 Pine unto the North alway,—)  
 Spring!—O young voluptuous bride!  
 Who doth yield from thy sweet side  
 Children to the lusty Hours,  
 Buds, and laughing leaves, and flowers  
 Breathing like a lover's kiss,  
 And each thing that sweetest is.  
 How I love thee, gentle Spring!  
 Chiefly because thou dost bring  
 Spirit to the lazy blood,  
 And lett'st out (like some swift flood  
 Turned from ice by Phœbus' beams)  
 Our night-fettered brood of dreams,  
 Which unto the earth and sun  
 Like a herd of heifers run,  
 Let abroad, to taste the green  
 In a Norway summer seen.  
 Thou art she whose eyes are wet,  
 When the virgin violet  
 Lifts her forehead from thy breast,  
 While the snow-drop goes to rest:—  
 Thou art she beneath whose gaze  
 Every happy creature plays,  
 Fairest bride of all the Hours,—  
 Mother of the sunshine showers,—  
 Sweeter than the cuckoo's throat,—  
 Blither than the skylark's note,—  
 Green as April,—fair as May,—  
 Bright as a lover's holiday!

B.

DR. BAILLIE.\*

THE medical works of this eminent physician have just been collected and published in two volumes 8vo, by Mr. Wardrop, the surgeon ; who has, in the first volume, supplied an interesting memoir of the Doctor, the materials for which were furnished by his own family. It was on account of this memoir, the only authentic one, that we were induced to turn to the volumes ; and as we feel convinced our readers will participate in our curiosity respecting the life of so distinguished an individual, and who so short a time ago was moving among us, we shall at once lay before them the most striking circumstances of his career.

Matthew Baillie was born on the 27th October, 1761, at the Manse of Shots, in the county of Lanark. His father, the Rev. James Baillie, had attained considerable distinction in the Scotch Church, and his mother was the sister of William and John Hunter, the celebrated anatomists. His parents were, therefore, of the utmost respectability ; and it was in consequence of the great advantages likely to ensue from the tuition and patronage of his maternal relations, that he determined on following the medical profession ; although he felt in his early years a bias towards the pulpit or the bar. William Hunter, we are told by Mr. Wardrop, was desirous to have the superintendence of young Baillie's medical education ; but in order that he might obtain an English degree in medicine, his nephew's limited means made it necessary for him to procure an Oxford "exhibition," which the professors of the College of Glasgow have it in their power to bestow on deserving merit. Whilst this plan was in contemplation, he had the misfortune to lose his father, and as the family were left in narrow circumstances, the necessity to secure the exhibition became in consequence particularly urgent. It was, however, at last obtained, and the following letter, which he wrote to his uncle at that momentous period of his life, and which was found amongst William Hunter's MSS., conveys, says Mr. Wardrop, an excellent picture of Baillie's mind when about to leave his native country :

"Glasgow, March 18th, 1779.

"Dear Sir,—I have now got every thing prepared for my journey in the most expeditious manner I could. My friends in the college think that the sooner I set off it is the better ; I therefore intend (since you have not disapproved of it) to set off about the beginning of next week by the way of London. I am told, that upon the whole, this is as ready a method of conveyance to Oxford ; but besides this, I would wish to receive your advice, as my parent, about that plan of study you would wish me to pursue at Oxford. I would wish likewise to talk over with you the manners of the place, that I may not go unguarded, or unprepared to it. I am told that there is a great deal of dissipation in it ; I would therefore wish your warmest advice with regard to my behaviour.

"I have prevailed with my mother and sisters to stay two or three days at Glasgow, about the time of my departure, that they may be diverted from reflecting too much upon it ; they are all of them very susceptible of impression. I would wish to make it as light as possible. I hope that the consideration that I am going to a person who will protect me as long as I de-

\* Works of Matthew Baillie, M.D. ; to which is prefixed, an Account of his Life, collected from authentic sources. By James Wardrop. 2 vols. 8vo.

serve it, will render this far easier than otherwise it might have been. My mother gives you thanks for having been so exact in ordering the payment of the annual settlement you have been pleased to fix upon her. Accept of every thing a grateful heart can give. I must confess I am in some measure afraid to appear before you, lest my progress should seem much inferior to what might have been expected; but I trust much in your goodness, that you will make every reasonable allowance for these deficiencies which may appear. My mother and sisters have their love to you.

"I remain affectionately, your's,

"MATTHEW BAILLIE.

"To Dr. Hunter, Windmill Street."

Dr. Baillie had reached his eighteenth year, when he arrived in London, and presented the following letter of introduction from his mother, by which he first became personally known to William Hunter, amongst whose papers it was also found.

"Glasgow, March 21st, 1779.

"Dear Brother,—I beg leave to introduce to you my son, who is now on his way to Oxford by London.

"I have furnished him out in the best manner my situation could afford. I now give him over entirely to you. Be a father to him—you are the only father he has alive. I hope you shall never be ashamed of his conduct, but that he shall obey your directions in every thing.

"My daughters present their love to you.

"I am your affectionate sister,

"DOROTHY BAILLIE.

"Dr. Hunter, Windmill Street."

The career of Baillie thus commenced under the most favourable auspices. Together with the best instruction in his art, he enjoyed such society as was calculated to amuse his leisure hours, and prevent his seeking for recreation among the dissipating pleasures often so fatal to youth. His uncle, an acute observer of the characters and humours of men, was well stored with anecdotes which a long intercourse with the world had enabled him to acquire. These he was in the habit of relating, with great comic effect; and it was the peculiar privilege of young Baillie, not only to have his medical studies placed under the constant guidance of one of the most celebrated anatomists the world ever saw, but to be cheered, in the intervals of his labour, by sallies of playful wit and drollery, from the lips of his illustrious tutor.

It does not appear that Baillie remained long at Oxford, which did not afford him sufficient means of acquiring a knowledge of medicine. With the exception of the "terms," amounting only to a few weeks annually, he spent his time and prosecuted his studies in the house of his uncle. Here he devoted himself to the elements of his profession, more particularly to anatomy; in which science he pursued his researches with a zealous application, from which neither the fear of labour, nor the temptation of pleasure could divert him. None of the other branches of medicine were, however, neglected; for he attended regularly the different lectures of the most eminent professors in London: and so great was his ardour in the pursuit of knowledge, that had his engagements in Windmill-street permitted it, he would have visited the other celebrated medical schools, more particularly that of Edinburgh, which was then in its highest repute, and where he might have profited by the lectures of the illustrious Cullen.

"No man, indeed, (says Mr. Wardrop) laboured more in early life than



**Dr. Baillie**, in order to acquire what may be said to have been the groundwork of his professional fame; and his mind thus received that general tuition which fitted it in an especial manner successfully to prosecute the study of medicine."

In two years from the commencement of his studies, Baillie became a teacher in the anatomical theatre; but he had not been thus employed more than twelve months when William Hunter died, bequeathing to him the use of that museum which is now deposited in the university of Glasgow, and which forms so noble a monument of its founder. He also left him the Anatomical Theatre, and house in Windmill-street, together with a small family estate in Scotland, which he had re-purchased, but which Baillie in the most handsome manner immediately gave up to his uncle John, considering him as his brother's natural heir. William Hunter also left his nephew about one hundred pounds a-year, the remainder of his fortune being entirely devoted to upholding the museum, to erecting an adequate building for its reception at Glasgow, and to an annuity to two surviving sisters. It has been said that a short time previous to the death of his uncle, he told Baillie "that it was his intention to leave him but little money, as he had derived too much pleasure from making his own fortune to deprive him of doing the same."

**Dr. Baillie**, in one of his manuscript lectures, takes occasion to allude to the character of the Hunters in the following terms:—

"No one," says he, "ever possessed more enthusiasm for the art, more persevering industry, more acuteness of investigation, more perspicuity of expression, or indeed a greater share of natural eloquence, than William Hunter. He excelled very much any lecturer whom I have ever heard, in the clearness of his arrangement, the aptness of his illustrations, and the elegance of his diction. He was, perhaps, the best teacher of anatomy that ever lived."

And of John Hunter he tells us that

"His mind was bold and inventive, treading constantly in a path of his own, without regard to the common track which had been followed by others. This was aided by an industry and enthusiasm, of which it would be difficult to find any superior example. With such singular endowments for the cultivation of science, his progress was proportionally great. There is no subject which he had considered where he has not added new light, and there are many which he has very much improved."

Amongst the papers of **Dr. Baillie** is a note to William Hunter, from his brother John, which shews us at once of what materials his heart was formed. It is, indeed, a pleasure to read it, and to contemplate its cheerful and unaffected benevolence. The following is a copy of the note:—

"Dear Brother,—The bearer is very desirous of having your opinion. I do not know his case. *He* has no money, and *you* don't want any, so that you are well met.

"Ever yours,  
JOHN HUNTER."

"Jermyn-street, Saturday." \*

One of the great causes of **Dr. Baillie's** distinguished success in his profession was his profound knowledge of the science of Anatomy, which he deemed fully as necessary for the physician as for the surgeon, although it is too often neglected by the former class of practitioners. The following is his own language in adverting to this subject:—

"A disease must always have a relation to a healthy action, or healthy structure of parts, for it is only a deviation from them; so that a knowledge of disease would appear to rest on a knowledge of the body in its healthy state. It is in this point of view that anatomy and physiology become so very important, as being most likely to afford the means of relieving the body when suffering under disease. If anatomy, then, be of so much use in physic and surgery, it ought to be earnestly cultivated by those who really wish to know their profession, and to become respectable in it. This is not a trifling matter. Justice and humanity require every exertion where the lives of our fellow-creatures are concerned. There are many professions where negligence or inattention may be reckoned a folly; *but in medicine it is a crime*. There is nothing that renders a person more fit for the discovery of new diseases, than a knowledge of anatomy."

Soon after the publication, in 1795, of his work on Morbid Anatomy, Dr. Baillie became so deeply engaged in practice as to be unable to devote his time any longer to the prosecution of pathological researches; and he was induced also to abandon his anatomical lectures.

"It was about this period," says Mr. Wardrop, "when he removed from Windmill-street to Grosvenor-street, and when his time was sufficiently, but not fully occupied, that those who best knew him consider the happiest portion of his life. But this state, so desirable to his domestic circle, was rapidly changed into one of oppressive and unremitting occupation, every day becoming a continued round of engagements, which he could scarcely overtake. The brilliant success of his career was the means of rapidly unbinging his constitution, and of chilling both that elasticity and tranquillity of mind which are only to be found when the body is in health."

The appearance of Dr. Baillie was very striking to strangers, who, on account of his distinguished character, had been led to expect something imposing in his person and manner. On the contrary, his figure was slender, his deportment unassuming, and his manner of questioning his patients, although distinct and systematic, was characterised by the most perfect simplicity. His estimation of himself was remarkable for its modesty. He would say to his own family—"I know better, perhaps, than another man, from my knowledge of anatomy, how to *discover* a disease; but when I have done so, I don't know better how to *cure* it."

This well-grounded confidence in his sagacity in detecting diseases, often afforded him cause for self-congratulation; for instance, when he was enabled to convince any person, who came under the impression of having some fatal malady, that there was nothing material the matter with him. Years of peace and comfort, that would otherwise have been years of apprehension and misery, he was conscious of having thus bestowed on many. He was remarkable for his punctuality in every thing connected with his intercourse with society, particularly in answering letters, paying visits, and in keeping professional appointments. He used to say,—"*I consider it not only a professional, but a moral duty, to meet punctually my professional brethren of all ranks. My equals have a right to such a mark of my respect, and I would shudder at the apprehension of lessening a junior practitioner in the eyes of his patient, by not keeping an appointment with him.*"

Dr. Baillie would never allow any likeness of himself to be published. He sat to Hoppner for his portrait, in order to make a present of it to his sisters; but he was very angry to find that this picture had

been put into the hands of an engraver without his knowledge. He had a great dislike to the idea of seeing his face in the window of a print-shop; and finding that the engraving was already completed, his feeling of justice would not allow him to make the engraver lose the fruit of his labour entirely; he therefore purchased the copper-plate, and permitted only a few copies to be taken from it, which were presented to his friends.

We are told by Mr. Wardrop that Dr. Baillie

"was in the habit, for the many years he was so much employed, of devoting not less than sixteen hours of each day to the drudgery of his profession; he usually rose at six o'clock in the morning, and occupied himself till half-past eight in answering letters, writing consultations received the day before, and arranging the visits for the day. Until half-past ten he saw patients at his own house; after which hour he paid visits till six o'clock. He generally allowed only two hours of relaxation for dinner, spending the remainder of the evening, and often till a late hour at night, in again paying visits. After such a day's labour, it could hardly be expected that his sleep was sound and refreshing. When he became harassed with business, an irritation of temper sometimes disturbed him; but which, from the kindness of his heart, was immediately followed by such compunction, as occasioned him far more trouble than if he had at once complied with an intrusive request. Often has he been known, under such circumstances, thus to express himself:—'I have spoken roughly to that poor man; I must go and see him, be it ever so late!'—'That patient is in better health than I am in myself; but I have been too hard with him, and must make him amends!'—'I have been impatient with that poor hypochondriac!' Thus the irritable temper and the kind heart were at constant variance with one another, to the injury of his tranquillity, and the increase of his bodily fatigue. He has frequently come to his own table, after a day of hurry and annoyance, and held up his hands to his family circle ready to welcome him home, saying, 'Don't speak to me!' and then, by and by, after having drunk a glass of wine, he would look round with a smile of affection, saying, 'You may speak to me now!' And never was he more agreeable than when one of these dark shadows had passed over him. After he had limited his practice to consultations, he one day said with much satisfaction,—'I am glad to find that I can now give any body that speaks to me a civil answer.'"

Dr. Baillie's disposition was of the most charitable and generous kind. He was not only in the constant habit of refusing fees, when he thought they could ill be afforded, but he often gave money, and sometimes in considerable sums, where he thought it was well bestowed. A young lady who was suffering severely from a pulmonary complaint, asked his advice, and he recommended her to spend the winter months in a milder part of the country; but finding that her circumstances would not admit of her trying this last resource to regain her health, he instantly gave her an adequate sum of money. The following is another instance of his generosity, and of his great delicacy in bestowing it. A lady whose rank in life was far above her pecuniary resources, had an illness which made his attendance of the highest importance. The doctor took his fee regularly every visit until his services were no longer necessary; he then left in a bag the whole amount of what he had received, offering to the lady as an apology, that he knew that, had he once refused to take his fee during his attendance, she would not have permitted him to continue it.

"Numerous indeed," says Mr. Wardrop, "are the instances which might be mentioned, where he seemed to be glad to have an opportunity

of thus showing that there was a value in his professional visits beyond a fee. The meanness, however, of some of his patients might have chilled any liberal feeling less ardent than his; for he has been heard to mention, that, in more instances than one, a shilling, carefully packed up, had been given to him in place of a guinea!

In the year 1810, he was commanded by the late King to attend on his youngest daughter, the Princess Amelia, along with Sir Henry Halford, Sir David Dundas, and Dr. Pope. Though he was fully sensible of the honour of receiving such a command, yet he felt that it was adding greatly to the embarrassment occasioned by his very extensive practice; but, whatever might have been the inconvenience of this attendance to himself, the condescension and kindness of his late Majesty very soon reconciled him to his visits at Windsor. He has sometimes been heard to mention with pleasure the amiable and manly traits of his Majesty's character, and also the acuteness of his mind. He once observed, "If I knew any thing that I wished to conceal, I would rather be cross-questioned regarding it by any barrister in England than by the king; for his questions bear so directly on those points most important for discovery, and are put in such a manner, that they cannot be evaded." Amongst some memoranda left behind him is the following anecdote:

"One day when I waited on the King, with the other medical attendants, in order to give an account of the Princess Amelia, his Majesty said to me, 'Dr. Baillie, I have a favour to ask of you, which I hope you will not refuse me; it is that you will become my physician extraordinary.' I bowed, and made the best acknowledgements in words that I could. His Majesty added, 'I thought you would not refuse me, and therefore I have given directions that your appointment shall be made out.' A few days afterwards when we again waited on the King, he said to the other medical men in my presence, 'I have made Dr. Baillie my physician extraordinary against his will, but not against his heart.' On one occasion the King was advised to go to Bath, and Dr. Baillie recommended him to consult there a medical gentleman whom he named. The King immediately conjectured the country from whence he came, and after listening to all Dr. Baillie had to say of him, his Majesty jocosely said, "I suppose, Dr. Baillie, your friend is not a Scotchman!"

The independence of his character was strongly manifested during his attendance at Windsor. The county of Gloucester, where Dr. Baillie had purchased an estate, was actively canvassed for a representative in parliament; and a nobleman in the interest of the ministers then in office, applied to him for his vote. His answer was, that his engagements in business made it impossible for him to take a journey so far as Gloucester to vote for any candidate; but at the same time he thought it right to inform his lordship, that he had always voted for the Whig interest, and should continue to do so.

The following is Mr. Wardrop's account of the decline in health, and of the death of Dr. Baillie.

"His health had for some years materially suffered from the fatigue of business, and it may justly be said, that he fell a victim to the constant excitement of professional avocations. His physical frame, far from being originally robust, began gradually to fall into a state of exhaustion past relief from repose; and this continuing without intermission, wore out his body more than the tranquillity and annual retirement of a few months in the

country were sufficient to restore. A manifest change at last took place in his appearance: already much wasted, he now became emaciated and feeble; and though the faculties of his mind remained perfect, there were times when even these were deprived of their wonted vigour. In the early part of the summer of 1823, he had an attack of inflammation of the mucous membrane of the trachea, which, though it at first created little disturbance, became in the month of June very troublesome, being attended with some fever and a frequent cough. In this state he quitted London for Tunbridge Wells, and returned in a few weeks, the more teasing symptoms of cough having been relieved by local bleeding and blisters; but in no respect had his general health improved. His feebleness was now so great, that even conversation was a considerable effort, and he had completely lost all relish for food. Though aware that his situation was precarious, he seemed to entertain the hope of being able to return to London in the ensuing winter, and resume, to a certain extent, his professional avocations. With these hopes he went down with his family to his residence in Gloucestershire, but, instead of gaining strength after his arrival there, he became daily more and more enfeebled; and, after much bodily suffering, but with a mind unshaken, he expired on the 23d of September, 1823. The event was announced in almost every public body to which he belonged, in terms which evinced the deep regret felt for his loss. Several of his medical friends met together for the purpose of raising a subscription to erect a monument in Westminster Abbey; the College of Physicians, in particular, caused a minute to be published expressing their sorrow in the strongest terms; and Sir Humphrey Davy pronounced an eloquent panegyric on Dr. Baillie, at the first anniversary meeting of the Royal Society, after his decease."

Dr. Baillie was singularly fortunate in his connexions and family, the greater part of whom had, like himself, arrived at public distinction. He was married, in the twenty-ninth year of his age, to Sophia, second daughter of the late celebrated Dr. Denman. He was not only the son of an able professor, and nephew of the Hunters, but the brother of Miss Joanna Baillie, one of the most distinguished authors of the age. Mrs. Baillie's sister was married to the late Sir Richard Croft, of great medical celebrity; and Mr. Denman, the present Common Sergeant, who has so honourably signalized himself at the Bar, was Dr. Baillie's brother-in-law.

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RECORDS OF WOMAN, NO. III.

*The Bride of the Greek Isle.\**

COME from the woods with the citron-flow'ers,  
 Come with your lyres for the festal hours,  
 Maids of bright Scio!—They came, and the breeze  
 Bore their sweet songs o'er the Grecian seas;  
 They came, and Eudora stood robed and crown'd,  
 The Bride of the Morn, with her train around.  
 Jewels flash'd out from her braided hair,  
 Like starry dew's midst the roses there;  
 Pearls on her bosom quivering shone,  
 Heaved by her heart through its golden zone;

\* This tale is founded on a circumstance related by D'Israeli in the second series of the "Curiosities of Literature," and forming part of a picture in the "*Painted Biography*" which he describes. The scene of the catastrophe is, however, transferred from Cyprus to the Greek Isles.

But a brow, as those gems of the ocean pale,  
Gleam'd from beneath her transparent veil,  
Changeful and faint was her fair cheek's hue,  
Though clear as a flower which the light looks through ;  
And the glance of her dark, resplendent eye,  
For the aspect of Woman at times too high,  
Lay floating in mists, which the troubled stream  
Of the soul sent up o'er its servid beam.

She look'd on the vine at her father's door,  
Like one that is leaving his native shore ;  
She hung o'er the myrtle once call'd her own,  
As it greenly waved by the threshold-stone ;  
She turn'd—and her mother's gaze brought back  
Each hue of her childhood's faded track !  
—Oh ! hush the song, and let her tears  
Flow to the dream of her early years !  
Holy and pure are the drops that fall  
When the young Bride goes from her father's hall ;  
She goes unto love yet untried and new,  
She parts from love, which hath still been true !  
Mute be the lyre and the choral strain,  
Till her heart's deep well-spring is clear again !

She wept on her mother's faithful breast,  
Like a babe that sobs itself to rest ;  
She wept—yet laid her hand the while,  
In *his* that waited her dawning smile,  
Her soul's affianced, nor cherish'd less,  
For the gush of Nature's tenderness !  
—She lifted her graceful head at last—  
The choking swell of her heart was past,  
And her lovely thoughts from their cells found way  
In the sudden flow of a plaintive lay.\*

*The Bride's Farewell.*

Why do I weep ?—to leave the vine,  
Whose clusters o'er me bend ?  
The myrtle—yet, oh ! call it mine !—  
The flowers I loved to tend ?  
—A thousand thoughts of all things dear,  
Like shadows o'er me sweep,  
I leave my sunny childhood here,  
—Oh ! therefore let me weep !

I leave thee, sister !—we have play'd  
Through many a joyous hour,  
Where the silvery green of the olive shade  
Hung dim o'er fount and bower !  
Yes ! thou and I, by stream, by shore,  
In song, in prayer, in sleep,  
Have been as we may be no more—  
—Kind sister ! let me weep !

\* A Greek bride, before she quits her father's house, " fait de tendres adieux à son père, à sa mère, à ses proches, à ses amies, à tout son voisinage, et aux lieux où se sont passés les jours de son enfance.—En certains endroits, la douleur de la fiancée s'exprime par une formule d'usage."

*Fauriel, Chants Populaires de la Grèce Moderne.*

*Records of Woman.*

I leave thee, father!—Eve's bright moon  
 Must now light other feet,  
 With the gather'd grapes and the lyre in tune,  
 Thy homeward steps to greet!  
 Thou in whose voice, to bless thy child,  
 Lay tones of love so deep,  
 Whose eye o'er all my youth hath smiled,—  
 I leave thee! let me weep!

Mother! I leave thee!—on thy breast  
 Pouring out joy and woe,  
 I have found that holy place of rest  
 Still changeless—yet I go!  
 Lips that have lull'd me with your strain,  
 Eyes that have watch'd my sleep!  
 Will earth give love like *yours* again?  
 —Sweet mother! let me weep!

And like a slight young tree, that throws  
 The weight of rain from its drooping boughs,  
 Once more she wept:—but a changeful thing  
 Is the human heart, as a mountain-spring,  
 That works its way, through the torrent's foam,  
 To the bright pool near it, the lily's home!  
 —It is well!—the cloud on her soul that lay  
 Hath melted in glittering drops away.  
 Wake again, mingle, sweet flute and lyre!  
 She turns to her lover, she leaves her sire!  
 —Mother! on earth it must still be so,  
 Thou rearest the lovely to see them go!

They are moving onward, the bridal throng,  
 Ye may track their way by the swells of song!  
 Ye may catch through the foliage their white robes' gleam,  
 Like a swan midst the reeds of a shadowy stream!  
 Their arms bear up garlands, their floating tread  
 Is over the deep-vein'd violet's bed,  
 They have light leaves around them, blue skies above,  
 —An arch for the triumph of youth and love!

## II.

Still and sweet was the home that stood  
 In the flowering depths of a Grecian wood,  
 With the soft green light o'er its low roof spread,  
 As if from the rays of an emerald shed,  
 Pouring through lime-leaves that mingled on high,  
 Asleep in the silence of noon's clear sky.  
 Citrons amidst their dark foliage glow'd,  
 Making a gleam round the lone abode;  
 Laurels o'erhung it, whose faintest shiner  
 Scatter'd out sheen, like a glancing river;  
 Stars of the jasmine its pillars crown'd,  
 Vine-stalks its lattice and walls had bound,  
 And brightly before it a fountain's play  
 Flung showers through a thicket of glossy bay,  
 To a cypress which rose in that flashing rain,  
 Like one tall shaft of some fallen fane.

And thither Ianthis had brought his bride,  
 And the guests were met by that fountain-side;  
 They lifted the veil from Eudora's face,  
 It smiled out softly in pensive grace,

With lips of love, and a brow serene,  
Meet for the soul of the deep wood-scene :  
—Bring wine, bring odours!—the board is spread—  
Bring roses! a chaplet for every head!  
The wine-cups foam'd, and the rose was shower'd  
On the young and fair from the world embower'd,  
The sun look'd not on them in that sweet shade,  
The winds amid scented boughs were laid,  
But there came by fits, through some whispery tree,  
A sound and a gleam of the moaning sea!

—Hush! be still!—was that no more  
Than the murmur from the shore?  
Silence!—did thick rain-drops beat  
On the grass, like trampling feet?  
—Fling down the goblet, and draw the sword!  
The groves are fill'd with a pirate-horde!  
Through the dim olives their sabres shine,  
Now must the red blood stream, for wine!

The youths from the banquet to battle sprang,  
The woods with the shriek of the maidens rang;  
Under the golden-fruited boughs  
There were flashing poniards, and darkening brows,  
Footsteps, o'er garland and lyre that fled,  
And the dying soon, on a greensward-bed!  
—Eudora, Eudora! *thou* dost not fly!  
—She saw but Ianthis before her lie,  
With the blood from his breast in a gushing flow,  
Like a child's large tears in its hour of woe,  
And the gathering film o'er his lifted eye,  
That sought his young bride out mournfully!  
—She knelt down beside him, her arms she wound,  
Like tendrils, his drooping neck around,  
As if the passion of that fond grasp  
Might chain-in life with its ivy-clasp!  
But they tore her thence in her wild despair,  
The sea's fierce rovers—they left him there;  
They left to the fountain a dark-red vein,  
And on the wet violets a pile of slain,  
And a hush of fear through the summer grove—  
—So closed the triumph of youth and love!

III.

Gloomy lay the shore that night,  
When the moon with sleeping light  
Bathed each purple Sciote hill,  
Gloomy lay the shore, and still.  
O'er the wave no gay guitar  
Sent its floating music far,  
No glad sound of dancing feet  
Woke the starry hours to greet;  
But a voice of mortal woe,  
In its changes wild or low,  
Through the midnight's blue repose,  
From the sea-beat rocks arose,  
As Eudora's mother stood  
Gazing o'er th' Egean flood,  
With a fix'd and straining eye—  
—Oh! was the spoilers' vessel nigh?



Yes! there, becalm'd in silent sleep,  
 Dark and alone on a breathless deep,  
 On a sea of molten silver dark,  
 Brooding it down'd, that evil bark!

The broad pennon a shadow cast,  
 And black from the tall still mast,  
 The heavy sound of its flapping sail,  
 And woo'd the gale.

It was all else—had ocean's breast  
 Look'd down Eudora that hour to rest?

—To rest?—the waves tremble!—what piercing cry  
 Bursts from the heart of the ship on high?

What light through the heavens, in a sudden spire,  
 Shoots from the deck up?—fire! 'tis fire!

There are wild forms hurrying to and fro,

Seen darkly clear on that lurid glow;

There are shout and signal-gun, and call,

And the dashing of water—but fruitless all!

Man may not fetter, nor ocean tame

The might and wrath of the rushing flame!

It hath twined the mast like a glittering snake,

That coils up a tree from a dusky brake;

It hath touch'd the sails, and their canvass rolls

Away from its breath into shrivell'd scrolls;

It hath taken the flag's high place in air,

And redden'd the stars with its wavy glare,

And sent out bright arrows, and soar'd in glee

To a burning mount midst the moonlight sea!

—The swimmers are plunging from stern and prow—

—Eudora, Eudora! where, where art thou?

The slave and his master alike are gone—

—Mother! who stands on the deck alone?

The child of thy bosom!—and lo! a brand

Blazing up high in her lifted hand!

And her veil flung back, and her free dark hair,

Sway'd by the flames as they rock and flare,

And her fragile form to its loftiest height

Dilated, as if by the spirit's might,

And her eye with an eagle-gladness fraught—

Oh! could this work be of Woman wrought?

—Yes! 'twas her deed!—by that haughty smile

It was her's! she hath kindled her funeral pile!

Never might shame on that bright head be,

Her blood was the Greek's, and hath made her free!

Proudly she stands, like an Indian bride

On the pyre with the holy dead beside;

But a shriek from her mother hath caught her ear,

As the flames to her marriage-robe draw near,

And starting she spreads her pale arms in vain

To the form they must never unfold again!

—One moment more—and her hands are clasp'd,

Fallen is the torch they had wildly grasp'd,

Her sinking knee unto Heaven is bow'd,

And her last look raised through the smoke's dim shroud,

And her lips as in prayer for her pardon move—

—Now the night gathers o'er youth and love!

## THE WINE CELLAR.

Facilis descensus Avernî,  
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere curvas,  
Hic labor, hoc opus est.

VIRG.

In the deep discovery of the subterranean world, to satisfy some inquirers, who if two or three yards were opened, would not care to rake the bowels of Potosi and regions toward

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

MEN have always attached a peculiar interest to that region of the earth which extends for a few yards beneath its surface. Below this depth the imagination, delighting to busy itself among the secrets of Time and Mortality, hath rarely cared to penetrate. A few feet of ground may suffice for the repose of the first dwellers of the earth until its frame shall grow old and perish. The little coin, silent picture of forgotten battles, lies among the roots of shrubs and vegetables for centuries, till it is turned into light by some careful husbandman, who ploughs an inch deeper than his fathers. The dead bones which, loosened from their urns, gave occasion to Sir Thomas Browne's noblest essay, "had outlasted the living ones of Methusalem, and in a yard under ground, and thin walls of clay, outworn all the strong and spacious buildings above them, and quietly rested under the drums and trampings of three conquests." Superstition chooses the subterranean space which borders on the abodes of the living, and ranges her vaults and mysterious caverns near to the scenes of revelry, passion, and joy; and within this narrow rind rest the mighty products of glorious vintages, the stores of that divine juice which, partaking of the rarest qualities of physical and intellectual nature, blends them in happier union within us. Here, in this hallowed ground, the germs of inspiration and the memorials of decay lie side by side, and Bacchus holds divided empire with the King of Terrors.

As I sat indulging this serious vein of reflection some years ago, when my relish of philosophy and port was young, a friend called to remind me that we had agreed to dine together with rather more luxury than usual. I had made the appointment with boyish eagerness, and now started gladly from my solitary reveries to keep it. The friend with whom I had planned our holiday, was one of those few persons whom you may challenge to a convivial evening with a mathematical certainty of enjoying it;—which is the rarest quality of friendship. Many who are equal to great exigences, and would go through fire and water to serve you, want the delicate art to allay the petty irritations, and heighten the ordinary enjoyments of life, and are quite unable to make themselves agreeable at a *tête-à-tête* dinner. Not so my companion; who zealous, prompt, and consoling in all seasons of trial, had good sense for every little difficulty, and a happy humour for every social moment; at all times a better and wiser self. Blest with good but never boisterous spirits; endowed with the rare faculty not only of divining one's wishes but instantly making them his own; skilful in sweetening good counsel with honest flattery; able to bear with enthusiasm in which he might not participate, and to avoid smiling at the follies he could not help discerning; ever ready to indulge the secret wish of his guest "for another bottle," with heart enough to drink it with him, and head enough to take care of him when it was gone, he was (and yet is) the

pleasantest of advisers, the most genial of listeners, and the quietest of lively companions: On this memorable day he had, with his accustomed forethought, given particular orders for our entertainment, and I hastened to enjoy it with him, little thinking how deep and solemn was the pleasure which awaited us.

We arrived at the — Coffee House about six on a bright afternoon in the middle of September, and found every thing ready and excellent; the turtle magnificent and finely relieved by lime punch effectually iced; grilled salmon crisply prepared for its appropriate lemon and mustard; a leg of Welsh mutton just tasted as a "sweet remembrancer" of its heathy and hungry hills; woodcocks with thighs of exquisite delicacy and essence "deeply interfused" in thick soft toast; and mushrooms, which Nero justly called "the flesh of the gods," simply broiled and faintly sprinkled with Cayenne.\* Our conversation was, of course, confined to mutual invitations and expressive criticisms on the dishes; the only table-talk which men of sense can tolerate. But the most substantial gratifications, in this world at least, must have an end; and the last mushroom was at length eaten. Unfortunately for the repose of the evening, we were haunted by the recollection of some highly flavoured port, and, in spite of strong evidence of identity from conspiring waiters, sought for the like in vain. Bottle after bottle was produced and dismissed as "not the thing," till our generous host, somewhat between liberal hospitality and just impatience, smilingly begged us to accompany him into the cellar, inspect the whole of "his little stock," and choose for ourselves! We took him at his word; another friend of riper years and graver authority joined us; and we prepared to follow our guide who stood ready to conduct us to the banks of Lethe. All the preparations, like those which preceded similar descents of the heroes of old, bespoke the awfulness and peril of the journey. Our host preceded us with his massive keys to perform an office collateral to that of St. Peter; behind, a dingy imp of the nether regions stood with glasses in his hands and a prophetic grin on his face; and each of us was armed with a flaming torch to penetrate the gloom which now stretched through the narrow entrance before us.

We descended the broken and winding staircase with cautious steps, and, to confess the truth, not without some apprehension for our upward journey, yet hoping to be numbered among that select class of Pluto's visitors, "*quos ardens exexit ad æthera virtus.*" On a sudden,

\* This trait sufficiently accounts for the flowers which were seen scattered on the sepulchre of Nero, when the popular indignation raged highest against his memory — the grateful Roman had eaten his mushroom under imperial auspices. Had Lord Byron been acquainted with the flavour of choice mushrooms, he would have turned to give it honour due after the following stanza, one of the noblest in that work, which, with all its faults of waywardness and haste, is a miracle of language, pathos, playfulness, sublimity and sense.

When Nero perish'd by the justest doom  
Which ever the destroyer yet destroy'd,  
Amidst the roar of liberated Rome,  
The nations free and the world overjoy'd,  
Some hand unseen strew'd flowers upon his tomb—  
Perhaps the weakness of a heart not void  
Of feeling for some kindness done when power  
Had left the wretch one uncorrupted hour'

turning a segment of a mighty cask, we stood in the centre of the vast receptacle of spirituous riches. The roof of solid and stoutly compacted brickwork, low, but boldly arched, looked substantial enough to defy all attacks of the natural enemy, water, and resist a second deluge. From each side ran long galleries, partially shewn by the red glare of the torches, extending one way far beneath the busy trampling of the greatest shopkeepers and stock-jobbers in the world; and, on the other, below the clamour of the Old Bailey Court and the cells of its victims. What a range! Here rest, cooling in the deep-delved cells, the concentrated essences of sunny years! In this archway huge casks of mighty wine are scattered in bounteous confusion, like the heaped jewels and gold on the "rich strand" of Spenser, the least of which would lay Sir Walter's Fleining low! Throughout that long succession of vaults, thousands of bottles, "in avenues disposed," lie silently waiting their time to kindle the imagination, to sharpen the wit, to open the soul, and to unchain the trembling tongue. There may you feel the true grandeur of quiescent power, and walk amidst the palpable elements of madness or of wisdom. What stores of sentiment in that butt of raciest Sherry! What a fund of pensive thought! What suggestions for delicious remembrance! What "aids to reflection!" (genuine as those of Coleridge) in that Hock of a century old. What sparkling fancies, whirling and foaming, from a stout body of thought in that full and ripe Champaigne! What mild and serene philosophy in that Burgundy, ready to shed "its sunset glow" on society and nature! This pale Brandy, softened by age, is the true "spirit" which "disturbs us with the joy of elevated thoughts." That Hermitage, stealing gently into the chambers of the brain, shall make us "babble of green fields;" and that delicate Claret, innocently bubbling and dancing in the slender glass, shall bring its own vine-coloured hills more vividly before us even than Mr. Stanfield's pencil! There from a time-changed bottle, tenderly drawn from a crypt, protected by huge primeval cobwebs, you may taste antiquity, and feel the olden time on your palate! As we sip this marvellous Port,\* to the very colour of which age has been gentle, methinks we have broken into one of those rich vaults in which Sir Thomas Browne, the chief butler of the tomb, finds treasures rarer than jewels. "Some," saith he, "discover sepulchral vessels containing liquors which time hath incassated into jellies. For besides lacrymatories, notable lamps, with oils and aromatic liquors, attended noble ossuaries; and some yet retaining a vinosity and spirit in them, which, if any have tasted, they have far exceeded the palates of antiquity;—liquors, not to be computed by years of annual magistrates, but by great conjunctions and the fatal periods of kingdoms. The draughts of consulary date were but crude unto these, and opimian wine but in the must unto them."

We passed on from flavour to flavour with our proud and liberal guide, whose comments added zest even to the text which he had to dilate on. A scent, a note of music, a voice long unheard, the stirring

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\* Old Port wine is more ancient to the imagination than any other, though in fact it may have been known fewer years; as a broken Gothic arch has more of the spirit of antiquity about it than a Grecian temple. Port reminds us of the obscure middle ages; but Hock, like the classical mythology, is always young.

of the summer breeze, may startle us with the sudden revival of long-forgotten feelings and thoughts, but none of these little whisperers to the heart is so potently endowed with this simple spell as the various flavours of Port to one who has tried, and, in various moods of his own mind, relished them all. This full, rough, yet fruity wine, brings back that first season of London life when topics seemed exhaustless as words, and coloured with rainbow hues; when Irish students, fresh from Trinity College, Dublin, were not too loud or familiar to be borne; when the florid fluency of others was only tiresome as it interrupted one's own; when the vast Temple Hall was not too large or too cold for sociality; and ambition, dilating in the venerable space, shaped dreams of enterprise, labour, and glory, till it required more wine to assuage its fervours. This taste of a liquor, firm yet in body, though tawny with years, bears with it to the heart that hour when, having returned to my birth-place, after a long and eventful absence, and having been cordially welcomed by my hearty friends, I slipped away from the table, and hurried, in the light of a brilliant sunset, to the gently declining fields and richly wooded hedgerows which were the favourite haunt of my serious boyhood. The swelling hills seemed touched with ethereal softness; the level plain was invested "with purpureal gleams;" every wild rose and stirring branch was eloquent with vivid recollections; a thousand hours of happy thoughtfulness came back upon the heart; and the glorious clouds which fringed the western horizon looked prophetic of golden years "predestined to descend and bless mankind." This soft, highly-flavoured Port, in every drop of which you seem to taste an aromatic flower, revives that delicious evening, when, after days of search for the tale of Rosamond Grey, of which I had indistinctly heard, I returned from an obscure circulating library with my prize, and brought out a long-cherished bottle, given me two years before as a curiosity, by way of accompaniment to that quintessence of imaginative romance. How did I enjoy, with a strange delight, its scriptural pathos, like a newly discovered chapter of the Book of Ruth; hang enamoured over its young beauty, lovelier for the antique frame of language in which it was set; and long to be acquainted with the author, though I scarcely dared aspire so high, and little anticipated those hundreds of happy evenings since passed in his society, which now crowd on me in rich confusion!—Thus is it that these subtlest of remembrancers not only revive some joyful season, but this also "contains a glass which shews us many more," unlocking the choicest stores of memory, that cellar of the brain, in which lie the treasures which make life precious.

But see! our party have seated themselves beneath that central arch to enjoy a calmer pleasure after the fatigues of their travel. They look romantic as banditti in a cave, and good-humoured as a committee of aldermen. A cask which has done good service in its day—the shell of the evaporated spirit—serves for a table round which they sit on rude but ample benches. The torches planted in the ground cast a broad light over the scene, making the ruddy wine glisten, and seeming by their irregular flickering, as if they too felt the influence of the spot. My friend, usually so gentle in his convivialities, has actually broken forth into a song, such as these vaults never heard; our respected senior sits trying to preserve his solemn look, but uncon-

sciously smiling ; and Mr. B———, the founder of the banquet, is sedulously doing the honours with only intenser civility, and calling out for fresh store of ham sandwiches and broiled mushrooms, to enable us to do justice to the liquid delicacies before us. The usual order of wines is disregarded ; no affected climax, no squeamish assortments of tastes for us here ; we despise all rules, and yield a sentimental indulgence to the aberrations of the bottle. “ Riches fineless ” are piled around us ; we are below the laws and their ministers ; and just, lo ! in the furthest glimmer of the torches lies outstretched our black Mercury, made happy by our leavings, and seeming to rejoice that in the cellar, as in the grave, all men are equal.

How the soul expands from this narrow cell and bids defiance to the massive walls ! What Elysian scenes begin to dawn amidst the darkness ! Now do I understand the glorious tale of Aladdin and the subterranean gardens. It is plain that the visionary boy had discovered just such a cellar as this, and there eagerly learned to gather amaranthine fruits, and range in celestial groves, till the Genius of the Ring, who has sobered many a youth, took him in charge, and restored him to common air. Here is the true temple, the inner shrine of Bacchus. Feebly have they understood the attributes of the benignant god, who have represented him as delighting in a garish bower with clustering grapes ; here he rejoices to sit, in his true citadel, amidst his mightier treasures. Methinks we could now, in prophetic mood, trace the gay histories of these his embodied inspirations, among those who shall feel them hereafter ; live at once along a thousand lines of sympathy and thought which they shall kindle ; reverse the melancholy musing of Hamlet, and trace that which the bung-hole-stopper confines to “ the noble dust of an Alexander,” which it shall quicken ; and, peeping into the studies of our brother contributors, see how that vintage which flushed the hills of France with purple, shall mantle afresh in the choice articles of the *New Monthly Magazine*.

But it is time to stop, or my readers will suspect me of a more recent visit to the cellar. They will be mistaken. One such descent is enough for a life ; and I stand too much in awe of the Powers of the Grave to venture again so near to their precincts.

L.

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SONG.

WHITHER wilt thou roam—ah, whither !  
Like the winged Fancy flee ?  
O, return ! come hither,—hither !  
Canst thou fly from me ?

Joy may die although we cherish,  
And faded Hope no longer be ;  
Love may cheat us ere it perish,  
But—canst thou leave me ?

Yet, begone !—Oh, faithless lover !  
I am bound though thou art free.  
Hope and Joy be thine, false rover.  
Love shall solace me.

C.

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## ORIGINAL LETTERS OF BURKE.

CHANCE has put into our hands a bundle of original letters of Burke to some of his relatives, written between the years 1759 and 1780. They recall his memory in an amiable light; and being penned in confidence, and not designed for the public eye, by the writer, they reflect a more correct image of the man, his private character, and kindness of heart, than studied compositions could do. The reader will observe the tone that pervades these epistles with no small satisfaction, reflecting that it imbued the mind of one of the great names of the past age; and then recalling the circumstances of Burke's public life in after years, he will perhaps think how much the brilliancy of his transmitted glory is enhanced by those virtues of the heart, which confer on man his highest merit. The first letter, for it is best to come at once to the point, and not keep the reader from the things themselves—the first letter is dated 1759, and is addressed to his uncle.\*—It is as follows:

## I.

DEAR SIR,—Cousin Will Burke left London yesterday. He made our little sett very happy by his company, and by the account he gave of all our friends on the Blackwater. He said that you were so good to express some desire of hearing from us; I am too much pleased with the intelligence to enquire very closely into it; but gladly lay hold of the first opportunity of assuring you, how heartily I am rejoiced to find I have still some place in your remembrance; I am sure I should entertain a very bad opinion of my own memory, and a much worse of my heart, if I was capable of forgetting the many obligations I owe you. There are very few persons in the world for whom I have so great a respect, or whose good opinion I should be more glad to have than yours. When I had resolved to write to you, I was at a loss to know how I should make my letters worth the trouble I must give you in sending for them, (for you must know I intend to trouble you in that way very often,) but I recollected that some of our London newspapers might prove no disagreeable entertainment to you, and that by this means you would receive some accounts earlier than the Dublin papers can give them. I therefore enclose with this what I think one of our best and most entertaining news-letters, as it not only contains as much of all foreign transactions as any of the others, but often such remarks upon them, as may serve to explain many public affairs, or at least, shew something of the general conversation here concerning them. It contains, besides, some accounts of the new books which are from time to time published. I should have done this some days ago, but I waited to get in such a stock of franks as to enable me to continue to send you the papers without interruption.

In the beginning of my letter, I made mention of Will Burke's having begun his journey; but lest his family should hear of it, and, expecting to see him soon, may be uneasy if they find him delayed longer than the journey requires, it is proper to let you know that

\* We presume, his uncle Nagle. Of the persons alluded to in these and subsequent letters, we hope to give some account in our next number.

he may probably be obliged to wait some days in Chester for the arrival of Hugh Massey. By the little I have seen of that gentleman, he seems to have a great deal of goodnature. He is to go to Ireland in company with my Lord Carberry, and will labour, and, I hope, with success, to extricate Cousin Garret from the troublesome situation which I am heartily sorry to find he is in.

I could employ what remains of my paper, and with great satisfaction to myself, in desiring my best remembrance to my friends with you and about you; but they are so many, and my good wishes for them all so hearty, that I should find it much easier to fill my paper than to satisfy myself. I must therefore trust to yours and their goodnature to represent what I must still be defective in, if I had said a great deal more. Mrs. Burke has not the pleasure of being known to you, but she joins me in the sincerest regards for you all; she desires in particular to be remembered to her sister Peggy, of whom she has heard many things that pleased her very much, from Mrs. Burke; my love to her. My brother is in the city at a great distance from us, or he would gladly join us in the same sentiments to you and to her, and to all our friends.

I am, my dear uncle, your very affectionate humble servant,

EDM. BURKE.

London, Wimple-street, Cavendish-square, April 17, 1759.

The second is addressed to the same relative, about which time Mr. Burke must have been in his 29th year.

## II.

DEAR SIR,—My brother has been beforehand with me in almost every thing I could say. My conduct stands in need of as many apologies as his, but I am afraid our apologies might be almost as troublesome as our neglects. All I can say is, that I have been, I think it is now eleven years, from the county of Cork, yet my remembrance of my friends there is as fresh as if I had it left yesterday. My gratitude for their favours, and my love for their characters, is rather heightened, as the oftener I think of them they must be, and I think of them very often. This I can say with great truth. Believe me, dear Sir, it would be a great pleasure to me to hear as often from you as it is convenient. Do not give yourself any sort of trouble about franks; I value very little that trifling expence, and I should very little deserve to hear from my friends, if I scrupled to pay a much higher price for that satisfaction. If I had any thing that you could have pleasure in, to send you from hence, I should be a punctual correspondent; there is nothing here, except what the newspapers contain, that can interest you; but nothing can come from the Blackwater which does not interest me very greatly. Poor Dick is on the point of quitting us; however, he has such advantageous prospects where he is going, that I part from him with the less regret. One of the first merchants here has taken him by the hand, and enabled him to go off with a very valuable cargo. He has another advantage and satisfaction in his expedition; one of our best friends here goes at the same time in one of the first places in the island.

Mrs. Burke is very sensible of your goodness, and desires that I should make you her acknowledgments. We equally wish it were in



our power to accept of your kind invitation; and that no greater obstacle intervened to keep us from seeing Ballyduffe, but the distance. We are too good travellers to be frightened at that. I have made a much longer journey than the land part of it this summer. However, it is not impossible but we may one day have the pleasure of embracing you at your own house. I beg you will salute for us the good houses of Ballydwalter, Ballylegan, and Ballynahaliok, *et nati natorum, et qui nascuntur ab illis*. Our little boys are very well, but I should think them still better, if they (or the one that is on his legs) were running about the Bawn at Ballyduffe as his father used to do. Farewell, my dear uncle, and believe me your affectionate kinsman and humble servant,

EDM. BURKE.

Wimple-street, Cavendish-square, 11th October, 1759.

I forgot to say any thing of the irregularity which you may have found in the papers for some time passed. The summer has made the town thin of Members of Parliament, so that we were sometimes at a loss; but now we shall be pretty secure on that head, and you shall have your papers more regularly.

The third letter is to A. Vesey, Esq. We cannot undertake to explain the allusions in these letters further than Memoirs of Burke, already given to the world, can enable the reader to do.

### III.

DEAR SIR,—I cannot express how much I am obliged to you for your kind and successful endeavours in my favour: of whatever advantage the remittance was, the assurance you give me of my father's reconciliation was a great deal more pleasing, and both indeed were rendered infinitely more agreeable to me by passing through your hands. I am sensible how very much I am indebted to your goodness upon this occasion. If one has but little merit, it is some consolation to have partial friends. Lord Lyttelton has been at Hagley for this month past, or near the matter; where for the first time he receives his friends in his new house. He was so obliging to invite me; I need not say that I am much concerned to find I shall not be able to obey his Lordship's commands, and that I must lose, for this year at least, the sight of that agreeable place, and the conversation of its agreeable owner. Mrs. Montagu is, I believe, at Tunbridge, for she told me, on her leaving town, that she intended to make a pretty long stay there. May I flatter myself with the hope of seeing you this winter in London? I cannot so easily forget the evenings I have passed not to be most desirous of renewing them. I wish most heartily that Mrs. Vesey's\* (health) may be so well established, that she may be able to bear the late sitting up, for I foresee that must be the case whenever she comes to London; it is a fine she must pay for being so agreeable. Mrs. Burke looks upon herself to be very unhappy that she had not the honour of being known to Mrs. Vesey, but is in hopes that she may this winter be so fortunate. Once more I give you thanks for your kind interposition. Believe me, dear Sir, your much obliged humble servant,

EDM. BURKE.

Sunning Hill, September 10th, 1760.

To Agmondisham Vesey, Esq. at Lucan.

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\* A word is omitted here.

The fourth, fifth, and sixth Letters are as follows :

## IV.

MY DEAR SIR,—Since I heard from you, our little party at Queen Anne Street has been reinforced by a person who loves you as well as I do, poor Richard of Grenada. He left that island in no very good state of health, and after a great deal of vexation from, but also after a great and perfect triumph over, his enemies, a set of the greatest villains that ever existed. He has a leave of absence for six months ; and is, I think, already as completely re-established in health, strength, and spirits, as we could wish. We all join in giving you joy on the occasion of our friend Katty's match ; and only wish her that she may be as happy in a husband as her mother was ; and much as we regard her, we cannot wish her better. Pray remember our hearty congratulations to the young couple.

I am sincerely concerned for the match that Garret Atty was so unfortunate as to make ; and did from the beginning expect no better issue of it, in a county circumstanced as ours is ; assure my uncle, that there is no one step on earth in my power that I would not gladly take to give ease to his mind, which must be cruelly agitated ; I most sincerely pity him ; but I believe, when he reflects how newly, and almost as a stranger, I am come about these people, and knows the many industrious endeavours which malice and envy (very unprovoked indeed) have used to ruin me, he will see that so early a request to suspend the operation of the laws, upon my bare word, against the finding of a jury of the greatest county of the kingdom, and that upon the most unpopular point in the world, could have no other effect, than to do me infinite prejudice, without the least possibility of succeeding in the object I aimed at. This, I am sure, your own good sense will point out to both of you, and will satisfy my uncle that no vain and timorous delicacy, but the real conviction I have of the inefficacy of the application with regard to him, prevents my taking a warm and active part in this affair. My brother tells me, that poor Barret is likely to do well in Grenada ; he is industrious and active ; he must indeed struggle with some difficulty and much labour at first ; but it is the road, and the only road, to an establishment. It is now time for me to make some enquiry about my young friend your grandson Ned. I have really been so hurried with the many changes which have happened in my affairs and those of my friends for some time past, that I have not had leisure to enquire much about him. My brother and I will consult some proper method of having him sent to sea under honest and goodnatured management ; give me some account of him, and whether you still continue of opinion that this way of life will be advisable for him. If your sentiments are the same they formerly were upon this article, I hope you had an eye to the sea in the education he has since had ; we may in a short time compleat it here. You cannot think how happy you would make us by writing often, and being as particular as you can about any thing that concerns you. Thank my cousin Garrett for his kind concern in my affairs : whenever he has any account to make up, he will settle it with you ; by this you have my letter of attorney empowering you to act for me. If you should see counsellor Murphy and the Colonel, make my hearty compliments

to them. Once more I beg to hear speedily from you. Jane and Dick are truly yours; so is, my dear uncle, your affectionate friend,

Oct. 14th, 1765.

E. BURKE.

I saw Dick Hennessy here some time ago; his family is well; his wife ready to fall to pieces. I recollect that Garrett in his life-time used to allow to a poor neighbour of yours, some malt, or some such small present, at Christmas; let it be continued to him, and charge it to my account. Jenny intended as much more. Let him have it, either in that way or any other which he may like better; and if poor Philpot be alive, you will direct that he should have a dozen of port or some good strong wine at Christmas, and now and then a bottle or two before that time. You will advance the money to cousin Garrett, and place it to my account. Until they can be had to Dublin, be so good to be very careful of the papers in your hands.

# V.

MY DEAR SIR,—I know you are too much concerned about us to suffer any little event of our lives to be altogether without importance to you. I sit down therefore, to let you know, that we are at last got, safe and well, to our own house in London; and had the satisfaction of meeting all those we love, at least as well as we left them. Our passage was extremely rough. We never had been in any storm like it. All of us very ill. But, thank God, we were not very long at sea; and very fine weather, and tolerable roads from Holyhead hither, made us ample amends for the tossing we suffered at sea. I received your letter in favour of Mr. James Nagle. His case is undoubtedly a very severe one, but the plot is laid deep, and the persons concerned in it are very determined and very wicked, as far as I can judge by the enquiries I have been capable of making into this affair. To attempt, even in the slightest manner, to take it out of the course of law, would be very idle; it would aggravate, instead of alleviating the mischief, and would furnish a new handle to those, who are already willing to use every method to oppress the innocence of their neighbours. All I can do is by my advice. The counsel which these gentlemen have had, are certainly men of ability and character, whom by all means they ought still to retain. But they ought to add to them some man of longer standing in the profession, and who, by being a member of parliament, will have weight, both in the court, and in representing the affair alone, for very obvious reasons. Mr. Harward is a man of great honour and spirit, perfectly well acquainted with every thing which relates to criminal law, and in every respect the fittest man they can possibly choose. It is the counsel I would advise you to take if you were in the same circumstances. I am thoroughly convinced of the innocence of these gentlemen, but far from sure that their lives are not in the greatest danger. They ought to neglect no means, nor grudge any expence they can go to. I did hear, indeed, with an astonishment, which I can scarcely express, that this measure had been originally proposed to them, and that they rejected it on account of the charge. If that consideration, in such a case, has any weight with them, I have nothing to say, but to lament their fate as that of men whose avarice has betrayed their lives, characters, and fortunes too, into the hands of their most bitter enemies; and whose weakness will

make it impossible to take a single step in their favour. You will (without sending him my letter) take some method of conveying these sentiments from me to that gentleman, whose condition I sincerely pity. Jenny and Dick, and so do the Doctor and Will, join me in our most sincere and affectionate regards to Roche's country. I shall soon write to my friend at Bloomfield.

I am, my dear uncle, most affectionately yours,  
Thursday, Nov. 6th 1766. E. BURKE.

## VI.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am almost apprehensive that my long silence has put even your goodnature and forgiveness to a trial, and that you begin to suspect me of some neglect of you. I assure you that there are but very few things which could make me more uneasy than your entertaining such a notion. However, to avoid all risque of it, though I have very little to say, I will trouble you with a line or two, if it were only to tell you, that we always keep a very strong and very affectionate memory of our friends in Roche's country. Katty and our friend Courtney, I believe, can tell you that we never passed a day without a bumper to your health, which, if it did you no good, was a real pleasure to ourselves. I take it for granted that the party was not much worse for their ramble, nor totally grown foppish by their travels—I mean to except Garrett, who certainly will be undone by his jaunt; he will be like those ingenious farmers in Gulliver who carry on their husbandry in the most knowing manner in the world, but never have any crop. To complete his ruin, you will tell him, I have not forgot the young bull which I mentioned to him; but I find I antedated my promise a little; for he was not calved when Garrett was here. However, my Lord Rockingham has had one of the finest bull calves that can be; he is of an immense size, though, when I left Yorkshire, he was not more than seven weeks old. His sire is one of the largest I have ever seen, and before he was bought by his present owner, was let to cover at half-a-guinea a time. He is of the short-horned Holderness breed; and undoubtedly his kind would not do for your pastures; but he will serve to cross the stem and mend your breed. I take the calf to be too young to travel; but by the time he is a year old, I fancy the best method of sending him will be to get some careful fellow who comes from your county to harvest in England, to take charge of him on his return. Let this man, if such can be found, call upon me, and he shall have further directions. You see I encourage Garrett in his *idle schemes*; my use of this phrase puts me in mind of my uncle James, (indeed I wanted nothing to put me in mind of him;) I heard lately from Ned Barret of his illness, which gives me a most sincere concern; I hope to hear shortly that he is better. I am told too, that poor James Hennessy, of Cork, is in a bad way. He was as sensible and gentlemanlike a man as any in our part of the county—and I feel heartily for him and for his wife.

Be so good to remember us all most affectionately to John, to Mr. Courtney and Mrs. Courtney—thank them for the pleasure we had in their company last summer. Give Garrett the enclosed memorandum; if you should find it inconvenient to give us a line yourself, he will be so good as to let us hear from him soon; not but that we are much obliged

to him for the letters he has written to us, and to our friend English—assure him that when we have any good news, he will be the first to hear it. Farewell, my dear Sir—all here are very truly yours; and believe me your ever affectionate nephew,

Oct. 21st. 1767.

EDM. BURKE.

Pat Nagle behaves very well, is exceedingly attentive to his business; and upon my word, from what I see of him, I think him a decent and intelligent young fellow. He has repaid me the twenty guineas he had from me.

The remainder of our collection is addressed exclusively to Garrett Nagle, Esq., with the first letter to whom we take leave of it for the present, promising the reader a continuation of the same fare.

## VII.

MY DEAR GARRETT,—I received your last from Ballyduff with the most sincere sorrow. Indeed, on the return of my uncle's complaints I gave up all hope, considering the nature of his disorder, and the time of his life. I did not neglect to apply to Doctor Nugent; but at this distance, and with no full detail of circumstances and symptoms before him, he would not venture to prescribe. I make no doubt that he has skilful assistance in his own neighbourhood; and Doctor Nugent would cheerfully have added to it, but from fear of attempting any thing in a case which he cannot fully be master of. I suppose this letter will hardly find my dear friend alive. We shall all lose, I believe, one of the very best men that ever lived; of the clearest integrity, the most genuine principles of religion and virtue, the most cordial good-nature and benevolence, that I ever knew, or, I think, ever shall know. However, it is a comfort that he lived a long, healthy, unblemished life, loved and esteemed by all that knew him, and left children behind him who will cultivate his memory, and, I trust, follow his example; for of all the men I have seen in any situation, I really think he is the person I should wish myself, or any one I greatly loved, the most to resemble. This I do not say from the impression of my immediate feeling, but from my best judgment; having seen him at various times of my life, from my infancy to the last year, having known him very well, and knowing a little (by too long habits) of mankind at large. In truth, my dear Garrett, I fear I have said this or something to the same purpose to you before; but I repeat it again, for my mind is full of it.

I wish you would let our friends at Ballylegan know that poor Patrick Nagle is out of all danger, and recovering fast. He had a sharp struggle for it. They will rejoice in his recovery. I take him to be a very worthy and valuable young man in all respects. Here we have nothing new. Politics have taken no turn that is favourable to us, but, just now, I do not feel the more unpleasantly for being, and for my friends being, out of all office. You are, I suppose, full of bustle in your new elections; I am convinced all my friends will have the good sense to keep themselves from taking any part in struggles, in the event of which they have no share and no concern. Adieu, my dear Garrett, and believe me to you and to all with you at Ballyduff and Bloomfield, a most sincere and affectionate friend and kinsman,

March 6, 1768.

EDM. BURKE.

How does Ned Nagle go on? It is time now to think of sending him to sea, and we are considering of the best means for doing it. I suppose you have got Mr. W. Burke's letter.

*Originality of Milton's harmonious use of Proper Names.*

DR. BLACK, who has obliged the lovers of poetry with a life of Tasso in two volumes quarto (would that we had a life of Ariosto in four, and of Shakspeare in eight!) gives an account of the uses to which Milton has turned his intimacy with the works of that poet. Among others, he traces to him his fondness for heaping together those sonorous proper names, which, if they had no other beauty, are so managed as to charm and exalt the ear with an organ-like music.

"Nothing in the style of Milton," says Dr. Black, "is more peculiar and characteristic, than the aggregation of a number of beautifully sounding names of places, winds, &c. as in the following example:—

—' Not that fair field  
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,  
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis  
Was gather'd,' &c. &c. &c.

"This aggregation of melodious names, is so characteristic of Milton, that Philips in his 'Splendid Shilling,' written as a burlesque of the style of 'Paradise Lost,' has availed himself of it more than once; and indeed, those passages in the 'Splendid Shilling' are the features which principally, and perhaps alone, stamp the resemblance of the caricature with the original." The Doctor then quotes "Not blacker tube," &c. &c.

"This collection of a number of names," continues the Doctor, "occurs very often in the Sette Giornate of Tasso, and I have little doubt, that from that work, its use was adopted by Milton. The following is an example from Tasso's poem.

' Ma quel canuto pescatore, e lasso  
Ch' appo le rive del Tirreno invecchi,  
O del mar d' Adria, o dell' Egco sonoro,  
O lungo 'l Caspio, o lungo 'l ponto Eussino,  
O 'n su' lidi vermigli, o dove inonda  
Il gran padre Ocean Germani e Franchi,  
Scoti e Britannì, od Etiopi ed Indi.'

"I shall only solicit the attention of my reader to two other instances. In the first, the poet is describing the phoenix preparing materials for its conflagration.

' Quinci raccoglie dell' antica selva  
I dolci succhi, e più soavi odori,  
Che scelga 'l Tiro, o l' Arabo felice,  
O pigmeo favoloso, ed Indo adusto;  
O che produca pur nel molle grembo  
De' Sabei fortunati aprica terra . . .  
Ne Cassia manca, o l'odorato acanto,  
Ne dell' incenso lagrimose stille  
E di tenero nardo i nuovi germi.'

"The first five of these verses seem to me to have a wonderful resemblance to the manner of Milton. The latter three are also much in his style, as he often uses the verb *wanted* in the way here employed by Tasso.

' His stature reached the sky, and on his crest  
Sat horror plumed, nor *wanted* in his grasp,  
What seem'd both spear and shield.

Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles  
*Wanted, nor youthful dalliance.*

“The following is the other example, to which I request the reader’s attention, as I think it can hardly be doubted that Milton had the passage of Tasso in his mind while composing it.

— ‘Tralascio di Sfingi e di Centauri  
 Di Polifemo e di Ciclopi appresso,  
 Di Satiri, di Fauni, e di Silvani,  
 Di Pani, e d’ Egipani, e d’ altri erranti  
 Ch’ empier le solitarie inculte selve  
 D’ antiche maraviglie; e quell’ accolto  
 Esercito di Bacco in Oriente,  
 Ond’ egli vinse e trionfo’ degl’ Indi  
 Tornando glorioso a’ Greci lidi,  
 Siccom’ è favoloso antico grido.  
 E lascio gli Aramaspi, e quei ch’ al sole  
 Si fan col piè giacendo, e scherno, ed ombra,  
 E i Pigmei favolosi in lunga guerra  
 Colle grà rimarransi, e quanto unquanco  
 Dipinse ’n carta l’ Africa bugiarda.

— ‘For never since created man  
 Met such embodied force as, nam’d with these,  
 Could merit more than that small infantry  
 Warr’d on by cranes: though all the giant brood  
 Of Phlegra with the heroic race were join’d  
 That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side,  
 Mix’d with the auxiliar gods, and what resounds  
 In fable or romance of Uther’s son,  
 Begirt with British and Armoric knights,  
 And all who since, baptized or infidel,  
 Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,  
 Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,  
 Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore  
 When Charlemain, with all his peerage, fell  
 By Fontarabia.’

“In some papers of the *Rambler*, on the subject of Milton’s versification, Dr. Johnson remarks that poet’s custom of heaping up a number of softly sounding proper names, for which he assigns what he considers to be the reason. ‘Milton,’ says he, ‘whose ear had been accustomed, not only to the music of the ancient tongues, which, however vitiated by our pronunciation, excel all that are now in use, but to the softness of the Italian, the most mellifluous of all modern poetry, seems fully convinced of the unfitness of our language for smooth versification, and is therefore pleased with an opportunity of calling in a softer word to his assistance: for this reason, and I believe, for this only, he sometimes indulges himself in a long series of proper names, and introduces them, where they add little but music to his poem.

— ‘The richer seat  
 Of Atabalipa, or yet unspoil’d  
 Guiana, whose great city Gerion’s sons  
 Call El Dorado.

· the moon, whose orb  
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
 At evening from the top of Poesolè,  
 Or in Val d’arno, to descry new lands.’

"The critic then proceeds, not very consistently, to blame Milton, on account of his roughening his style by his uncommonly frequent use of elisions. 'The great peculiarity of Milton's versification (says he) compared with that of later poets, is the elision of one vowel before another, or the suppression of the last syllable of a word ending with a vowel, when a vowel begins the following word. As,

' Knowledge—

Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns  
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.'

"Milton (adds Dr. Johnson) therefore seems to have mistaken the nature of our language, of which the chief defect is ruggedness and asperity, and has left our harsh cadences still harsher.' The same objection was made by the critics to Tasso, and with full as little sensibility to true poetical harmony."

So far Dr. Black. His concluding observation is very true. But Dr. Black himself, whom this finer perception of the beautiful might have enabled to discern it, has missed the real beauty of these nomenclatures in Milton. It is not that the names are merely beautiful or sounding in themselves, but that they are so grand and full of variety in their collocation. And for this the poet is certainly not indebted to the author of the *Sette Giornate*, nor, I believe, to any author ancient or modern. It is a discovery of his own elaborate and harmonious spirit, ever prepared to better what he finds, and make his "assurance doubly sure."

Dryden had secrets of versification which he professed himself unwilling to divulge. He was afraid they would be turned to bad account by the unskilful. Surely he need not have been alarmed. A poor hand may play the finest piece of music after another, and yet still remain and be recognized as a poor hand. To hide his secret effectually, Dryden should not have written his verses. I am much mistaken if it has not been discovered in our own times; and yet nobody can write the heroic measure as he did.

The great secrets of a noble and harmonious versification appear to consist in varying and contrasting the vowels, distributing the emphasis, diversifying and nicely measuring the pauses, and bringing together as many emphatic syllables as possible without heaviness. The last requisite corresponds with nerve and muscle; the next with spirit and grace of action: the second with fervour of intention; the first with harmony of utterance. Dryden excelled in them all, as far as the shackle of rhyme allowed him. Indeed he gathers his golden chains about him, like a vassal superior to his destiny. But Milton is as much greater, as an invincible spirit roaming at large.

There can be no doubt that Milton made use of Tasso in various instances, or that while composing his first book he had in his mind the striking passage pointed out by Dr. Black. But in no instance is Milton indebted to him for the variety and loftiness of his modulation; and in these consists the charm of his proper names. The Italian language, which is so adapted for music in all other respects, is haunted with monotonous vowels. These, one would think, it would be the first business of a great versifier to endeavour to avoid; yet Tasso has not done it in the present instance; he has even commenced his Jeru-



saalem with a set of o's, which startled Voltaire; nor throughout either that poem, or the one which Dr. Black has quoted, is there any evidence, I fear, which would go to prove that this eminent poet had any very conscious idea of his versification at all. He seems to have taken his beautiful language on trust, and left it to make out its own case. Observe the repetition of the same sound on the third and fourth lines:

—di Silvàni,  
Di Pàni, e d'Egipàni, e d'àltri errànti.

and again the e's in the two next:

Ch' empier là solitariù incultè selvè  
D'antichè maravigliè.

and then the o's:

—e quell' accòltò  
Esercitò di Baccò in òriente,  
Ond' egli vinse, e trionfò degl' Indi  
Tornandò glòriòsò ai Greci lidi  
Siccom' e favòlòsò anticò griddò, &c.

to say nothing of *càrta* and *bugiàrda* in the last line, and of that villainous *quanto unquanco* in the last but one. Whenever Milton repeats a vowel, we recognize, in *him*, a variety in the very sameness, owing to the singular diversity with which he treats us in general. To mark the diversity in the passage quoted by Dr. Black, would be to mark almost every syllable. Not a line but what contains a sprinkle of different sounds, and the whole passage is replete with grandeur of intonation:

—"For never, since created man,  
Met such embodied force, as named with these  
Could merit more than that small infantry  
Warr'd on by cranes; though all the giant brood  
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined  
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side  
Mix'd with auxiliar gods."

What strenuous language! and then he goes on, heightening at every step, till he ends with that *flower* of a word, which seems to droop with all the beauty of the East upon it:—

"—and what resounds  
"In fable or romance, of Uther's son  
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;  
And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,  
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,  
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,  
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,  
When Charlemain with all his peerage, fell  
By Fontarabia."

Now take another passage from the *Sette Giornate*, book the second.

Còrron dall' òriente Idàspe ed Indo  
E degli àltri nàggiòr tràscòrre il Gànge  
Ed il Càspio e l'Aràsse, e Cirro e Bàttro, &c.

and again:

—E là Sàctià àccesà  
Di cinque stelle, e l'Aquilà superbà;

E 'l guizzànte Delfin, e 'l gràn Pegàso,  
 Che giù portò Bellerofonte a vòlò :  
 E la figlia di Cefeo, e 'l Dèlta appressò,  
 E quellà immàgo, che figurà e segnà  
 L'Isolà, che tre monti innalzà in màre ;  
 E del nudd Mòntòn l'òscura testa  
 Del suo splendore 'nfiamma ; e 'n quella parte  
 Alle vie degli erranti e piu vicina.  
 Dall' altre versò 'l Pòlò oppòstò all' òrse  
 Press' al tòrtò viaggiò e il fièrò Mòstrò, &c.

*Ohe jam satis!*—After these read such lines as the following :

*Nor was his name unheurd, or unadored,  
 In ancient Greece ; and in Ausonian land  
 Men call'd him Muleiber ; and how he fell  
 From heaven they fabled, thrown by angry Jove  
 Sheer o'er the chrystal battlements. From morn  
 To noon he fell ;—from noon to dewy eve,—  
 A summer's day ; and with the setting sun  
 Dropt from the zenith like a falling star,  
 On Lemnos th' Ægean isle : thus they relate  
 Erring.*

Or these :—

*As when the Tartar from his Russian foe  
 By Astracan, over the snowy plains  
 Retires ; or Bactrian Sophi, from the horns  
 Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond  
 The realm of Aladule, in his retreat  
 To Tauris or Casbeen.*

See also the famous passage on Vallombrosa in book the first ; the long one in book the eleventh beginning with

—“The walls  
 Of Cambalù, seat of Cathaian Cau ;”

the account in the first book of the gods and their places of abode

Beyond  
 The flowery dale of Sibma, clad with vines,  
 And Elealè to the Asphaltick pool ;

in short, all the passages where names are brought in, not omitting the feast in Paradise Regained, the description of which seems a part of the luxury. I am not aware of a finer piece of modulation in the whole circle of English poetry, than the account of Satan's journey of discovery in book the ninth. The pauses are wonderfully and beautifully varied, the modulations of the syllables masterly ; and at the close the ear remains perfectly satisfied.

In with the river sunk, | and with it rose  
 Satan, | involv'd in rising mist ; | then sought  
 Where to lie hid : | sea he had search'd, | and land,  
 From Eden over Pontus, | and the pool  
 Mæotis, | up beyond the river Ob ; |  
 Downward as far antarctick ; | and in length,  
 West from Orontes to the ocean barr'd  
 At Darien ; | thence to the land where flows  
 Ganges, and Indus. | Thus the orb he roam'd  
 With narrow search ; | and with inspection deep  
 Consider'd every creature, | which of all  
 Most opportune might serve his wile ; | and found  
 The serpent, | subtlest beast of all the field.

Our poets before the time of Milton, sometimes wrote with a fine instinctive melody, Shakspeare in particular: and in lyrical poetry, they could not help thinking of modulation. The lyrics of Beaumont and Fletcher almost set themselves to music. But no one, except Milton, appears to have had this beauty perpetually before him; to have been conscious of the high service he was performing at the altar of the Muses, dressed (as he describes the poet) in his "garland and singing robes." Chaucer, though he had a finer ear than some of his imitators have been willing to acknowledge, does not think it necessary to have recourse to it, when he comes to a set of names. He takes no more heed of a list in poetry, than he would have taken of an abbey roll. Spenser, from a luxurious indolence, heeds it as little. Yet now and then he seems on the verge of discovering the secret. There is a dreary piece of British history in his poem, of which I recollect a magnificent passage:—

Let Scaldis tell, and let tell Hania,  
And let the marsh of Estambruges tell,  
"What colour were their waters that same day,  
And all the moor 'twixt Elversham and Dell.

To avoid a multitude of quotations for the sole purpose of illustrating sound, and those quotations of necessity none of the best, I must content myself with asserting, that in the discovery of these new islands of poetical beauty,

Full of sweet sounds that give delight and hurt not,

Milton has had no precursor, Greek, Latin, or Italian. The curious reader may consult the list of the ships in Homer (book 2,) of the forces in Virgil (book 7,) of dogs in Ovid (book 3); the proper names in the *Persæ* of Æschylus; in Petrarch's *Trionfi*; in Ariosto's enumeration of the Este family; and in the *Divina Commedia* of Dante, who thinks with Mr. Crabbe that a name's a name, and a christian and surname as good as a name and an epithet.

L' altro ch' appresso me la vena trita,  
E Tegghiaio Aldobrandin—  
Ed io che posto son con loro in croce,  
Iacopo Rusticucci fui, &c.

Dante, as well as Mr. Crabbe, may have had good reasons for giving his cog and ag-nomens; but it is clear, that harmony is not thought of.

The first quatrain of Petrarch's 115th sonnet is taken up with a list of rivers, remarkable for its indifference to the musical. Yet Petrarch was renowned for his fine ear, and used to try his verses on the lute. Till the time of Milton, names appear to have had a privilege of exemption from harmony. The following water-piece would not have been unworthy of Guthrie's *Geography*.

Non Tesin, Pò, Varo, Arno, Adige, e Tebro,  
Eufrate, Tigre, Nilo, Ermo, Indo, e Gange,  
Tana, Istro, Alfeo, Garonna, e 'l mar che frange,  
Rodano, Ibero, Ren, Senna, Albia, Era, Ebro.

The couplet in the *Rejected Addresses* is full of crumb and relish, compared with this:

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer,  
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire.

## SKETCHES OF THE IRISH BAR.—NO. XI.

*An Irish Circuit.*

“ Here ~~We~~ go round, round, round.”

IF any one, tired with the monotonous regularity of a more civilized existence, should desire to plunge at once into another scene, and take refuge from *ennui* in that stirring complexity of feelings produced by a series of images, solemn, pathetic, ludicrous and loathsome, each crossing each in rapid and endless succession, I would recommend to him to attend one of the periodical progresses of Irish law through the interior of that anomalous country; and more particularly through one of the southern districts,\* which, out of deference to Captain Rock, I have selected as the scene of the present sketch.

Going circuit in Ireland, though of great importance to the health of the Bar,—they would die of stagnation else,—is at the outset but a dreary piece of business. When the time approaches, one can generally perceive by the faces in the Hall that it is felt as such. There are, of course, exceptions. A prosperous man, certain of a rich harvest of record-briefs, a crown prosecutor with the prospect of a “bumper” in every gaol, a sanguine junior confiding in the promise of the defence in a heavy murder case or two to bring him forward,—the spirits of these may be as brisk, and their eyes shine as bright as ever; but for the most part, the presentiment of useless expense, and discomfort in a thousand forms, predominates. The travelling arrangements are made with a heavy heart; the accustomed number of law-books, each carefully lapped up in its circuit-binding, and never perhaps to be opened till its return, are transferred with a sigh from the shelf to the port-manteau; and the morning of departure from the metropolis, no matter how gay the sunshine or refreshing the breeze, is to many, to more than will dare confess it, the most melancholy of the year.

It certainly requires some stoutness of sensibility to face the south of Ireland. I have heretofore spoken of the metropolis as an effort of Irish ostentation. The truth of this bursts upon you at every step as you advance into the interior. With the exception of the roads, the best perhaps in Europe, the general aspect of the country proclaims that civilization and happiness are sadly in arrear. Here and there the eye may find a momentary relief in the commodious mansion and tasteful demesne of some opulent proprietor; but the rest of the scene is dismal and dispiriting. To those accustomed to English objects, the most fertile tracts look bare and barren. It is the country, but it has nothing rural about it: no luxuriant hedge-rows, no shaded pathways, no cottages announcing by the neatness without, that cleanliness and comfort are to be found within; but one undiversified continuity of cheerless stone-fences and road-side hovels, with their typhus-beds piled up in front, and volumes of murky smoke forth issuing from the interior, where men and women, pigs\* and children, are enjoying the blessings of our glorious constitution.

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\* An Irish peasant being asked why he permitted his pig to take up its quarters with his family, made an answer abounding with satirical *navet*, “Why not? Doesn’t the place afford every convenience that a pig can require?”

I travelled in a public conveyance, one of Bourne's, a most public-spirited and meritorious gentleman in every locomotive point of view. He has done much to entitle him to the gratitude of the Irish traveller; still, to complete his work I would suggest to him, that he might suggest in a quiet way to the respective landladies, on his line of road, that the quality of their chopped-hay and sloe-leaves has been latterly observed upon by some very respectable inside passengers as not exactly quite so good as with a little management might be easily procured from any of the Cork or Dublin manufacturers. We were four inside, myself, a barrister, an attorney, and a middle-aged, low-spirited Connaught gentleman, whom at first, from his despondency, I took to be a recent insolvent, but he turned out to be only the defendant in an impending ejectment-case, which had already been three times decided in his favour. The roof of the coach was covered (besides other luggage) with attorneys-clerks, policemen, witnesses, reporters, &c. &c. all more or less put in motion by the periodical transfer of litigation from town to country. Before our first breakfast was concluded, I had known the names and destination of almost all of them, and from themselves; for it is a trait of Irish character to be on singularly confidential terms with the public. This is sometimes troublesome, for they expect a return in kind; but it is often amusing, and any thing is better than the deadly taciturnity of an English traveller. How often have I been whisked along for miles and hundreds of miles with one of the latter species, without a single interchange of thought to enliven the way, with no return to any overture of sociality but defensive hems and pre-determined monosyllables. There is no stout-gentleman-like mystery upon the Irish roads. The well-dressed young man, for example, that sits beside you at the public breakfast-table, after troubling you for the sugar-bowl, or observing that the eggs are musty, will proceed without further introduction to tell you, "how his father, a magistrate of the county, lives within three miles and a half of the Cove of Cork, and what fine shooting there is upon his father's estate, and what a fine double-barrelled gun he (the son) has, and how he has been up to Dublin to attend his college examinations, and how he is now on his way down again to be ready for the grouse,"—to the dapper pimpled-faced personage at the other side of the table, who, while his third cup of tea is pouring out, reveals *pro bono publico* that he fills a confidential office in the bank of Messrs. — and Co. and that his establishment has no less than five prosecutions for forgery at the — assizes, and that he is going down to prove the forgery in them all, *et sic de ceteris*. Upon the present occasion, however, there was one exception. Among the outside passengers there were two that sat and breakfasted apart, (though there was no want of space at the public table) in a recess, or rather a kind of inner room. One of them, a robust, decent-looking man, if alone, would have excited no particular observation; but the appearance and deportment of his companion, and a strange sort of impression which I could perceive that his presence occasioned, arrested my attention. He was about thirty years of age, had a long sunken sallow visage, with vulgar features, coarse bushy neglected black hair, shaggy overhanging brows, and a dark deep-seated sulky ferocious eye. But though his aspect was vulgar, his dress was not so. It con-

sisted of a new blue coat and trowsers, a showy waistcoat, Wellington boots, and a gaudy-coloured silk neckcloth. Little or no conversation passed between him and his companion, who never separated from him, and seemed assiduous in his care that the best fare the inn afforded should be placed before him. He however seemed untouched by the attentions bestowed upon him, either rejecting them gruffly, or accepting them with a hardened thankless air. His manner was altogether so extraordinary, and the contrast between his haggard forbidding countenance and his respectable attire so striking, that my curiosity was not a little raised, more especially as I could see that several of the company eyed him with suspicion and dislike, while the waiters approached him with signs of aversion which they took no trouble to conceal. Their meal being concluded, his companion, after paying the bill for both, motioned to him with a certain air of command, to rise and follow him. He obeyed, and retired in the same sullen apathetic manner that had marked the rest of his demeanour. From these appearances, my first conjecture was that this must be some unfortunate person of imperfect understanding, who was travelling under the care of a keeper. Upon resuming my place in the coach, I enquired who he was from one of my fellow-passengers (the barrister), and was undeceived. He was an informer, or more technically speaking, an approver, one of a party who a year before had perpetrated the murder of an entire family in the south. He had lately been taken, had turned king's evidence, made confessions which led to the apprehension of his accomplices, and was now proceeding, under charge of a policeman, to be a witness for the crown upon their trial. This information explained only a part of what I had seen. I observed that I still could not comprehend why such a miscreant should appear in so respectable a dress, and be treated in other respects with a degree of indulgence, to which another in his condition of life, (for he was of the lowest class) though unstained by any crime, could have no pretension. The barrister made answer, "This is often indispensable for the purposes of justice, for it is difficult to imagine how unmanageable these ruffians sometimes are. They know the importance of the testimony they have to give, and which they alone can give, and in consequence become capricious and exacting in the extreme. Though in the hands of government, and with the evidence of their own admissions to convict them, they take a perverted pleasure in exercising a kind of petty tyranny over the civil authorities. They insist on having clothes, food, lodging, modes of conveyance according to their particular whims; and, if their impertinent demands be resisted, threaten to withhold their evidence and submit to be hanged. One starts at the singularity of a man's saying, 'Let me have a smart new blue coat with double-gilt buttons, or a halter,—a pair of Wellington-boots or the hangman,' but our desperate villains do these things, and the person in question I can perceive is one of them." The subject thus started led to a conversation upon Irish courts of justice. I was in luck, for my fellow-traveller teemed with anecdotes, which he related with native fluency and point, touching judges, juries, counsel, witnesses, criminals, hangmen, and aught else that appertained to Irish law. He told *inter alia*, (would that I had noted down the details!) how Lord Avonmore, to his latest

hour, would put no trust in a Kerry-man, the reason being (as with indignant gravity he used to justify his antipathy) that the only time he attended the Tralee assizes, he was employed in a single half-guinea case, in which he failed. And a day or two after, as he was travelling alone on the road to Cork, he was waylaid by his clients, reproached for his want of skill, and forcibly compelled to refund the fee. And how a Clare jury of old, in a case of felonious gallantry, acquitted the prisoner of the capital charge, but found him guilty of "a great undacency." And how Harry Grady, in a desperate case at Limerick, hoisted an inebriated bystander upon the table to prove his statement, and every question being answered by a hiccup, got a verdict by persuading the jury that the opposite party had made his only witness drunk. And how a dying felon, after confessing all the enormities of his career, was asked by the priest if he could not recollect one single good action of his life to be put to the credit of his soul, to which the answer was—"No, father—God forgive me, not one—not a single—Oh! yes, I now remember—I once shot a gauger."

The entrance of the Bar into an assize town, though still an event, has nothing of the scenic effect that distinguished it in former days. At present, from the facilities of travelling, each separate member can repair, as an unconnected individual, to the place of legal rendezvous. This has more convenience, but less of popular *clat*. Till about half a century ago, it was otherwise. Then the major part of the Bar of each circuit travelled on horseback, and for safety and pleasure kept together on the road. The holsters in front of the saddle—the outside-coat strapped in a roll behind—the dragoon-like regularity of pace at which they advanced, gave the party a certain militant appearance. An equal number of servants followed, mounted like their masters, and watchful of the saddle-bags, containing the circuit wardrobe and circuit, library that dangled from their horses' flanks. A posse of pedestrian sutlers bearing wine and groceries, and such other luxuries as might not be found upon the road, brought up the rear. Thus the legal caravan pushed along; and a survivor of that period assures me that it was a goodly sight; and great was the deference and admiration with which they were honoured at every stage; and when they approached the assize town, the gentlemen of the grand jury were wont to come out in a body to bid them welcome. And when they met, the greetings, and congratulations, and friendly reciprocities, were conducted on both sides in a tone of cordial vociferation that is now extinct. For the counsellor of that day was no formalist; neither had too much learning attenuated his frame, or prematurely quenched his animal spirits; but he was portly and vigorous, and laughed in a hearty roar, and loved to feel good claret disporting through his veins, and would any day prefer a fox-chase to a special retainer; and all this in no way detracted from his professional repute, seeing that all his competitors were even as he was, and that juries in those times were more gullible than now, and judges less learned and inflexible, and technicalities less regarded or understood, and motions in arrest of judgement seldom thought of,—the conscience of our counsellor being ever at ease when he felt that his client was going to be hanged upon the plain and obvious principles of common sense and natural justice, so that circuit and circuit-business was a recreation to him; and each day through

the assizes he was feasted and honoured by the oldest families of the county, and he had ever the place of dignity beside the host; and his flashes of merriment (for the best things said in those days were said by counsellors) set the table in a roar, and he *could* sing, and *would* sing a jovial song too: and if asked, he would discourse gravely and pithily of public affairs, being deeply versed in state-concerns, and, peradventure, a member of the Commons'-house; and when he spoke, he spoke boldly, and as one not fearing interruption or dissent,—and what he said was received and treasured up by his admiring audience, as oracular revelations of the fate of kingdoms till the next assizes. Thus far my informant—himself a remnant of this by-gone race, and as such contrasting, not without a sigh, the modern degeneracy of slinking into a circuit-town in a corner of the Dublin mail, with the pomp and circumstance that marked the coming of the legal tourist in the olden time. Still the circuit-going barrister of the present day, though no longer so prominent an object of popular observance, is by no means considered as an ordinary person. The very title of counsellor continues to maintain its major influence over the imaginations of the populace. When he comes to be known among them, landlords, waiters, guards and coachmen bow to him as low, and are as alert in service, as if he were a permanent grand-jury-man, or chief magistrate of police. At an assizes ball (if he be still in his juniority) the country-belles receive him with their choicest smirks, while the most influential country gentlemen (excepting those who have received a college education, or who have been to Cheltenham) are cautious and complimentary in their converse with one who can take either side of any question *extempore*, divide it, by merely crossing his fingers, into three distinct points of view, and bring half a dozen knock-down arguments to bear upon each.

The most striking scenes upon an Irish circuit are to be found in the criminal courts. The general aspect of the interior, and the forms of proceeding, have nothing peculiar; but scarcely a case occurs that does not elicit some vivid exhibition of national character, or afford matter of serious reflection upon the moral and political condition of the country. I would add, that the very absence of such reflection on the part of the spectators, is itself an observable phenomenon: for instance, the first morning that I entered the Crown Court at —, I perceived the witness-table covered by a group of mountain-peasantry, who turned out to be three generations of one family, grandfather, father, and three or four athletic sons. Their appearance, though decent, was wild and picturesque. They were all habited in a complete suit of coarse blue frieze. The eldest of the party sustained himself upon a long oaken staff, which gave to him a certain pastoral air, while each of the others, down to the youngest, a fine, fierce, black-haired, savage-eyed lad of seventeen, was armed with a formidable club of the same favourite timber. The old man resting upon his staff, and addressing the interpreter, was meekly and deliberately explaining in the Irish language, for the information of the court, the object of his application. It needed no interpreter to tell me that he was recounting a tale of violence and wrong. The general purport, as he proceeded, was intelligibly translated in the kindling looks, the vehement gesticulations,—and, where any circumstance was omitted or under-



stated,—the impassioned and simultaneous corrections of the group behind him. Though he more than once turned round to rebuke their impetuosity, it was easy to perceive that his own tranquillity of manner was the result of effort; but the others, and least of all the younger portion of the party, could not submit to restrain their emotions. The present experiment of appealing to the laws was evidently new to them, and unpalatable. As they cast their quick suspicious glances round them, and angrily gave their cudgels a spasmodic clench, they looked less like suitors in a court of justice, than as an armed deputation from a barbarous tribe, reluctantly appearing in a civilized enemy's camp with proposals for a cessation of hostilities. And there was some such sacrifice of warlike instincts in the present instance. The party, for once listening to pacific counsel, had come down from their hills to seek compensation from the county for the loss of their house and stock, which had been maliciously burned down—they suspected, but had no proof—by “their old enemies the O’Sullivans.” Yet the details of their case, embracing midnight conflagration, imminent risk of life, destruction of property, produced, so familiar are such outrages, not the slightest sensation in a crowded court. Some necessary forms being gone through, they were dismissed, with directions to appear before the grand jury; and I do not forget, that as they were retiring, the youngest of the party uttered a vehement exclamation, in his native tongue, importing—“That if the grand jury refused them justice, every farthing of their loss should (come of it what would) be punctually paid down to them in the blood of the O’Sullivans.”

The dock of an Irish county-court is quite a study. From the character of the crimes to be tried, as appearing on the calendar, I expected to find there a collection of the most villainous faces in the community: it was the very reverse. I would even say that, as a general rule, the weightier the charge, the better the physiognomy, and more prepossessing the appearance of the accused. An ignoble middleman, or sneaking petty-larcenist, may look his offence pretty accurately; but let the charge amount to a good transportable or capital felony, and ten to one but the prisoner will exhibit a set of features from which a committee of craniologists would never infer a propensity to crime. In fact, an Irish dock, especially after a brisk insurrectionary winter, affords some of the choicest samples of the peasantry of the country—fine, hardy, muscular, healthy-looking beings, with rather a dash of riot about the eye, perhaps, but with honest, open, manly countenances, and sustaining themselves with native courage amidst the dangers that beset them; and many of them are in fact either as guiltless as they appear, or their crimes have been committed under circumstances of excitation, which, in their own eyes at least, excuse the enormity. With regard to the former, there are one or two national peculiarities, and not of a very creditable kind, which account for their numbers. The lower orders of the Irish, when their passions are once up on the right side, are proverbially brave, disinterested, and faithful; but reverse the object, give them a personal enemy to circumvent, or an animosity of their faction to gratify, and all the romantic generosity of their character vanishes. As partisans, they have no more idea of “fair play,” than a belligerent Indian of North America. In the prosecution of their interminable feuds, if they undertake to redress themselves, armed members will beset a single defenceless foe, and crush

him without remorse; and in the same spirit of reckless vengeance, when they appeal to the law, they do not hesitate to include in one sweeping accusation, every friend or relative of the alleged offender, whose evidence might be of any avail upon his defence; and hence, for the real or imputed crime of one, whole families, men and women, and sometimes even children, are committed to prison, and made to pass through the ordeal of a public trial. Another prolific source of these wanton committals is a practice, pretty ancient in its origin, but latterly very much on the increase, of attempting to succeed on a question of civil right by the aid of a criminal prosecution. Thus the legality of a distress for rent will come on to be tried for the first time under the form of a charge for cow-stealing, or the regularity of a "notice to quit," upon an indictment for a forcible and felonious dispossession.\* But even omitting these exceptions, I should say from my own observations that an Irish gaol is, for the most part, delivered of remarkably fine children, particularly "the boys," though from the numbers at a single birth, it would be too much to expect that they all should be found "doing well." In many the vital question is quickly decided, while in others, and it is for these that one's interest is most raised, the chances of life and death appear so nicely balanced, that the most experienced observer can only watch the symptoms, without venturing to prognosticate the issue. Such, to give an apposite example, was the memorable instance of Larry Cronan.

Larry Cronan was a stout hardy Irish lad of five and twenty. Like Saint Patrick, "he came of *dacent* people."† He was a five-pound freeholder—paid his rent punctually—voted for his landlord and against his conscience—seldom missed a mass, a fair, a wake, or a row—hated, and occasionally cudgelled the tithe-proctor—loved his neighbour—had a wife and five children, and on the whole, passed for one of the most prosperous and well-conducted boys in his barony. All this, however,

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\* These vindictive or wanton prosecutions are becoming so frequent, and the immediate and consequential evils are so great,—for revenge in some lawless form or other is sure to follow,—that the government of the country ought to interfere. The judges, when such cases come before them, never fail to express their indignation, and to warn the magistracy to be more cautious in granting committals without thoroughly sifting the truth of the depositions upon which they are grounded; but the guilty party, the malicious prosecutor, escapes unpunished. His crime is wilful perjury—but this is an offence against which, by a kind of general consent in Ireland, the laws are seldom or never put in force—and hence one of the causes of its frequency; but if prosecutors and their witnesses were made practically to understand that the law would hold them responsible for the truth of what they swear, if the several crown solicitors were instructed to watch the trials upon their respective circuits, and to make every flagrant case of perjury that appeared the subject of prompt and vigorous prosecution, some check might be given to what is now a monstrous and increasing mischief. The experiment, I understand, was made some time ago at Cork, and, though only in a single instance, with a very salutary effect. On the first day of the assizes, a by-stander, seeing a dock friend in danger, jumped upon the table to give him "the loan of an oath." His testimony turning out to be a tissue of the grossest perjury, the judge ordered a bill of indictment for the offence to be forthwith prepared and sent up to the grand jury. The bill was found, and in the course of the same day, the offender was tried, convicted, sentenced to transportation, put on board a convict-ship then ready to sail, and by day break next morning found himself bearing away before a steady breeze for Botany Bay. The example had such an effect, that scarcely an alibi-witness was to be had for love or money during the remainder of the assizes.

† "Saint Patrick was a gentleman,  
And he came of *dacent* people." *Irish Song.*

did not prevent his being "given to understand by the clerk of the crown" at the summer assizes for his native county, that he stood indicted in No. 15, for that he on a certain night and at a certain place, feloniously and burglariously entered a certain dwelling-house, and then and there committed the usual misdeeds against his Majesty's peace and the statute; and in No. 16, that he stood capitally indicted under the Ellenborough act; and in No. 18, for a common assault. I was present at his trial, and still retain a vivid recollection of the fortitude and address with which he made his stand against the law; and yet there were objects around him quite sufficient to unnerve the boldest heart—a wife, a sister, and an aged mother, for such I found to be the three females that clung to the side bars of the dock, and awaited in silent agony the issue of his fate. But the prisoner, unsoftened and undismayed, appeared unconscious of their presence. Every faculty of his soul was on the alert to prove to his friends and the county at large, that he was not a man to be hanged without a struggle. He had used the precaution to come down to the dock that morning in his best attire, for he knew that with an Irish jury the next best thing to a general good character, is a respectable suit of clothes. It struck me that his new silk neck-handkerchief, so bright and glossy, almost betokened innocence; for who would have gone to the unnecessary expense if he apprehended that its place was so soon to be supplied by the rope? His countenance bore no marks of his previous imprisonment. He was as fresh and healthy, and his eye as bright, as if he had all the time been out on bail. When his case was called on, instead of shrinking under the general buz that his appearance excited, or turning pale at the plurality of crimes of which he was arraigned, he manfully looked the danger in the face, and put in action every resource within his reach to avert it. Having dispatched a messenger to bring in O'Connell from the other court, and beckoned to his attorney to approach the dock side, and keep within whispering distance while the jury were swearing, he "looked steadily to his challengers," and manifested no ordinary powers of physiognomy in putting by every juror that had any thing of "a dead, dull, hang look." He had even the sagacity, though against the opinion of the attorney, to strike off one country gentleman from his own barony, a friend of his in other respects, but who owed him a balance of three pounds for illicit whiskey. Two or three sets of alibi witnesses, to watch the evidence for the crown, and lay the venue of his absence from the felony according to circumstances, were in waiting, and what was equally material, all tolerably sober. The most formidable witness for the prosecution had been that morning bought off. The consideration was a first cousin of Larry's in marriage, a forty-shilling freehold upon Larry's farm, with a pig and a plough to set the young couple going. Thus prepared, and his counsel now arrived, and the bustle of his final instructions to his attorney and circumstancing friends being over, the prisoner calmly committed the rest to fortune, resembling in this particular the intrepid mariner, who, perceiving a storm at hand, is all energy and alertness to provide against its fury, until, having done all that skill and forethought can effect, and made his vessel as "snug and tight" as the occasion will permit, he looks tranquilly on as she drifts before the gale, assured that her final safety is now in other hands than his.

The trial went on after the usual fashion of trials of the kind.

Abundance of hard swearing on the direct; retractions and contradictions on the cross-examinations. The defence was a masterpiece. Three several times the rope seemed irrevocably entwined round poor Larry's neck—as many times the dexterity of his counsel untied the *Gordian* knot. From some of the witnesses he extracted that they were unworthy of all credit, being notorious knaves or process-servers. Others he inveigled into a metaphysical puzzle touching the prisoner's identity—others he stunned by repeated blows with the butt-end of an Irish joke. For minutes together the court and jury and galleries and dock were in a roar. However the law or the facts of the case might turn out, it was clear that the laugh at least was all on Larry's side. In this perilous conjuncture, amidst all the rapid alternations of his case—now the prospect of a triumphant return to his home and friends, now the sweet vision abruptly dispelled, and the gibbet and executioner staring him in the face—Larry's countenance exhibited a picture of heroic immobility. Once and once only, when the evidence was rushing in a full tide against him, some signs of mortal trepidation overcast his visage. The blood in his cheeks took fright and fled—a cold perspiration burst from his brow. His lips became glued together. His sister, whose eyes were riveted upon him, as she hung from the dock-side, extended her arm and applied a piece of orange to his mouth. He accepted the relief, but, like an exhausted patient, without turning aside to see by whose hands it was administered. At this crisis of his courage, a home thrust from O'Connell floored the witness who had so discomposed his client; the public buzzed their admiration, and Larry was himself again. The case for the crown having closed, the prisoner's counsel announced that he would call no witnesses. Larry's friends pressed hard to have one at least of the alibi's proved. The counsel was inflexible, and they reluctantly submitted. The case went to the jury loaded with hanging matter, but still not without a saving doubt. After long deliberation, the doubt prevailed. The jury came out, and the glorious sound of "not guilty," announced to Larry Cronan that for this time he had miraculously escaped the gallows. He bowed with undissembled gratitude to the verdict. He thanked the jury. He thanked "his lordship's honour." He thanked his counsel—shook hands with the gaoler—sprung at a bound over the dock, was caught as he descended in the arms of his friends, and hurried away in triumph to the precincts of the court. I saw him a few minutes after, as he was paraded through the main street of the town on his return to his barony. The sight was enough to make one almost long to have been on the point of being hanged. The principal figure was Larry himself advancing with a firm and buoyant step, and occasionally giving a responsive flourish of his cudgel, which he had already resumed, to the cheerings and congratulations amidst which he moved along. At his sides were his wife and sister, each of whom held the collar of his coat firmly grasped, and, dragging him to and fro, interrupted his progress every moment, as they threw themselves upon him, and gave vent to their joy in another and another convulsive hug. A few yards in front, his old mother bustled along in a strange sort of a pace, between a trot and a canter, and every now and then, discovering that she had shot too far a head, pirouetted round, and stood in the centre of the street, clapping her withered hands and shouting out her ecstasy in native Irish until the group came up, and again propelled her

forward. A cavalcade of neighbours, and among them the intended alibi witnesses, talking as loud and looking as important as if their perjury had been put to the test, brought up the rear. And such was the manner and form in which Larry Cronan was reconducted to his household gods, who saw him that night celebrating in the best of whiskey and bacon the splendid issue of his morning's pitched battle with the law.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN  
NEW ENGLAND.

"Their dauntless hearts no meteor led  
In terror o'er the ocean;  
From fortune and from fame they fled  
To Heaven and its devotion." *An American Poet.*

The breaking waves dash'd high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods, against a stormy sky,  
Their giant-branches toss'd;  
And the heavy night hung dark  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark  
On the wild New-England shore.  
Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted, came;  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
And the trumpet that sings of fame:  
Not as the flying come,  
In silence and in fear;—  
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom  
With their hymns of lofty cheer.  
Amidst the storm they sang,  
And the stars heard, and the sea;  
And the surrounding aisles of the dim woods rang  
To the anthem of the free.  
The ocean-eagle soar'd  
From his nest by the white-wave's foam,  
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd  
This was their welcome home!  
There were men with hoary hair  
Amidst that pilgrim band,—  
Why had *they* come to wither *there*,  
Away from their childhood's land?  
There was woman's fearless eye,  
Lit by her deep love's truth;  
There was manhood's brow serenely high,  
And the fiery heart of youth.  
What sought they thus afar?  
Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?  
They sought a faith's pure shrine!  
Ay, call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod!  
They have left undim'd what there they found—  
Freedom to worship God!

F. H.

## GRIMM'S GHOST.

## LETTER XXVIII.

*Dignum and his Times.*

THE luminous and voluminous Gibbon, in his *Memoirs*, "hesitates, from an apprehension of ridicule, in detailing the particulars of his early love." My attachment to Charles Dignum excites not any such bashfulness. "Come along with me, young gentleman, to Drury-lane Theatre this evening," said my French and Italian tutor, "and I will shew you what acting is." It was Garrick's theatre, and Dignum played Captain Sightly, in Bickerstaff's afterpiece, "The Romp." We entered the house at the pit-door, in Catherine Street, under what was then the Rose Tavern. I have a distinct recollection of the sign of that interesting flower, with the motto "Sub Rosa" beneath it. The play, if I recollect rightly, was "The Gamester;" an actor, named John Kemble, performed Beverly, and one Mrs. Siddons personated the Gamester's wife. The house was indifferent, until half price, when the attraction of Captain Sightly began to create an overflow. My tutor and I took our places about the centre of the pit, and a little boy on my left was seated upon a thick quarto volume, to enable him to see the buckles of the actors. John Palmer wore a pair of diamond ones, that were worth looking at, not to mention his brown hair-powder and black satin breeches. When the little boy stood on his feet, to rest himself by a change of position, between the second and third acts, I opened his printed prop, and found it to be a family Bible. The little boy's father, who sat beside him, observed a look of surprise in my countenance at finding such a book in such a place, and told me that he was acquainted with Billings, the pit-checke taker, who allowed him to deposit the volume at the foot of his desk. "I come here pretty frequently," said the little boy's father, "and always bring either Charles or Mary with me; there is no book in my possession that answers their purpose but this." This happened five and thirty years ago: I hope the distribution societies have since "ordered these things better."

The green curtain now rose majestically to exhibit the opening scene of Bickerstaff's farce. Let the reader fancy a grocer's shop with the glass windows in the back scene, looking as towards the street; an actress named Jordan played Priscilla Tomboy, and sat upon a stool working at her needle and singing "Hail London, noblest mart on earth," in chorus with the shopmen: Young Cockney, the son of the head of the firm, "In love with her but not beloved in return," was acted by a man named Dodd—not habited in Wellingtons and white ducks, like the modern mind-improving race, but dressed in brown powder, a scarlet coat, black satin shorts, blue silk stockings, and paste knee and shoe buckles, as a shopman should be. Old Cockney was acted by Fawcett, the father of the present acting manager of Covent-Garden Theatre; and Barnacle, the money-saving uncle, was performed by a man whose name I think was Suett. The grand feature of the piece, Captain Sightly, (the feature I may say, speaking as a copyist, "upon which the whole question hinged,") fell to the lot of Dignum. When he entered you might have heard a pin drop. Every body heard every body's watch tick. Priscilla Tomboy, to avoid marrying a man she detests,

determines on an elopement with the captain. She thus lyrically expresses her aversion to her friend Penelope, Young Cockney's sister,

"I'm sick when I think of your brother;  
And were there on earth ne'er another,  
He should not my mind subdue."

The phrase "I'm sick," was well calculated to express the feelings of a high-spirited young woman sent home in a merchantman from Jamaica to Gracechurch-street, for polite education; and the determination subsequently expressed to cause "Chaos to come again," by a non-continuation of the human species, in the event therein predicated, could only drop from the pen of a true poet. I must own that I am sufficiently a "*laudator temporis acti*," to dislike the modern mode of dressing military men on the stage in overalls, boots and spurs. It betokens a disrespect to the audience. Dignum knew better. Captain Slightly is a gentleman by profession: he is a captain in the trainbands, occasionally exercising in the Artillery-ground, at the back of Moor-place, which now forms the west-side of Finsbury-square, and should therefore not hide his leg under a bushel. Dignum dressed the character in a scarlet coat, cocked hat, white kerseymere waistcoat and breeches, and blue silk stockings and shoes, the latter twain of which habiliments shewed his leg and foot to great advantage, and to the proportionate detriment of John Palmer. Priscilla meets her lover by appointment at the eastern corner of St. Paul's Church-yard, near the trunk-maker's, whose hammering I hope and trust does not disturb the young gentlemen in their study of the *bonas literas*, five doors lower down on the coach side of that majestic cathedral. Young Cockney comes pop upon the lovers: Miss La Blonde, a French milliner, Old Cockney, Barnacle, and Penelope, happen to drop in at the time, and a sestetto is the consequence. Let me indulge myself in an extract.

Priscilla. They may lock me up in prison—

But I don't mind that a straw.

Young C. Her'n the fault is more than his'n.

Penelope. Uncle, brother, pray withdraw.

Priscilla (to Young C.)—If that here you longer tarry,

You may chance away to carry,

What you will not like to bear,

You'll well be beaten.—

Young C. What! you threaten?

Priscilla. Captain, draw your sword and swear—

Captain S. (drawing.) 'S blood and thunder!

Miss La Blonde. Stand asunder!

Young C. Let him touch me if he dare!

All the Captain Slightly's that I have seen, since Dignum, when they exclaim "'S blood and thunder!" assume a look of real rage. Dignum only smiled and half drew his sword, from the scabbard. He felt the situation as described by the poet to be one of peculiar delicacy: it was not for him to assassinate the son of his mistress's guardian: he was only to appear in earnest. Indeed, Young Cockney's rejoinder, "Let him touch me if he dare!" shews that he did not conceive himself to be in any very imminent peril.

I owe my introduction to our great vocalist to a happy chance. I sat next to him at an anniversary dinner of the Deaf and Dumb.

Hodgson, the jocular Smithfield apothecary, sat on his other side. "Sit higher, Diggy," exclaimed the son of Galen, giving him at the same time a shove which drove him with gentle violence against the writer of this memoir. "Ah! now, my dear Mr. Daub," exclaimed our hero, (he had seen my name written upon a card on my soup-plate) "I really beg your pardon: 'pon my life I do—I don't know." It was his constant custom to finish his sentences by this asseveration, thinking with the philosopher of old, that all we know is that we know nothing. I assured him that he had given me no offence, and won his heart by keeping a second plate of giblet soup in reserve for him, until he should have devoured his first. He thus expressed his miscellaneous gratitude. "Ah! now, there's a dear good soul. You're a real—Waiter, some Cayenne—did you ever hear such a noise?—I never did. I don't know. Lord love you, my dear Daub, do keep your eye upon that plate: I have two gizzards yet to dispatch here; do look sharp—those waiters whip things away terribly. What shall I sing? I don't know—do you? Do you know a steward? do, my dear Daub, club three port tickets and call for a bottle of claret: 'pon my life I won't tell.—Waiter, some"—"What, Sir?"—"I don't know." The foregoing may give a slight notion of the matter, but the manner is no more transferable than is that of Mademoiselle Mars.

The manager possessed of such a prize, was not long in turning it to further account. "The Devil to Pay" was revived to exhibit Dignum in Sir John Loverule. His scarlet frock, leather breeches, topped boots, and riding whip, were unexceptionable, and might have qualified him, could he have ridden, to join the Belvoir hunt. His first song, "Ye gods, ye gave to me a wife," was tenderly sarcastic, as the author intended: in the duett, "Was ever man possessed of so sweet, so pretty a wife," he still preserved his placid smile; but his "Bright Phœbus hath mounted the chariot of day," electrified the audience. There has been nothing like it since Raymond's Daggerwood. In the same piece Mrs. Jordan made a respectable stand in Nell. My mention of the Belvoir hunt reminds me of an anecdote which I will relate, although chronologically premature. Dignum was, not long ago, on his tuneful travels in the Duke of Rutland's neighbourhood, and was invited over to the castle, by his Grace, to eat his dinner and sing "The lass that loves a sailor." Hardly was the soup swallowed, when our vocalist began to ejaculate as follows.—"Came from London last Wednesday, my Lord Duke—saw your dear good mother—glorious creature still—'pon my life she is—I don't know."—But to return to our theatricals.

When Dignum's Sir John Loverule ceased to draw houses, Cobb brought out his Haunted Tower, to exhibit the subject of this memoir in Robert. His animated mode of leading the hunting chorus

"Hark, the sweet horn proclaims afar,  
Against the stag the mimic war,"

will not soon be forgotten. I have heard the adjective "mimic" in the above couplet criticised as being improper. The war, it has been said, as touching the stag, is real downright belligerence. But Cobb had the Easter hunt in his eye, where hounds, hunters, whipper-in, and stag, are *hic et ubique*. \* The latter makes a regular joke of it. Dignum once joined that hunt, and verified my assertion. The hounds threw off at Woodford Wells, and his roan mare threw off in a ditch



at Wanstead ; I found him sitting on a reversed milk-pail, and singing "The twins of Latona so kind to my boon."

The Crop, of Prince Hoare's "No Song no Supper," exhibits an honest unsophisticated English miller. Plain in his manners, but hearty in his hospitalities. In short, blue in his coat, clear in his falsetto, red in his waistcoat, and drab in his breeches and half gaiters. To such a character who could do justice but Charles Dignum? De Wilde has taken him to the life. The portrait is "extant" in Mathews's Gallery at Ivy Cottage ; "and had I met it on the plains of Indostan I had revered it." The piece was triumphantly successful ; and I must record an instance of retribution proceeding from Endless, a lawyer and (by a consequence not easily avoided by a dramatic author) a rogue. Endless is detected in an amour with Crop's wife, concealed in a flour-sack. He is drawn out covered with white dust, with a fist full of meal. "I have some property of yours in my hands," he says to the miller. "Have you? then give it me," answers the latter. "Here it is," retorts the lawyer, flinging a handful of flour in Dignum's face. The audience laughed ; and I am afraid Dignum did not much like it. In "The Prisoner," Dignum and Sedgwick were two friends in love with two ladies. The former, in a Spanish suit of cut velvet, sang as follows :

Whene'er she bade me cease to plead,  
Her breast would gently heave,  
And prove her lip beguiled a heart  
Ill practised to deceive.

In all love songs (except those ending with *tol de roll loll*) it is customary for the singer to press the right-hand upon the heart. In order to effect this movement, the hand must cross the body ; but my great friend's encresing bulk now began to render this a matter easy in theory but difficult in practice. He therefore petitioned Mr. Aaron Graham, at that time on the committee of management, to be allowed to press his left-hand upon his heart. "Be it as prayed, and hereof give notice forthwith," said the little magistrate. I observe that Pelissier, at the French theatre in Tottenham-street, has since adopted the improvement.

About this time our great vocalist introduced me behind the scenes of Drury-lane Theatre : the green-room of that edifice was constituted differently from that of the present one. You entered at the bottom of the room. As we passed toward the fire-place, Miss Melon thus greeted the subject of this memoir : "Diggy, my darling, how do you do?" We shall see hereafter what a frail and fatal edifice was erected by our hero upon this verbal foundation. At this period Dignum was every body at Vauxhall-gardens. Miss Leary, afterwards Mrs. Franklin, with her white gloves and three ostrich feathers, did much ; neither am I at all disposed to undervalue the attraction of the arrack punch ; but Dignum and his cocked-hat were the staple commodity of the establishment. I wrote a song for him, of which I only remember what follows :

Round Hebe flutters like a moth ;  
But now 's the time to cram,  
Fair Venus spreads the supper-cloth,  
And Cupid calls for ham.

I wrote it to encourage the waiters, who complained that the company stole off, at twelve, to eat and drink in Cumberland-gardens, at a cheaper rate. All the Vauxhall pastorals were dependent at this period upon Dignum for support. Many a Fanny have I known him convert into a blushing bride: many an Emma has he roguishly besought not to mind mamma: and with many a Phillis has he hied away to the church in the grove. Happy man! I never saw a church in a grove: all my ecclesiastic structures have been in the middle of towns or villages. But Dignum's eye "in a fine frenzy rolling" saw what my dull straight-forward optics missed. Dignum made an odd mistake, one night at supper at Vauxhall; the mention of the waiters reminds me of the fact. One of the party, enlivened by the arrack, gave the following toast, "A speedy death to all *who hate us*." Dignum filled his glass and exclaimed, "With all my heart—a speedy death to all the *waiters*." There must have been a recent quarrel at the bar: he was not blood-thirsty by nature.

An actor is like a piece of Indian-rubber. Leave him chilled, for two seasons, without an engagement, and he becomes hard and useless: but place him in the sunshine of public favour, and he becomes supple and able to lick up all the black-lead that "the brethren of the broad sheet" can bestow upon him. Dignum now began to experience the hardening process, and time forbade him to indulge any expectation of the return of sunshine. He lost his engagement about the time when he found his grandson. "Ah my dear Daub," exclaimed he to me, at an accidental rencontre at the corner of Brydges-street, "it's all over with me at Vauxhall; they have engaged Charles Taylor over my head. I'm sure of it. I don't know!" Vauxhall without Dignum! the thing appeared to me impossible. I could not separate the two ideas. They clung together like Helen and Judith. But the fact proved to be as he represented it. I have never set foot in the gardens since!

In this decay of his scenic glories, it suddenly occurred to the mind of the hero, whose life I have feebly endeavoured to pourtray, that Miss Melon's *ci-devant* "Diggy my darling" might be turned to conubial account. The fair utterer of that phrase had since become a wealthy widow, and had recently greeted our hero with a smile, and a "How do you do, Dignum?" from her dining-room bow-window in Piccadilly. "I should not wonder if she wants to become Mrs. Lump," said Emery, in "The Wags of Windsor." Dignum determined to pop the question, but the banker's residuary legatee declined the honour. I am sorry for it. Dignum and duke both begin with a D, and Dignum is by one syllable the longer. But widows are ticklish things, as I told him beforehand. "Oh for that matter," said Dignum, "I'm ticklish too." I did hope that, independently of this ribsympathy, an attachment had "grown with their growth;" but it seems I was mistaken. Dignum never recovered it. One voyage indeed I took with him last summer in a steam-vessel to Twickenham. We sailed majestically on the bosom of the Thames, leaving the Duke of Northumberland on our right and the Duchess of Buccleugh on our left, and our vessel discharged its numerous and motley freight on the Eel pie Island, Dignum having previously amused the company by singing "The Lass of Richmond Hill," as we passed under the centre arch of Richmond-bridge. The Admiralty-barge, rowed by eight men

in red stockings, shortly after our arrival on the island, brought a party of ladies and gentlemen in quest of refreshment upon the same insular spot, consisting of Admiral Sir Thomas Hardy, Mr. Croker and family, Colonel Shawe, Mr. Theodore Hook, Mr. James Smith, and two other gentlemen whose names I have not ascertained. This party dined under a canvass-awning in a remote part of the island, and on the signal for the steam-vessel company to prepare for re-embarking, the tenants of the Admiralty-barge left their tent to amuse themselves by surveying the miscellaneous crew. The vocal veteran and myself were strolling on the island, and happened to arrive under the vacant awning, where two half glasses of Burgundy met our view. I seized one of the glasses, and asked Dignum for a toast. "The Duke of Clarence and the Navy!" exclaimed the veteran, tossing off the contents of the other glass. I felt the delicacy of the compliment, considering under whose awning we were, and pledged him with enthusiasm. He had eaten three eel-pies, half a duck, and six flounders, which made me hope that he was better. Alas, what are the hopes of man! He died within six weeks afterwards, and was deposited in the church-yard of St. Paul, Covent-garden, on the eastern side, not six feet from his great prototype Edwin. "Dear Tom this brown jug," harmonized for four voices, was well sung over his grave by Messrs. Bellamy, Pyne, Isaacs, and Tinney.

I omitted to mention, in its proper place, that Dignum, being a Roman Catholic, attended, on the invitation of Mr. Cobbett, to enliven that gentleman's Catholic dinner-party at Kensington. His first song, "And ye shall walk in silk attire," was observed particularly to gratify Mr. O'Connell, prophetic as it appeared to be of the counsellor's forensic exaltation. Dignum after this dozed. The Catholic question was discussed, and when the "two wings" were noisily talked of, Dignum, starting from his slumber, exclaimed, "Yes, if you please, and some tongue: wings are nothing without tongue." An assertion which Mr. O'Connell has since verified. I heartily wish that the Bill had passed; Dignum would then have enabled to stand for Westminster.

That a man so immersed as Dignum was in his profession, should not be very accurately informed in matters of political history, will not be a source of much surprise. Thus, he imagined the Diet of Worms to mean the vault of all the Capulets. When asked whether he approved of the revocation of the edict of Nantz, he answered "Yes, certainly: brandy cannot be too cheap." The *Pasco-Peruvian* mine shares were, according to his conception, monopolized by the member for Penryn. On hearing that Mr. Calvert had determined to *canvass* the Borough, he exclaimed, "I'm glad of it. I only wish he had done it before; I got wet through yesterday between Guy's Hospital and Tooley-street:" and learning from the Morning Chronicle that Mr. Sugden had something to do with the Rape of Bamber, he ejaculated, "And a married man too; what a shame!" These, however, are trifles, and ought not to detract from his merit as a singer. There is a man very like him in dress, face, and figure, occasionally seen at the door of the gingerbread baker's, at the corner of Catherine-street in the Strand. He wears hair-powder, hums a tune, gazes on vacancy, and answers to the name of Dignum. "But, oh! how unlike my Beverly," in all other respects.

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## GREECE IN THE SPRING OF 1826, BY GIUSEPPE PECCHIO.\*

Navarino is a city of six or seven thousand inhabitants, who, at the commencement of the bombardment by the Egyptians, retired into Arcadia. The harbour is spacious, secured from the sea by the island of Sphacteria, and capable of receiving a numerous fleet. The passage from Old Navarino to the island, of between twenty and thirty toises, with a bottom extremely shallow, admits only of fishing-boats. There is, however, a part where it may be crossed by fording. The fortress received its water from Old Navarino, whilst the Turkish fleet was in sight, and before the capture of the island. Navarino is surrounded only by a wall without a ditch: the height commanding the city, is a little hexagon, defended by five towers at the external angles, but without ditches, outworks, or ramparts within. From the sea a frigate in two or three hours might batter down the walls: the artillery of the place consisted of forty pieces of cannon; the greater part in the fort, eight on the battery at the entrance of the harbour, and a few in some of the towers along the city.

The first descent of the Egyptians took place at Modon the 15th of February. The interval between this and the second descent was passed in provisioning Coron, and making preparations for the siege of Navarino. The second descent followed on the commencement of March: the whole of the troops landed might amount to fifteen thousand men, (regulars) three regiments of Arab infantry, of about four thousand men each, seven hundred cavalry, and two thousand Albanians. They appeared before Navarino the 9th March, whilst there were only one hundred and fifty men in the place capable of bearing arms. They were received with some cannonading, and retiring beyond the reach of the shot, erected a battery of five guns and one mortar, at the foot of Mount St. Nicholas, and one of two mortars by the side of the road to Modon. In a short time they cut the aqueduct that supplied the city with water; which renders it probable that if they had then attempted an escalade, it would have succeeded. The fire was opened upon the city, which the women and children evacuated, and fifteen hundred men entered the fortress on the side of Old Navarino. It was nevertheless evident that the works could not sustain a regular siege, and that the government ought to support it by a force from without. The Egyptians, however, did not allow them time to unite a large force, for they attacked them in detail as they came up, and generally with success. Towards the middle of April the government had succeeded in assembling about eight thousand men at Cre-midi, when it was determined to advance upon the road between Modon and Navarino, on the night of the 19-20th April; but they were surprised and routed by the Egyptians on the morning of the 19th, and from that period the city had no hopes but in its own resources. By this time the buildings were entirely destroyed by the shells; the garrison had no other shelter than some bad casemates, and the breach opposite the battery of St. Nicholas would have been practicable to an enemy of greater boldness than the Arabs. Besides the garrison of Navarino, there were at least 500 Arcadians in Old Navarino at the north of

\* Concluded from page 320.

the island. The end of April was occupied in making an intrenchment behind the breach, in case the enemy should attempt a storm. The 1st of May the Egyptian fleet was descried ; and on the evening of the same day, one division of it entered the harbour of Modon, and the rest the day following. On the 3d it was overtaken by the Greek fleet, and compelled to abandon the road. From the 3d to the 7th, various naval engagements followed, without any result ; in which, however, twenty mercantile ships had the courage to face sixty sail of the enemy, amongst which were eighteen frigates, twenty corvettes and brigs. After the cutting off of the aqueduct, the fortress was reduced to four cisterns, the largest of which was incautiously consumed at the commencement of the siege. Two Zantiote barks were afterwards hired to provide for the daily wants of the garrison. On the 7th, the fleet seeming to threaten the island of Sphacteria, 500 men were sent to its defence from the city and Old Navarino, who took up a position where it was supposed that the enemy on their descent would make an attack. They there planted twelve pieces of cannon, served by the sailors of the fleet. It is to be observed that at the beginning of April the squadron destined for Patras, commanded by Captain Psanado, entered the harbour, and remained till the assault on the island. On the 8th, at noon, the Turks made their attack, and at one were in possession of the place. The eight vessels left the harbour, abandoning some of their captains and several sailors, and carrying along with them a great part of the ammunition intended for the defence of Navarino. The commandant of the fortress, who happened to be on the island, followed the fleet, and on the evening of the 8th, the place remained without commander, without water and provisions, and containing, besides, 1000 men, with only twenty barrels of powder. On the morning of the 10th the enemy became masters of Old Navarino, the garrison of which capitulated, on surrendering their arms, and being permitted to retire. At noon two brigantines, in spite of the fire of the place, entered the harbour, and were followed the next day by eleven frigates and four more brigantines, which anchored within pistol shot of the walls of the city. They immediately sent a Greek prisoner on shore with a message, but he was not received, and the fleet having anchored, immediately commenced a brisk fire. On the morning of the 12th, the enemy renewed the offer of allowing the garrison to retire without their arms, and by land. This was also rejected, and the fire was continued. It was also continued on the 13th and 14th, interrupted only by proposals, which were rejected like the rest. In the mean time, the Egyptians had raised four new batteries, and by the morning of the 15th, there were forty-six pieces of cannon and ten mortars directed against the city on the land side. Incapable of resisting a fire so disproportioned to the strength of the place, it only remained for the Greeks to endeavour to gain time, in the hope of succour either by sea or land. It was, however, at length agreed to come to terms, on condition that the firing should first cease. A whole week passed in negotiations, purposely prolonged by the Greeks ; and the garrison finally marched out on the 23d, leaving water in the place for four days' supply only, and bread for ten. The conditions of the surrender were, to march out without arms, and to be embarked in neutral vessels, to be conducted to Calamata, under the es-

port of two galliots; one Austrian, the *Arethusa*, Captain Bandiera; the other English, the *Amaranth*, Captain Bezar. The capitulation was broken only in the case of the two chief Commanders, who were detained prisoners by the Pacha, on the pretext that the Greeks had also detained two Pachas after the capitulation of Napolì. The Pacha promised to give up Satracco, and the son of Petro Bey, Georgio Mauremicali, as soon as the two Pachas should be restored to him.

The garrison, after the capture of the island, was reduced to about 900 men from losses in killed, wounded, and desertion; and about 100 Roumeliots, who set out to march to Missolonghi; of these 900, 300 were Spartans (Mainotes), 300 Cranidiotes, and the rest Roumeliots, with the exception of fifty Cephalonians. The artillery of the place was served by Roumeliots and Cephalonians, and by a company of artillery, which was reduced at the end of the siege to only thirty men—"Cosi la mezza luna presse il posto della croce!"

The fall of Navarino was a shock that roused the government from a misjudging confidence, in which, till that time, it had slumbered. It was only then perceived that there was no army to oppose to the Egyptians; that if they received reinforcements, as was very probable, they might extend themselves, and enter further into the interior of the Morea; that Colocotroni could not create an army by enchantment; and that in the event of his gaining a victory, they would remain exposed to the ambition and revenge of that untractable man. These reflections induced them to cast a look towards Europe for protection to their country in its peril. With this view, they asked permission of the provinces to invoke the mediation of the European Cabinets, and to leave to them the choice of a prince to govern Greece as an independent state. This request of the government reached Athens at the same time as the news of the fall of Navarino. Some of the chiefs communicated to me the government despatch, and asked my opinion on the subject. I told them frankly that the poverty of Greece, and its maritime and commercial situation, required an economical and Republican Government. A European prince costs much more than a Pacha of three tails; and the revenue of Greece for ten years, would not suffice to lodge and equip a European court. But since improvidence and disunion had so far diminished the hopes of possessing a government of the form best adapted to the nature of the country, that, as an extreme case, the Greeks might make the experiment, whether the ambition of some European power would not rouse it in their favour, as humanity alone seemed too inert in them all. Every sacrifice is allowable for the sake of independence. It is a good of most rare value, it is the *life* of life, for which many of the people of Europe have made sacrifices, even more painful than those the Greeks would be called upon to make. I added, that they ought to convoke a national assembly, and draw up a social compact to bind the reigning stranger, and thus secure themselves against the evils of despotism; that Greece had no other jewels in its crown to offer than good laws; and, finally, that their weakness required them to dissemble, and to interest in their behalf all the cabinets; trusting, however, principally to *that* which, above every other, was concerned in the independence of Greece, and the balance of power in Europe. This appeal was afterwards made to me by Colouris at Egina, &c. &c.

and I replied with the same observations ; which, as it appeared to me, were not ill received. However, the Greeks, though from different views, are all in favour of a republic : the capitani, in order to be caressed by a weak government ; the nobles, that they may enjoy power ; and the islanders freedom of trade : but the fear of the Turkish yoke prevails over every other sentiment.

The short space of time that the Turks allowed me, I devoted to examine the remains of antiquity at Athens. With what pleasure should I describe them, though they are not numerous, were they not described so well and accurately already. I observed with infinite pleasure, that for the last year, the society of Athens, styled the "Lovers of the Muses," together with the authorities, took care of the monuments, and especially those in the Acropolis, whence they removed the fragments and rubbish which overshadowed and buried those wondrous remains of Athenian genius and superstition. In the Pirix, which at present is outside the walls, the Athenian people are still accustomed to hold their meetings in times of tranquillity. On this spot, the representatives of Athens were last year elected. When the city is threatened with Turkish incursions, the people usually collect under the magnificent porch of the temple of Theseus, which commands a view of the country to a great distance. The day that I arrived at Athens, they were assembled there to deliberate whether they should admit General Stati, with one of his relatives, into the city. He had the day before offended, in a most brutal manner, one of the delegates of the government.

There has for a long time been a school (Lyceum) at Athens, in which Greek, Italian, and history are taught. It contains a small library, and is attended by sixty scholars.

Since the revolution, two schools for mutual instruction, the one for boys, and the other for girls, have been established. The first was opened last October, the other in January. Each has upwards of 100 scholars. The Society of Lovers of the Muses, which was established at Athens in 1813, superintends these schools with the greatest care ; but the schools, as well as the printing press of the journal under the direction of a young man named Psilla, distinguished equally by talents and love of his country, have been removed to the island of Salamis. "He is insensible," said one of the ancients, "who has not seen Athens ; and still more so he who, having seen it, does not remain there." I should have stayed longer if the continual alarm of the arrival of the Turks had not obliged me to hasten my departure. One evening the rumour was spread that they were at Marathon. All the Palicari ran to their posts. I went round the walls to observe their mode of guarding the city. The garrison, which for the most part consists of the citizens of Athens and the peasantry of Attica, pass the night along the walls. Half of them, distributed at short distances upon the towers that flank the walls, and upon the wooden platforms along them, keep watch ; while the others sometimes sleep in the open air, wrapt in their capotes. From the citadel, or Acropolis, the watchword is given, and is repeated from mouth to mouth along all the walls of the city. The night was dark ; a single lantern was seen glimmering in the Acropolis, at the top of an old Venetian tower. In this very tower General Ulysses was incarcerated, who, after having fought for the liberty of Greece, became some months since a rebel to

his country, and went over to the Turks. Urged by General Goura, and fearing Turkish vengeance, which inevitably descends on the head of an unfortunate commander, he surrendered to the General by whom he is kept a state prisoner in the tower. Having heard much of the fine person, and of the ingenuity and address of this klepht, which, together with his being born in Ithaca, produce a singular resemblance between him and the ancient Ulysses; I felt a strong desire to visit him, and asked permission accordingly, which, however, was not granted. Ulysses is the son of a klepht, who, having sought refuge in Austria, was shamefully given up by that government to the Ottoman Porte; and being asked by the Turks what he would do if he regained his liberty, he replied, "I would kill twice as many of you as I have killed already." The memory of his father, and these cries of alarm must pierce his breast, if in the heart of a traitor there can remain any sense of virtue and patriotism. ②

I left Athens and returned to Egina, to effect my promised pilgrimage to the temple of Jupiter. • Its remains, consisting of only twenty-three columns, stand on a mountain, distant about four hours' journey from the port of Egina. It is one of the most agreeable walks that a traveler can take. The island is beautiful, and almost all cultivated. The soil produces every sort of fruit. The path which leads to the temple winds through valleys and fields interspersed with pomegranate, fig, and olive trees. Before reaching the temple we crossed a thick wood of odoriferous pine. The view from the temple embraces Cape Colonna, Salamis, the Parthenon, and Eleusis; and from the temple to the sea in two directions is a gentle declivity. Whilst I was contemplating these massive Doric columns, furrowed by thirty centuries of age, those immense stones which form the architraves, some of which are untouched, and others thrown down on the ground with several of the shafts of the columns, we heard in the direction of Cape Colonna the firing of cannon, and felt the shock of an explosion. The echo of the cannon continued whilst we were descending the mountain. After a quarter of an hour it ceased. We ascended another mountain at the west of the island, overhanging a convent of Caloyers, of whom we determined to ask hospitality for the night. The monastery has not only the appearance but the strength of a castle. Its walls are turreted, and of strong stone. The cells of the Monks are like casemates. A tower flanks the gate, which is narrow, and cased with iron. It is, however, occupied by only eight monks, and contains within nothing martial—all breathes peace and plenty. Some of the Caloyers were supping with the good humour and good appetite represented in the Flemish pictures of tavern scenery: whilst one of them was reading the miracles of the saints in a great folio book, with as much attention as if it had been an Arab tale. The monks received us with the greatest kindness, placed before us a most savoury supper, and gave us coverlets for our beds that were very clean. One of the Caloyers woke us at dawn, and conducted us to the top of a neighbouring mountain, from which we perceived the Turkish fleet sailing towards Hydra. We took leave of the hospitable monks, and proceeded to the harbour. On descending the mountain, we distinguished a convoy of eighteen caïques full of Roumeliot soldiers raising anchor, to sail to reinforce the garrison of Hydra. Having arrived at the harbour, we learnt from the brig, which the people of Egina keep cruising off Cape Colonna, that the squadron of Sar-



turi had the day before burnt a Turkish frigate, and another vessel in the waters of Negropont; hence the explosion we had heard at the temple of Jupiter. The news was confirmed. When we passed by Negropont and Andros, some days after, on the voyage to Smyrna, we saw pieces of timber and dead bodies floating upon the sea.

Impatient to return to Napoli di Romania, I hired a caique to proceed to Piada in company with an Ipsariot sailor, a lively young man, who interested me with his agreeable anecdotes during the voyage. At the sight of our caique as it was passing close to the island of Angistri, a group of women and children collected upon a promontory, asked us news of Sarturi's squadron. We consoled them with the account of the victory. We landed, after a passage of four hours, on the beautiful and fertile shores of Piada. This village is situated two miles from the sea, and very much resembles the villages of Switzerland. I hired a guide to lead me to the house in which the Greeks had for the first time assembled in 1821, to proclaim their independence, and to form a constitution which they wished to ennoble with an ancient name, and called it the "Constitution of Epidaurus." It is a large rustic chamber, forming a parallelogram, and insulated in the middle of the village, near an ancient tower erected in the time of the Venetians, and now inhabited by a poor old woman. This rough dwelling reminded me of the cottages of Uri, where the Swiss confederated against the tyranny of Austria. The government intends, if fortune should be propitious, to erect a church on the spot, in commemoration of the resurrection of Greece. May such a church become one day more famous than St. Peter's at Rome! To take advantage of the part of the day remaining, I went to visit the ruins of the ancient Epidaurus, which are only two hours distant from Piada. The road that leads to it is a path along the hills, covered with laurels, myrtles, and pines, and always in sight of the sea. The ruins of the ancient city are merely a few pieces of the wall connected by large square stones. I did not see the temple of Esculapius, which is an hour's walk from the ancient city. The gulf is tranquil, retired, and soothingly melancholy. I did not perceive a single boat to recall in idea the noise and bustle of the world. The shore is at present occupied by a colony of Greeks from Negropont, who repose in this fruitful land, after having escaped from the Turks, and pursue the occupations of agriculture, in which they surpass the rest of the Greeks. In fact, the country is covered with kitchen gardens, fields, and luxuriant vineyards. This rising colony is lodged partly in small dwellings, and partly in cottages of boughs and leaves. Unfortunate Greeks! They are like the bees, which, after their hive is destroyed, cannot abandon the mountain which has given them support. Recollecting Homer's phrase, "The vine-gladdened Epidaurus," I wished to taste the wine of the place, and having entered one of the cottages, I invited the sailor to drink success to new Ipsara. He thanked me for my good wishes, but excused himself from drinking, saying, that neither he nor his brothers had ever tasted wine; and that the young people of Ipsara never make use of that beverage till after twenty years of age. This Ipsariot was delighted to talk of his country, a sweet consolation to all exiles; and I willingly listened to him, from my desire of knowing the customs of those unfortunate islanders. He told me that Ipsara was neither enslaved nor unhappy before the revolution. It governed

itself like Spezzia, Hydra, and some of the other islands of the Archipelago, and Turkey was satisfied with a nominal obedience; but this state of tolerated independence was about to cease. The Porte, jealous of the prosperity and the ascendancy of the islands of the Archipelago, had resolved in secret upon the destruction of their commerce and their marine by an act of perfidy, such as that government usually employs. Ipsara was therefore to have taken up arms to prevent slavery; and perhaps, extermination. The Ipsariots, before the revolution, lived together like brothers in one family. "We are still united," said he, "and we love each other in our affliction: our friendship was such, that none of our young women contracted marriages out of the island, nor would any Greek of the other islands obtain a wife in any of our families without having lived amongst us many years. Commerce was our profession; matrimony our felicity. All our study was directed to attach the affections of our wife to the man who was to share with her the fortune of life. From our infancy, therefore, our parents contracted the marriages of their children; and the wife from her childhood accustomed her heart to love him with whom she was to spend her days. Woe to the youth who had been wanting in his promise! the vengeance of the girl's parents was inevitable. Before the revolution we lived by commerce, and we now live by our courage; and I may even say by our cunning. A fortnight ago, with a vessel mounting a single cannon, I surprised and boarded by night a Turkish vessel mounting twelve. The Turks, when made prisoners, reproached me with having attacked them by night. War, I told them, is to be made both with courage and cunning. When the forces are disproportioned, it is necessary to have recourse to address. The Turks possess frigates and ships of the line, and we can only oppose them with our courage and our fire-ships. In our need, we never fail in the former. The Ipsariot Papa, Nicholi, who was the first that burnt a Turkish ship of the line; Nicodemas, who burnt a Turkish corvette; and, above all, my cousin Canaris, are, I think, living testimonies of our resolution. You saw at Egina that old sailor who is always in the midst of us, that was Commodore Apostoli, who once commanded our squadron, and whom we look upon as our patriarch. That brave man, in one of the battles fought with the Turks, perceiving that his son, a boy of fourteen, had taken refuge under cover, descended himself, carried him above, and said: 'This is the post for the son of Apostoli;' you see then that with these examples before our eyes, our sailors cannot be wanting in courage." I learnt afterwards with much pleasure that this young Ipsariot, distinguished by his good sense, courage, and personal strength, had obtained the command of a fire-ship.

The road from Piada to Napoli di Romania is beautiful; it is diversified with hills and woods, and intersected by numerous streams. The journey lasted seven hours. On my arrival in Napoli di Romania, I had the consolation of embracing Major Collegno, who had returned from the siege of Navarino. He had scarcely quitted that city, when he made a search in the camp of Ibrahim for his friend the Count of Santa Rosa, to render the last offices of friendship to his body. The officers of Ibrahim shewed the greatest desire to satisfy his wishes, but every search was unavailing; and there remained of the Count of Santa Rosa only the certainty of his death. (C.)

Colocotroni at this time had set out for Tripolizza. In all the places through which he passed, he had the coffee-houses and taverns shut up, and called all his countrymen to arms. By the 10th of June he had assembled about 8000 men at Tripolizza. In the mean time, however, the Egyptians were continuing to advance in the Morea: partial fighting took place every day with various success; and in one of the most important skirmishes that happened in the mountains between Leondari and Modon, the minister of the interior, Papa Flescica, fell bravely fighting. This singular man had been one of the most zealous apostles of the revolution in the Morea. He could not, however, keep himself free from corruption, but enriched himself in the midst of the miseries of his country; neither did he respect the character of priest with which he was invested, but lived surrounded by a numerous harem. Actuated by the danger of his country, he went from Napoli di Romania with the intention of making a levy of soldiers, and fighting at their head. I met him on the road between Argos and Tripolizza, preceded by his harem, and two pipe-bearers in the oriental style, and with all the pomp of a Pacha. He was handsome, and had a countenance expressive of majesty and grandeur, which always impresses the people. He could raise only 800 men, with whom he undertook to defend a post; upon which the Egyptians made a warm attack, but his soldiers did not stand firm, only 150 men remained with him, and he continued fighting till he was killed; and thus expiated his vices by a valiant death. This battle cost the Egyptians many men. Ibrahim Pacha, elated at the death of Papa Flescica, despatched an express to the Sultan with the statement. In the account that I read in Smyrna a fortnight after, Ibrahim admitted a loss of 250 men. After this the Egyptians advanced to the city of Arcadia; but General Cogliopulo repulsed them, and they fell back several miles. The 11th of June, however, the day on which I left Greece, the news reached Napoli di Romania that the Egyptians had entered Calamata.

The following is a short account of the state of Greece, at the period when I left Napoli di Romania (the 11th of June), to proceed to Smyrna.

The army of Ibrahim Pacha was upwards of 11,000 strong, and disciplined in the European manner. This force, however, was not sufficient either to open a communication with the garrison of Patras, on account of the distance; or to march upon Tripolizza, which was defended by ravines and difficult passes. Ibrahim might, however, attempt either the one or the other of these operations, if he should receive reinforcements, as it is probable by this time he has. On the 30th of June, I passed through the midst of the Egyptian fleet, consisting of upwards of 100 sail, which was directing its course towards Navarino. Twelve frigates, six corvettes, and as many brigs and schooners, mounting above a thousand pieces of cannon, formed the convoy. The Greek fleet, which I had seen the day before to the south of the island of Cerigo, consisting of only forty brigs and a dozen fire-ships, was not in a condition to offer them battle, and has not, I fear, been able to prevent a disembarkation.

Colocotroni had collected about 12,000 men, but had not yet begun operations.

The Turkish garrison of Patras amounted to four or five thousand men, who were, however, inactive, and were watched by a corps of 2000 Greeks, encamped at a distance of five miles from the place.

With the exception of Missolonghi and the Acropolis of Athens, the fortresses of Greece were neither strong nor well-provisioned. Napoli di Malvasia had not supplies for a fortnight. The Turks of Negropont may devastate Attica by their incursions, but they are not sufficiently numerous to besiege Athens, and still less the citadel.

Ten thousand Turks occupy Salona, but the corps of General Goura, amounting to 2000 men, and 2000 more under the command of Caraiscacchi, Botzari, and Giavella, have not allowed them to advance upon Athens.

Missolonghi had a garrison of 2000 men, and provisions for four months. In a late sortie by the garrison, the besieging Turks, to the number of 12,000 men, suffered the loss of many pieces of artillery; and were beginning to appear dispirited at the resistance they had experienced; so that the danger which impends over Greece from this campaign, is confined to the operations of Ibrahim Pacha. Nevertheless, that danger is great. In Smyrna the opinion prevails that Ibrahim will succeed in his undertaking to reduce the Morea. Many merchants, however, of that city, have made the observation that the Porte is contracting its efforts and its levies, from apprehension of the progress of Ibrahim.

The government of Napoli had received 40,000*l.* sterling from London; but this sum was soon absorbed by the demands of the fleet and of Colocotroni's army: and in the midst of their difficulties, they were hesitating on the expediency of sending a deputation to some of the cabinets of Europe to invoke their generous protection.

The battalion which has been practising the European evolutions in Napoli di Romania, is only 600 strong, badly armed, and in want of better instruction than it receives.

The French colonel Fabvier (whose name stands in need of no eulogy) has proposed to the government to levy in Attica a corps of 1000 men, which, whilst receiving instructions in the practical school of war, may serve as a nursery for officers of the army. If the government does not neglect this suggestion like many others, it may obtain great advantage from such an institution. The president, from dread of falling into the clutches of Colocotroni, had retired to Hydra on pretence of ill health.

Greece appears to have continued in the state I have described, until the 1st of July; for, having spoken two brigs which we met near Cerigo on the 29th of June, we were informed that no engagement of importance had taken place.

#### *Remarks.*

As a sequel to this hasty narrative of my excursion, I have thought fit to make a few observations, suggested to me by the aspect of the circumstances I witnessed.

*Government.*—The government is neither sufficiently active nor powerful. Its slowness proceeds from the non-division of labour, and its weakness from the number of members. The ministers are mere (*capi di divisioni*) heads of parties: they have no power to despatch

even ordinary business. The executive body embraces, assumes, and monopolizes every thing: it has inherited from the Turkish Pachas their mistrust of inferiors, and their mania for doing all themselves. The chamber of the legislative body is, as it were, a flowing and ebbing of petitioners, claimants, and importunators of every kind. It sits the whole day and decides nothing. The number also of its members produces differences, always injurious to decorum and energy, and, at the same time, hostile to the progress of business.\* The executive is changed twice a year. This very short period allows the members no time to become acquainted with their duties, or to undertake and accomplish any thing. It is therefore essential that the national assembly should alter the constitution of the government. It is necessary that a single head, assisted by ministers, should impress a movement upon all affairs; and it is besides necessary, that this head should remain in office for at least three years. The too frequent change of the members of a government, in an ambitious and restless nation like Greece, is more prejudicial than in any other.

*Army.*—When Europe shall hear that the Greek government resolved last May, to take into its pay 4000 foreign regular troops, and to form four regiments of regular national soldiers, she will find some difficulty in reconciling this measure with the eulogies that have been bestowed on the Greek irregulars, and the prodigies that certain writers have related of this species of guerillas. If, however, attention be paid to the difference of the periods, the impartial observer will perceive that there has not been much exaggeration in those encomiastic descriptions, as he will also perceive that there has been wisdom shewn in the recent deliberations of the Greek government.

At the first breaking out of the revolution, an uncontrolled enthusiasm was most calculated to terrify, confound, and destroy an enemy, who, attacked on all sides by every species of weapons and diversity of assailant, could find no interval of quiet, no place of safety. Irregular troops are in conformity with this enthusiasm, which rises into a flame in every nation aspiring to liberty. Such troops were seen to spring up in Germany during the thirty years' war, during the revolution of North America, and during the war of independence in Spain. Every individual at the commencement of a revolution, feels an exuberance of courage and daring; he has an ardent desire of revenge, which it is impossible to subject to any control or discipline. Hence he finds a wider field, and one more in accordance with his passions, in fighting as a volunteer, and in the disorder and tumult of a guerilla warfare. But enthusiasm is in its nature fleeting: after a time it evaporates and grows cold; revenge itself is satiated, and the love of glory, like every other passion, finally becomes enfeebled.

The danger of the case demands truth. Let us be sincere. That ardour which had at first placed arms in the hands of the clergy and even of women, has passed away. There is no longer any revenge to be exercised upon the enemy, no longer any booty to be seized. A large portion of the Greeks, as soon as they beheld their soil freed from the enemy, returned to their flocks and the employments of agriculture. The Capitani, who remained with arms in their hands in the defence of their country, perceived the necessity there was for their personal support; and, from disinterested protectors, they became like

the Condottieri of the middle ages of Italy. By turns, faithful and unfaithful to the government, now joining one party and now another, venal and changing at the price of the factions constantly opposed to each other, they have become the dread rather of their fellow citizens than of the enemy. The government, generally incapable of rewarding soldiers of merit, vainly lavishes the titles of colonel and general. The necessity also of diminishing the influence of certain ambitious and insolent chieftains, prompted the expedient of rendering these ranks very general. Hence we find in Greece above 300 generals, whilst the army does not exceed 15,000 men. These Capitani have no fixed pay; but they pay themselves extravagantly by making returns of many hundred soldiers beyond the real number. The minister of war, in the month of April, told me that the government issued pay for 17,000 men, though he was certain there were not more than 10,000 in the field. There is neither power nor law to remedy this disorder; there are neither inspectors of the army, nor commissaries: hence there is no legal mode of convicting the Capitani of fraud, and hence also, the government has no means of knowing exactly the number of troops it can oppose to the enemy—a most fatal inconvenience. General Agnostara, one of the three ministers of war, who ought to have had a corps of 2000 men, presented himself on the day of the capture of Spacteria with only eleven. It was therefore full time to put an end to so ruinous a practice. The enemy is, perhaps, not so strong in numbers as in the first years of the revolution; but he is more formidable from his plans, his perseverance, and the discipline of his troops. The warfare of the Egyptians is not like the deluging attacks of the Turks, which lasted three or four months and then ceased of themselves. The operations of the Egyptians are carried on with a European prudence, consistency, and ardour. They encamp, they manoeuvre, they obey like Europeans; besides which, they have had many years experience in a successful war against the Wachabees in Arabia, and against the Greeks themselves in the island of Candia. It is therefore indispensable that the Greek government should oppose to them similar armies, and supply the decay of enthusiasm by skill and discipline. The national regular troops will not in the end prove more expensive than the present irregulars; and the country will no longer have to fear the rapine of a licentious soldiery, often more destructive than the enemy. The foreign regulars, it is true, will cost much more than an equal number of national regulars; but they are indispensable to give immediate power to the government for emancipating itself from the caprice and insolence of the Capitani, whilst, by their example, they will contribute to the formation of the national regiments.

*Fleet.*—The Greek fleet has performed prodigies in the revolution, considering the paucity and the smallness of the vessels. Many of its achievements are worthy of antiquity; but the heroic actions of some of its seamen must not dazzle us so far as to make us believe they have ever been masters of the sea. They have rather frightened than beaten the enemy; I dare affirm that they neither are, nor have been masters of the sea. Have they ever been able to effect the blockade of Patras? Have they been able to support the insurrection of Candia?—to prevent the destruction of Scio, or the burning of Ipsara?—to prevent this very year, three disembarkations of Egyptians in the

Morea, or the capture of Spacteria? The fleet itself has some defects similar to those of the army. Many brigs have not the number of men placed by the captains on the pay lists. The ships do not belong to the government, and their owners avoid a close engagement, to prevent their destruction. It is then evident that the government has need of a marine entirely and independently its own, consisting of at least six frigates—in which case the fleet, instead of confining itself to a maritime guerilla warfare, may support general engagements, and avail itself of the superior courage and address of its sailors.

*Loan.*—All men know that in war we want three things—money, money, and more money. Greece has twice had money for this war; but she wants it a third time. How can she arm frigates, pay a body of foreigners, clothe and provide for her regiments, without another loan? The deficiency must be supplied by the spirit and interest of the same merchants who have already furnished her with the two former loans. There is no longer time for regrets or half-way hesitation. The supporters of Greece are her allies—they are the companions of her fate. To save the whole, they must risk another portion. By the disbursement of another million, the merchants may secure the sum already granted: but if a cold prudence should close their purse, the capital previously advanced will be much endangered. Greece, if she gain her independence, has a sufficient quantity of land to pay twenty times her debt. Nineteen twentieths of the Morea belong to the government: before the revolution, almost the whole of it belonged to the Turks; and the native government has succeeded these usurpers. At the beginning of the present year, whilst the danger from the Egyptians was remote, the national domains were let at double the price of the preceding year. With peace these lands would decuple their produce and value. It is, however, just, that the holders of the loan should be assured of the advantageous and correct appropriation of the money, if they continue to expose their capital to the chances of war. It would therefore be beneficial to the commercial body, and to Greece herself, if on farther advances being made, the former should preface the consignment of the money to the latter, with the same conditions that governments attach to the subsidies they grant to the states in alliance with them. As, for example, they should point out the sum to be employed in the maintenance of frigates, in the provisioning of fortresses, and in the payment of a corps of regular troops, and should nominate a commissary, as an inspector upon the spot, to watch over the execution of the conditions.

*Viceroy of Egypt.*—Mohammed Ali Pacha has declared that he will devote to the conquest of the Morea the last man and the last penny he possesses. This is not a vain boast, coming, as it does, from a man like Mohammed Ali, persevering and fortunate in all his enterprises. Greece is, in fact, of incalculable importance to this prince. Through her he enters Europe, and approaches towards that civilization which he has been cultivating for the last twenty years, whilst he places himself in the vicinity of that Albania, with the troops of which he has conquered Arabia. By the conquest of Greece he will be able to augment his army with 20,000 robust and valiant soldiers, and supply his navy with 10,000 expert sailors.

The army of Ibrahim Pacha, the son of the Viceroy, which is now fighting in Greece, could not certainly stand against a European force of equal numbers; but it has the advantage over the Greeks in discipline and skill. Ibrahim is surrounded by six or eight foreigners, who have instructed the Egyptian officers in European tactics; and who always advise him in his military operations. No European holds a command, except major Seve, a Frenchman, who, after having embraced the Mahometan faith, assumed the title of Soliman Bey. This man exercises the actual power of his charge, and enjoys the confidence of the Viceroy. At the head-quarters of Ibrahim, the same humanity and politeness reign that are witnessed in the armies of civilized nations. Instead of irritating the Greeks by a brutal ferocity, he endeavours to reconcile and disarm them by the system of pacification he has hitherto followed. He grants terms, respects persons and property in the countries he conquers, and treats his prisoners with gentleness and moderation. After the capture of Navarino, he accepted the offer of exchanging General Satracco, the son of Petro Bey, Maumonicali, for the Pacha, whom the Greeks keep in confinement at Napoli di Romania. This moderation of his, whether feigned or sincere, may ultimately prove fatal to Greece. It is said that the plan of Ibrahim was to take this year some of the fortresses of the Morea, and in the following to gain possession of the interior. It is certain that he is both prudent and active. At Modon he had collected provisions and ammunition for two years. Military campaigns in Greece have almost always commenced late: the battles of Marathon and Plataea were fought in September, that of Salamis in October, and the battle of Cheronæa in August. Of late years, the Turks have begun their campaign at the end of the spring: Ibrahim, on the contrary, as has been seen, effected his disembarkation in the Morea one month before the end of the winter.

The ambition of Mohammed Ali Pacha appears on the point of inspiring the Porte itself with some fear. That government, at first from despair, sought the assistance of the Pacha of Egypt, in accordance with its policy of destroying one rebel by means of another: but it perceived, perhaps too late, that it had given an old rebel the opportunity of becoming too powerful, and possibly, hereafter unconquerable. In fact, it appears that this year the forces and the armaments of the Porte have not been adequate to the wants and the importance of the campaign. The garrison of Patras, which might have made a favourable diversion for Ibrahim, remained idle and inactive the whole time of the siege. The Turkish fleet, which might have landed troops in the island of Negropont, and placed the Morea between the two fires, appears to have had no soldiers on board for a descent. In Thessaly there was no assemblage of troops; no invasion was threatened from that quarter till the month of June. A few thousand Turks only besieged Missolonghi, and a few advanced as far as Salona, but without vigour or plan. Every thing induces the belief that the Porte, mindful of what it cost to destroy Ali Pacha a few years since, must have repented of having called to the conquest of Greece, a Pacha not less enterprising, and more fortunate than Ali.

The problem concerning Greece is become more complicated than ever. A new episode has arisen. Who could have foreseen that the



Viceroy of Egypt, allured by the offer of the Pachalick of Candia and the Morea, would take up arms in favour of the Porte?

Perhaps the aggrandisement of Egypt, at the expense of Greece, may be advantageous to some European power: but to the rulers of the East Indies, whether is such an aggrandisement advantageous, or is it dangerous? Is the vicinity of an active, ambitious, and enterprising despot beneficial, or is it dangerous to the protectors of the Ionian Islands? This is one view of the question that interests England. I abstain from the discussion—it belongs peculiarly to those writers and those eminent men who watch over the glory and interests of their country.

#### Appendix (A).

Translation of the letter addressed to the author of this account.

"Sir,—Since you have been pleased to direct your philhellenic curiosity towards the schools which are established in free Greece, in compliance with this your laudable desire, and the duties of my office, I lay before you a candid statement of the plan, and the object of my regulations in the schools. I shall next proceed to give you an account of those which are now formed in Greece, both grammar-schools and those on the plan of mutual instruction.

"Sir, the government, although overwhelmed with cares and occupations, equally necessary to repulse the enemy, and establish order in the interior, has not omitted directing its attention and paternal solicitude towards the instruction of youth, being aware that a good education is the basis of all political and social virtues, and the light which guides every citizen to the knowledge and the performance of his duties. Therefore the government has decreed:

"1st. The establishment at Argos of a general school of mutual instruction, to which are to be sent from each province three or four youths, having a tolerable knowledge of the Hellenic language, to learn this useful method; and then return into their own province, and teach it to others, that it may be spread throughout Greece. This school has been established, and is now in a flourishing condition.

"2d. The establishment also at Argos of an academy, in harmony with the present state of Greece, to which are to be invited all those learned Greeks whom circumstances have detained in different parts of Europe, that each may communicate to the nation the knowledge he has acquired while absent from his country. There shall also be invited into Greece as many learned men, from the enlightened nations of Europe, as shall be judged necessary for the perfect establishment of the academy. The rich and worthy patriot (Varvachi) has already contributed the funds necessary for the support of this school. The government is willing to make up any deficiency out of the national revenue, and in a short time a statement of the condition of this establishment will be given. In the capital of each province will be formed a *primary* central school of mutual instruction, and also a grammar-school, in which will be taught:—

"1st. The ancient (or literary) Greek language, with its relation to the modern.

"2d. The elements of geography, history, logic, metaphysics, arithmetic, geometry, and every thing necessary for preparing the youths to enter the academy of Argos.

"3d. One or two of the European languages.

"In each town or village of importance shall be established a private school of mutual instruction, and another for Greek, in which shall be taught the elements of the literary Greek tongue, and, if possible, some European language, such as French or Italian.

"Such, sir, is the intention of the government respecting schools, for the execution of which intention it employs the most suitable means.

"Both grammar-schools, and those for mutual instruction, are now established in the free provinces, as I shall proceed to inform you.

"At Athens are two central schools of mutual instruction, and two grammar-schools, one of which has been named the Lyceum. In this last are taught :

"1st. Ancient Greek, as compared with modern.

"2d. Italian.

"3d The elements of geography, arithmetic, geometry, logic, and metaphysics.

"The city has also a small printing-press, the donation of the English Philhellenic Committee.

"In the Island of Tino, a central school of mutual instruction, and a grammar-school, named Lyceum, where are taught, Ancient Greek and the elements of philosophy.

"In the Island of Andros, three schools of mutual instruction in different parts of the island, also two grammar-schools in different places, in which are taught ancient Greek, and the elements of philosophy.

"In the Island of Syphno, a grammar-school, which the inhabitants wish to change into a lyceum. Schools of mutual instruction have not yet been established there for want of masters; although search is making for qualified instructors. In the Island of Patmos there existed before the revolution a famous Greek school, in which were taught with great precision, ancient Greek, the philosophy of Aristotle, rhetoric, and poetry. From this school have proceeded wise and virtuous masters, who have spread the light of knowledge throughout Greece, and have adopted an easier and more exact method for the acquisition of the Greek language. This school, although it has fluctuated a little through recent circumstances, still exists; and the government intends to restore it to its pristine vigour and reputation. There are in this school a library, and many manuscripts. A school of mutual instruction has already been established at Patmos.

"In the Cyclades and the Sporades are schools; one, two, or three being established in each island, according to its extent. In these are taught ancient Greek, the elements of philosophy, and frequently the French and Italian languages. However, in consequence of the unsettled state of things, they are not yet very flourishing. In some islands schools of mutual instruction have been also formed, and are even daily forming, according to the intentions of the government.

"At Tripolizza, the capital of the Peloponnesus, is a central school of mutual instruction, and also a grammar-school. The inhabitants and the government intend to form it into a lyceum, for the instruction of elementary philosophy, and the European languages.

"In the city of St. John (Astros) is a school of mutual instruction, and a grammar-school with a good library, and an apparatus for experimental philosophy—Italian is also taught there.

"At St. Pietros, a village near Astros, is a school of mutual instruction, and also a grammar-school, which is not yet well established on account of the state of affairs.

"In the province of Kariténe, are four grammar-schools, of which one is at Viúna, one at Dimizzana, one at Stemnitza, and one at Lancadia, but they are badly conducted. There will also be established there schools of mutual instruction, as well as in the other provinces of the Peloponnesus.

"At Missolonghi is a central school of mutual instruction, and also a grammar-school, in which are taught ancient Greek, French, and Italian.

"In the Greek provinces, under the Mussulman yoke, were many famous schools, enriched with libraries, and philosophical instruments, but they no longer exist.

"Such are, sir, the grammar-schools, and those of mutual instruction established in free Greece, together with their present condition.

"I will now enumerate, as you request, those things of which these schools at present stand in need.

"The schools of mutual instruction are in want of every thing necessary for that peculiar plan, viz. slates, pens, pencils, and copies. The grammar-schools have very few, or, to speak more truly, they are utterly destitute of necessary books; and if the academy of Argos had a press fit for printing books in different sorts of types, and every thing requisite, it might supply the deficiency of copies for mutual instruction, and of books necessary for teaching the elementary sciences. The government intends, and wishes to obtain for the national schools the necessary means of instruction, but more urgent wants oppose that design. God grant that all obstacles to this intention may soon be removed! In the mean time, if the Philhellenic Society should obtain for the Greek nation the means requisite for the instruction of youth, the gratitude of the Greeks will be extended to future ages, and their descendants will, with reason, acknowledge the kindness of their benefactors.

"Highly gratified with having gained your friendship, I have the honour, &c. The Ephones of Public Instruction in Greece.

"GREGORY CONSTANTAS.

"Tripolizza, 25th April, 1825."

*Appendix. (B.)*

Details of the military operations which took place the 26th April on the Island of Sphacteria, and the waters of Navarino.

Ibrahim Pacha had perceived the impossibility of gaining possession of the fortress of Navarino, without first making himself master of the island of Sphacteria, which forms the harbour, and from which he could easily bombard the fortress, as well as Old Navarino, situated at the extremity of the ports. The arrival of the fleet, which he had been long expecting, enabled him to execute the project.

The president of the executive body, who commanded the expedition, but who, from indisposition, had retired a short distance from the army, being informed of this intention of the Pacha, resolved to send his excellency Prince Mavrocordato to the general encampment of the Greeks, in order to induce them to reinforce the positions hereafter mentioned.

His Excellency arrived at Old Navarino on the night of the 24th or 25th, and found it defended by 1000 men, under the command of General Hadji Christo and the Archbishop of Modon. On the 25th, at five in the morning, the outposts announced the arrival of the Egyptians, who were advancing upon the tongue of land which separates the harbour from the lake.

The Cretans, whom the prince had brought with him, made a dash upon the enemy, and compelled him by the fire of the *tirailleurs* to fall back. During the skirmish, the sight of the Greek fleet, with the wind in its favour, sailing towards the enemy's fleet, redoubled the courage of the Greeks. Still, the Egyptians did not retire altogether, but kept out of reach of cannon shot. We imagined that the affair was at an end; but at mid-day the attack began again on the side of Old Navarino. It was soon over; and we perceived that the intention of the enemy was only to reconnoitre our positions, and to seize the village of Petro-Kori, standing near Old Navarino, and the tongue of land, preparatory to a regular attack on the old city, whilst the fleet was effecting a landing on the island. The prince, convinced that it would take place the following day, sent the same night some troops over to the island to strengthen the points that were weak, and in the morning he joined them himself. The number of men assigned for the defence of this position, did not amount to 500, including the sailors that had been landed from the eight Greek ships in the harbour; and this number, as his excellency directly perceived, was insufficient for the defence. But what was to be done? Above all, it was essential to endeavour to prevent a disembarkation, which the enemy's fleet by its coasting along the island, satisfied us it was about to attempt. The prince visited all the positions, strengthened the weakest, and encouraged the men to do their duty. He wished to form a corps of 100 men, to move upon the point where the enemy should attempt

their landing; but the disorder that always reigns amongst irregular troops, prevented it, notwithstanding its obvious importance. Three batteries, mounting eight cannons and a mortar, had been raised on the island, but they were of no great utility.

The enemy's fleet, to the number of fifty-two sail, were drawn up in good order; the brigs in advance, and covered by the frigates and corvettes from the attacks of the Greek fleet, which was, unfortunately, too far distant to give them any disturbance. Whilst the prince was indefatigably ordering and disposing every thing for the best, the hostile fleet approached, surveyed us, and then fired two signal guns. Instantly the attack began on Old Navarino, and at the same moment, the enemy's ships commenced their fire upon the island. This was at eleven o'clock. The prince being dressed in the European costume, was distinguished by those Franks who had once served under his orders, and who, basely deserting the cross, had gone over to the Africans. The cannon were immediately directed to the spot where the prince was standing; fearing, therefore, for his life, we besought him to retire, but our entreaties were unavailing.

We perceived the boats filling with Arabs to the sound of drums. They were ranged around, and began to move to the intended place of disembarkation. A brisk firing commenced on both sides—besides that from the fleet. The Arabs were at first repulsed, and seemed about to retire, but an Egyptian brig compelled them to return. Half an hour passed in the midst of a thick smoke, which prevented our seeing the progress of the disembarkation; when all at once the cry was heard "the Egyptians are in the island." The prince, and those around, attempted to gain a height in the midst of a shower of balls; the former at length, exhausted with fatigue, exclaimed, "Help me, I am falling." Instantly his general, the faithful Catzaro, and one of the soldiers, took him in their arms, and carried him to the height. Here we perceived the Greeks taking to flight, and pursued by the Egyptians. All hopes were at an end. The Greek ships in the harbour had already put to sea, with the exception of a single one, that had not yet cut its cable, the brig of Captain Anastasius Psamado, who had come to the island with the prince, and got separated in the confusion.

We hastened down to the sea, when a boat was sent to take the prince on board. The sailors asked for their captain, "Was he saved?" Alas! we were ignorant of his fate. We entered the boat as the Egyptians had gained the heights, having overwhelmed the unfortunate Greeks, and pursued them to the sea. The boat was sent back for Captain Psamado, whom the sailors imagined they saw on the shore. The Greek ships that had first set sail, taking advantage of a brisk wind, were already out of sight. Psamado's brig alone remained. The cables were ordered to be cut. The sailors exclaimed, "Where is the captain?" The boat did not come back. We expected the delay would be the cause of our ruin. The sailors would wait for the captain: at length the boat returned, but, alas! without him. The cables were then cut, and we set sail; but the wind began to fall. Dimitri Sartouri, the commandant of the fortress of Navarino, who the morning before had come to the island to see the prince, had been pursued to the shore by the Arabs, when he plunged into the sea amidst a shower of balls, and swam to the vessel. He had seen Captain Psamado fall. Thus perished this brave man, the brother in arms of Miaulis, and one of the most distinguished captains of Greece. One of the sailors, in despair for the loss of his captain, was about to set fire to the magazine, and it was with great difficulty that he could be brought to reason. We prepared for action; and Sartouri was chosen to command the vessel. He encouraged the sailors by his *sang-froid*, and resolved to conquer or die. It was determined to pass through the enemy's fleet, which was waiting for us at the entrance of the harbour, as for a certain prey. The batteries erected on the island in front of Navarino were about to contribute to our destruction. The Arabs turned them against us. But despair gives courage; and we conceived a hope that it was possible to escape.

At length we quitted the harbour, when five vessels, a frigate, a corvette, and three brigs, surrounded us and began firing. Our sailors, with determined courage, returned it briskly; and the enemy perceiving that we had the advantage, resolved to board us. The sailors immediately left the guns, and took to their small arms and cutlasses; but, at this time, hope did forsake us, and we were just on the point of blowing up the vessel. The prince, who had evinced the same *sang-froid* as on the island, was thrown down by a ball, and was waiting his death with composure, happy in the thoughts of dying in the service of his country, and with no other regret, on quitting this vale of alarms, than that of being no longer able to serve the Greeks. His excellency, with a pistol in his hand, was awaiting the moment of boarding; to put the period to his existence. Vile Africans! in vain did you flatter yourselves with the hopes of taking alive the best of the Greeks. The sailors went below, or commended themselves to the Holy Virgin, embraced her image, and full of confidence in divine mercy, returned to the fight with the most undaunted resolution. The wind began to blow, but a further swarm of vessels commenced a fire upon us. Our brig, however, made way, our sailors felt their hopes revive, and we dared entertain the belief that it was possible to escape death. An old brig, a bad sailer, harassed us considerably, and did us much damage. Our sails were shot through and through, and our masts were injured, as well as our rudder; but the cry was heard that Miaulis had attacked the Egyptian fleet, upon which every one redoubled his exertions, and the brig that annoyed us, manned, I have no doubt, with Europeans, sheered off—but why should I add more? This battle will hereafter be spoken of, and regarded as a fable. In short, after having sustained an attack from 34 ships of war, comprising frigates and corvettes, as well as brigs, after having caused the enemy considerable loss, and after having continued the fight for six hours without hopes of success, we were permitted to continue our course without further opposition from the Egyptian vessels. Thanks to the God of Battle! a merchant brig of eighteen guns fought a whole fleet of many sail, and came off conquerors. O ye English and French admirals! Many traits of bravery, almost incredible, have been recorded of you; but what will the world at large say of the battle maintained by the Mars? Our sailors, urged by despair, fought like lions; and hardly believing their success, they humbled themselves before the God of Armies, who had preserved them from apparently inevitable death. Glory to the Eternal! The first and most illustrious of the supporters of Greek liberty, Prince Mavrocordato, has not fallen. His talents are still destined to save his country: and it was not written in the Book of Fate that one of the greatest ornaments of this world should be carried off in the flower of his age, and in the midst of the greatest dangers. His excellency was perfectly composed, and happy to die for his country. Always kind and considerate, he was grieved to see us involved in his misfortune, and appeared to reproach us for having been too much attached to him. We had but two sailors killed, and seven wounded. Amongst the latter was Captain Sartouri. If ever a man performed his duty on the day of battle, if ever a man covered himself with glory, it certainly was the brave Dimitri Sartouri.

“In the evening, when the Egyptian fleet had retired, we perceived two of their vessels on fire; but could not conceive how it happened. Though we were successful at sea, our loss on shore was considerable. The minister at war, Anagnostara Papageorge, the brave Colonel Stauro, Shaini of Hydra, General Catzaro, and Zafiropulo, a member of the legislative body, who had come over with the prince to be enabled to ransom his brother Panajoti Zafiropulo, made prisoner some time before; and two other chiefs, perished in the battle. We had also to deplore the death of a worthy and illustrious Philhellene, the Count of Santa Rosa, who served as a volunteer in the Greek army.

“Having been both an actor and an eye-witness throughout these trans-

actions, I can speak with confidence of the accuracy of the facts I have stated.

(Signed) "The Private Secretary of Prince Mavrocordato,  
"ODOUARD GRASSET."

"Napoli di Romania, the 7-19 May, 1825.

*Appendix (C.)*

"On board the brig Mars,  
"1st May, 1825.

"My dear Pecchio,—I knew you were inclined to undertake a long voyage, but certainly I never expected you here. My advice would never have called you hither, for I repent bitterly having deviated at forty years of age from my maxim of never serving any other than my own country. I repent because I feel I am not useful, and I think I shall never become so. It is requisite for a foreigner to possess two things, if he would be of efficient assistance to Greece—*plenty of money, and great fluency in speaking the language of the country.* In my case the former is impossible, the latter very difficult, and requiring intense application. I must then with resignation endure privations and annoyances; and seek dangers without hoping for a reward, and without the consolation of suffering for a country I love. Such are my thoughts and my condition. I entered Navarino when the retreat of the Greek army, from the position it occupied on the 19th April, gave room to suppose that Ibrahim would renew his efforts against the city. The contrary has taken place, for the besiegers have ceased their fire. Hardly do they answer to our discharges by a few scattered bomb-shells, nor are ours frequent: on this account we lead a very monotonous life in Navarino. If we continue masters at sea, I think Ibrahim will soon find himself in a difficult situation; but if he should receive supplies of men and ammunition, Navarino will be in danger, because there are not within its walls military stores, nor I may add that affection to the cause which would render this interval available for improving the defence of the place. The Governor possesses firmness and courage, and has deserved well of his country.

"From time to time, I pass the morning or the evening on board the Mars: the captain, though of a rough and unpolished exterior, is extremely kind to Collegno and me. It is a fine brig, and we live on board like princes. Such is *not* the case in Navarino; but privations would be even dear and welcome, if we led there a life of military activity. The letters from Nottingham have consoled and affected me. What true and precious friends are the English!

"Adieu, my dear Pecchio. May your arrival be a happy omen for Greece! The 60,000 frs. you bring with you will be of great advantage if laid out judiciously. No time must be lost in this campaign. The winter must be employed in military preparations, and the year of 1826 will be the year of triumph, the following ones will have internal order for their object. God grant that discord, and the indiscreet ambition of so many insignificant men, may not frustrate these my ardent hopes and desires. I perceive important interests connected with the prosperous result of this struggle, which therefore fills my mind with anxiety; and on this account I am the more grieved to be almost a useless spectator of the contest. Continue your regard for me, and write to me as often as possible.

"Your very affectionate friend,  
"SANTORRE SANTA ROSA."

*Appendix (D.)*

A short time before, viz. in 1799, Austria had cruelly given up to the Porte the poet Riga, who is considered by the Greeks as the founder of their *Eteria*. This new Tyrteus, a few moments before he was put to death by the Turks, said, "My death grieves me but little; the seed of liberty is sown, it will one day produce fruit in abundance."

## BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.\*

THE warrior bow'd his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,  
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprison'd sire:  
"I bring thee here my fortress-keys, I bring my captive train,  
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—oh, break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! ev'n now thy father comes, a ransom'd man this day;  
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet him on his way."  
—Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,  
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from far, as on they press'd, there came a glittering band,  
With one that midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land;  
—"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth is he,  
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearn'd so long to see!"

His dark eye flash'd—his proud breast heaved—his cheek's hue came and went—

He reach'd that grey-hair'd chieftain's side, and there dismounting bent,  
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took—  
—What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing!—it dropp'd from his like lead—  
He look'd up to the face above—the face was of the dead!  
A plume waved o'er the noble brow—the brow was fix'd and white—  
He met at last his father's eyes—but in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed—but who could paint that gaze?

They hush'd their very hearts that saw its horror and amaze!  
They might have chain'd him as before that stony form he stood,  
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the blood!

"Father!" at length he murmur'd low—and wept like childhood then—  
—Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men!  
He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young renown—  
He flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow,  
—"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword for now!  
My king is false, my hope betray'd, my father—oh! the worth,  
The glory and the loveliness are pass'd away from earth!"

"I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire! beside thee yet!  
I would that *there* our kindred blood on Spain's free soil had met!  
Thou wouldst have known my spirit then—for thee my fields were won,  
And thou hast perish'd in thy chains, as though thou hadst no son!"

\* The celebrated Spanish champion, Bernardo del Carpio, having made many ineffectual efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count Saldana, who had been imprisoned by King Alfonso of Asturias, almost from the time of Bernardo's birth, at last took up arms in despair. The war which he maintained proved so destructive, that the men of the land gathered round the king, and united in demanding Saldana's liberty. Alfonso accordingly offered Bernardo immediate possession of his father's person, in exchange for his Castle of Carpio. Bernardo, without hesitation, gave up his strong hold with all his captives, and being assured that his father was then on his way from prison, rode forth with the king to meet him. "And when he saw his father approaching, he exclaimed, (says the ancient Chronicle) Oh God! is the Count of Saldana indeed coming?"—"Look where he is," replied the cruel king, "and now go and greet him whom you have so long desired to see." The remainder of the story will be found related in the ballad. The Chronicles and Romances leave us nearly in the dark as to Bernardo's further history after this event.

Then starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch's rein,  
Amidst the pale and wilder'd looks of all the courtier-train,  
And with a fierce o'ermastering grasp the rearing war-horse led,  
And sternly set them face to face—the king before the dead!

“Came I not forth upon thy pledge, my *father's* hand to kiss?  
—Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me what is *this*?  
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought!—give answer! where are  
they?  
—If ~~thou~~ wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold  
clay!

Into these glassy eyes put light!—be still! keep down thine ire!  
Bid these white lips a blessing speak—this earth is *not* my sire!  
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was shed!  
—Thou canst not?—and a king!—his dust be mountains on thy head!”

He loosed the steed—his slack hand fell—upon the silent face  
He cast one long deep troubled look, then turn'd from that sad place.  
His hope was crush'd, his after-fate untold in martial strain,  
—His banner led the spears no more amidst the hills of Spain,

F. H.

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THE FAMILY JOURNAL.—NO. XI.

*The Human Beings killed by the Feathered Monster.*

*Poulton, October 12th.*

I ASTONISHED the doctor with getting well in the course of a week. He said he had never seen such a leg. I told him that the leg had nothing remarkable in it, except that it was a very temperate leg, much used to exercise, and free from all incipient gout and future sciatica. The most extraordinary thing I had ever known about it, was his bandage.

I have remained here, however, for some time longer, being pleased with the situation of the place, and encouraged by my friend Tomkins, who, after committing his usual quantity of massacre of a morning, delights to come and dine with me, and make his conscience uneasy with my arguments. He quoted Mr. Fox to me the other day, and the letters that passed between that statesman and Mr. Wakefield. I said, that in the first place, a statesman was *fera natura*, and could not be expected to have much feeling for birds, when it was his business to set so little store by the lives of men: secondly, that although Mr. Fox was a good-natured man, and a more universal reasoner than statesmen in ordinary, he does not appear to have been in the habit of looking severely into any thing that gave him a satisfaction: thirdly, that the use of his fowling-piece, whether a frequent one or not, was an old custom with him: and last, not least, that Mr. Wakefield, though a learned man, was a bad reasoner, and had no address in his reasoning. I concluded with adducing the counter-example of a man of genius, a friend of mine, whom I have before mentioned to the reader under the name of Wat Sylvan. He was converted in the same manner as the author of the treatise I noticed in my last. He had shot at a pheasant, and *many hours afterwards* found it where it had fallen, not dead, and in manifest torment. Since then he has never drawn a trigger.



This, like the story of the lapwing, made an impression on Jack. I must not forget a dream which I had after one of our evenings, and which frightened him more than he chose to confess : for Jack, though a stout and uproarious fellow, as courageous as a fulling-mill, has a secret respect for a grim story and a bit of the supernatural.

I thought I was walking in a beautiful country, where happy knots of human beings enjoyed a condition like that of the golden age. Some were conversing : some were making love : some were dancing in the valleys, by the side of brooks, which they occasionally stooped to drink : others were up in the trees, gathering fruit ; and I observed that they had made themselves couches and seats among the boughs. My delight and astonishment were increased at seeing that all had wings ; upon which they darted hither and thither with an inexpressible beauty. Many of them were gifted with charming voices, and the trees rang with music.

The tears came into my eyes at this divine spectacle. I have no wings, thought I : I am not happy ; but it is more than a consolation to find that there is happiness in the world. It may come to my share some day. I may get wings, and live in another world. I felt, that even if this were not the case, the spectacle of so much peace and joy tranquillized an unenvious heart ; and that the sorrow I underwent was a justifiable dispensation, if all this state of things could not exist without it.

The pleasure I experienced was diminished, but not done away, by discovering that these active and enjoying creatures were not without their cares. I found that they not only underwent little domestic troubles and the common lot of death, but that they were subject to the incursions of more powerful beings of their own species, who occasionally appeared among them, and terrified and put many to death. This approach to the ordinary condition of humanity, rendered my sympathy with their pleasures still greater. The incursions were rare. They gave occasion to the exercise of new virtues and courage ; and the deaths were speedy. In a short time, the mirth and dances were renewed : love renewed the losses of the war, and consoled the tenderer wounds it had occasioned ; and the whole race was as active, and cheerful, and angelical, as their songs and their wings could make them.

On a sudden, a new, and horrible, and gratuitous calamity made its appearance. My ears were struck with a loud knock against a tree ; which had such an effect upon these gentle creatures, that the whole country became silent. A great flight of them took place from the quarter whence the noise issued ; and the next moment, with sensations like those which agonized the hearts of the men of Ulysses at the sight of Polypheme, I beheld a huge and horrible monster, twenty times as high as the biggest of them, stalking in a detestable manner upon his long thin legs, and threatening the region about him with goggling eyes and a tremendous weapon of a beak. I had never imagined a more ghastly apparition. The monster in Ariosto, with his dewlap and his mushroom eyes, was the nearest match for him. His body was as plump as his shanks were thin and juiceless : he had feathers instead of hair, a tail of a like texture ; and he jerked his odious head from side to side, taking cognizance of every hiding-place

with his great eyes, in a manner that made one's heart die within one. Presently he ran and transfixed one of the people with his beak; others he wounded and left to die; others he wounded, and then twisted their necks till they expired; and at every attack he made a noise with his weapon, that sent the trembling families flying in heaps out of their corners. As often as they rose, he had his beak ready, and was sure to pierce one or two, and wound twenty others. Some had a wing blown away; others their legs and thighs shattered; others their eyes and features mashed in. Numbers lay languishing in a great stubble field, where the sharp ends of the wheat pierced their mortifying limbs, and forced them to shift into new pastures, which occasioned indescribable agony. Their friends and relations came screaming about some. Many lay dying by themselves; and a cold wind arising threatened a dreadful night. It was like a field of battle, when the noise and excitement have passed away; and cold, and thirst, and agony, and wonder, and desolation, are left to finish their work in silence.

"Detestable monster!" cried I, "will no Providence interfere to put an end to thy crimes! Will no arm stretch out of heaven to deal thee a blow like thine own, and make thee feel what it is to taste of the agonies thou inflictest!"

He heard not my cry: it was too feeble for his sense of hearing. I felt ready to expire with rage and indignation, when three other creatures of the same species entered the field in which he was standing, and began gabbling with a noise indescribably odd and whistling. One of them, however, set up a song. A song! and it was very well sung too, and melodious! They shewed each other the prey they had collected, and manifested so devilish a joy (proving by other circumstances that they acted as they did not even from necessity, but for mere sport) that I was on the point, at all hazards, of dashing my feeble body among them, when one of the set (a very fat monster with a black body) happening to fall down in a fit, the others assisted him with great zeal; but finding their efforts to no purpose, exhibited such manifest signs of regret, that I was struck with a new astonishment. Is it possible, said I, that wretches so cruel have any feeling for one another? Presently, out of a neighbouring field came a more delicate-looking set of monsters, whom I guessed to be the females. One of them fell on the dead body, and the others, who were younger, set up a lamentable cry, and seemed as much concerned for the mother (for such I concluded her to be) as the father. What! thought I; and they have affections too! They lament! and are pathetic! The monsters are pathetic, and force even me to pity them! And yet the animal they lament over, has just been dealing the same fate, and worse, to as many sensitive beings as his murderous weapon could reach!

O strange and perverse creatures! O marvellous spectacles of human inhumanity! I now see how it is. These monsters are not monsters at heart. They are only Fools!

I uttered this word with an energy so loud and impatient, that it burst the bonds of sleep; and I found myself staring up, and doubling my fist in the teeth of the doctor and my friend Tomkins, who did not seem to relish the appellation.

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## THE UNTOMBED MARINERS.

(An incident really witnessed in the Bay of Biscay.)

The waves roll'd long and high  
 In the fathomless Biscay,  
 And the rising breeze swept sullen by,  
 And the day closed heavily.  
 Our ship was tight and brave,  
 Well trimm'd and sailing free,  
 And she flew along on the mountain wave,  
 An eagle of the sea.

The red cross fluttering yet,  
 We lower'd the noble sign,  
 For the bell had struck, it was past sunset,  
 And the moon began to shine.

Her light was fitful, flung  
 From a sky of angry gloom, "  
 Thick hurrying clouds o'er the waters hung,  
 Their hue was of the tomb.

Yet now and then a gleam  
 Broke through of her silent ray,  
 And lit around with her soften'd beam  
 Some spot of that plumbless bay.

O'er the bulwark's side we heard  
 The proud ship break the spray,  
 While her shrouds and sheets by the wild winds stirr'd,  
 Made music mournfully.

And we talk'd of battles past,  
 Of shipwreck, rock, and shore,  
 Of ports where peril or chance had cast  
 Our sail the wide world o'er.

The watch look'd by the lee,  
 A shapeless log was seen,  
 A helmless ship it appear'd to be,  
 As it lay the waves between.

Oh 'twas a fearful sight—  
 " That helpless thing to see,  
 Swimming mastless and lone at high midnight,  
 A corpse on the black, black sea !

There were souls, perchance, on board,  
 And heaving yet their breath,  
 Men whose cry amid their despair was heard  
 Not to meet ocean-death.

Our chief on deck up sprung,  
 We lay to in that hollow deep—  
 Below as our voices and trampling rung,  
 The sleepers sprang from sleep.

The boat we loosed and lower'd,  
 There were gallant hearts to go,  
 The dark clouds broke that the moon embower'd,  
 And her light shone cheering through.

And we watch'd that little boat  
 Pull up the mountain wave,  
 Then sink from view, like a name forgot,  
 Within an ancient grave.

They go—they climb the hull,  
As the waters wash the deck,  
They shout, and they hear but the billows dull  
Strike on that lonely wreck.

The skeletons of men  
Lay blanch'd and marrowless there,  
But clothed in their living garb as when  
That 'reft ship was their care.

Lash'd to their planks they lay,  
The ropes still round them tied,  
Though drifted long leagues in that stormy bay,  
Since they hoped, despair'd, and died.

Tombless in their decay,  
Mid the watery solitude,  
Days dawn'd upon them and faded away,  
Cold moons their death-sleep view'd.

Their names no trace may tell,  
Nor whither their passage bound,  
And our seamen leave the desolate hull  
With death and darkness round.

They tread their deck again,  
And silent hoist their boat—  
They think of the fate of the unknown men  
Who for years may wildly float.

Those bones, that ocean bier,  
They well may sadly see,  
For they feel that the gallant ship they steer,  
Their sepulchre may be.

There is grief for beauty's woe,  
Laurels strew the hero's herse—  
Are there none will the generous tear bestow  
For those untomb'd mariners!

LETTERS FROM THE EAST.—NO. XIX.

*Damascus.*

AFTER descending the mountain, we were some time travelling through avenues of trees and gardens before we entered the city. In the course of the day, we went to the Spanish Catholic convent, that contained a small number of fathers, who lived very comfortably; but we had not come to Damascus to live in convents, so in the course of two or three days we procured excellent apartments in the house of a merchant, a Syrian of the Greek religion. We stooped low to enter a mean door in the street, and found ourselves in a court neatly paved, containing orange and lemon trees, and a fine fountain in the middle. On the right of the fountain was an arched recess in the wall, on the floor of which a divan was laid, and here we took our coffee and pipe. A large and lofty apartment opened into the court, the lower part of which was floored with fine marble, with a small fountain playing in the midst; the upper part was covered with carpets and cushions. Our host had a family of sweet children, and his wife, a young and rather pretty woman, would sometimes insist on attending us at table in spite of every remonstrance.

The city of Damascus is seven miles in circumference; the width is quite disproportioned to the length, which is above two miles. The walls of this, the most ancient city in the world, are low, and do not inclose it more than two thirds round. The street, still called Straight, and where St. Paul is, with reason, said to have lived, is entered by the road from Jerusalem. It is as straight as an arrow, a mile in length, broad and well paved. A lofty window in one of the towers to the east, is shown us as the place where the Apostle was let down in a basket. In the way to Jerusalem is the spot where his course was arrested by the light from Heaven. A Christian is not allowed to reside here, except in a Turkish dress: the Turks of Damascus, the most bigoted to their religion, are less strict than in other parts in some of their customs. The women are allowed a great deal of liberty, and are met with every evening in the beautiful promenades around the city, walking in parties, or seated by the river side. The women of the higher orders, however, keep more aloof, and form parties beneath the trees, and, attended by one or two of their guardians, listen to the sound of music. Most of them wore a loose white veil, but this was often turned aside, either for coolness, or to indulge a passenger with a glimpse of their features. They had oftentimes fair and ruddy complexions, with dark eyes and hair, but were not remarkable for their beauty. Women of a certain description are often seen in parties, each mounted on a good horse, well dressed and unveiled, driving on with much gaiety and noise, with a male attendant to protect them from insult. The fruits of the plain are of various kinds, and of excellent flavour. Provisions are cheap, the bread is the finest to be found in the East; it is sold every morning in small light cakes, perfectly white, and surpasses in quality even that of Paris. These cakes, with clouted cream, sold in the streets fresh every morning, the most delicious honey, and Arabian coffee, formed our daily breakfast.

This luxurious city is no place to perform penance in; the paths around, winding through the mass of woods and fruit-trees, invite you daily to the most delightful rides and walks. Summer-houses are found in profusion; some of the latter may be hired for a day's use, or are open for rest and refreshment, and you sit beneath the fruit-trees, or on the divan which opens into the garden. If you feel at any time satiated, you have only to advance out of the canopy of woods, and mount the naked and romantic heights of some of the mountains around, amidst the sultry beams of the sun, and you will soon return to the shades and waters beneath with fresh delight. Among the fruits produced in Damascus are, oranges, citrons, and apricots of various kinds. The most exquisite conserves of fruits are made here, amongst which are dried cakes of roses. The celebrated plain of roses, from the produce of which the rich perfume is obtained, is about three miles from the town; it is a part of the great plain, and its entire area is thickly planted with rose-trees, in the cultivation of which great care is taken. One of the best tarts we ever tasted was composed of nothing but rose-leaves.

There are several extensive cemeteries around the city. Here the women often repair in the morning to mourn over the dead: their various ways of manifesting their grief were striking, and some of them very affecting. One widow was accompanied by her little daughter;

they knelt before the tomb, when both wept long and bitterly. Others were clamorous in their laments; but the wailing of this mother was low and heart-breaking. Some threw themselves prostrate with shrill cries, and others bent over the sepulchres without uttering a word. In some of the cemeteries we often observed flowers and pieces of bread laid on the tombs, beside which the relations sat in silence.

The great bazaar for the reception of the caravans at Damascus, is a noble building; the roof is very lofty, and supported by pillars; in the midst is a large dome. An immense fountain adorns the stone floor beneath, around which are the warehouses for the various merchandize: the circular gallery above opens into a number of chambers for the lodging of the merchants. The large mosque is a fine and spacious building; but no traveller is permitted more than to gaze through the door as he passes by. Its beautiful and lofty dome and minaret form conspicuous objects in every view of the town. Many of the private houses have a splendid interior; but there is nothing sightly in the part that fronts the street. The passage of two or three of the rivers through the town is a singular luxury, their banks being in general lined with trees, and crossed by light bridges, where seats and cushions are laid out for the passengers. The bazaars are the most agreeable and airy in the east, where the richest silks and brocades of the east, sabres, balsam of Mecca, and the produce of India and Persia, are to be found. But one luxury, which Wortley Montague declared only was wanting, to make the Musulman life delightful, is scarcely to be found in Damascus—good wine. The monks of the convent have strong and excellent white wine; but a traveller must be indebted to their kindness, or go without. The numerous sherbet shops in the streets are a welcome resource in the sultry weather. The sellers are well dressed, clean, and remarkably civil. Two or three large vessels are constantly full of this beverage, beside which is kept a quantity of ice. The seller fills a vase with the sherbet that is coloured by some fruit, strikes a piece of ice or snow into it, and directly presents it to your lips.

Our abode was not far from the gate that conducted to the most frequented and charming walks around the city. Here four or five of the rivers meet, and form a large and foaming cataract, a short distance from the walls. In this spot it was pleasant to sit or walk beneath the trees; for the exciting sounds and sights of nature are doubly welcome near an eastern city, to relieve the languor and stillness that prevail. A few coffee-sellers took their stand here, and, placing small seats in the shade, served you with their beverage and the chibouque.

We often went to a pleasant village at the foot of the mountain Salehiéh. One of the streams passed through it: almost every house had its garden; and above the mass of foliage, in the midst of them, rose the dome and minaret of the mosque, and just beyond the grey and naked cliffs. The finest view of the city is to the right of this place: a light kiosque stands partly up the ascent of the mountain, into which admission is afforded, and from its cool and upper apartment, the prospect of the city, its woods, plain, and mountains is indescribably rich and delightful. The plain in front is uninclosed, and its level extent stretches to the east as far as the eye can reach. The place called the "Meeting of the Waters," is about five miles to the north-west of the city. Here the river Barrady, which may be the ancient

Abana, being enlarged by another river that falls into it about two miles off, is divided into several streams, which flow through the plain. The separation is the result of art, and takes place at the foot of one or two rocky hills, and the scene is altogether very picturesque. The streams, six or seven in number, are some of them carried to water the orchards and gardens of the higher grounds, others into the lower, but all meet at last close to the city, and form the fine cataract.

The streets of Damascus, except that called Straight, are narrow; they are all paved, and the road leading out for some miles to the village of Salehiéh, is neatly paved with flat smooth stones, and possesses a good footpath. Small rivulets of water run on each side, and beside these are rows of trees, with benches occasionally for the accommodation of passengers; near which is sometimes found a moveable coffee-seller, so that ease and refreshment are instantly obtained. The houses of the city are built for a few feet of the lower part with stone, the rest is of brick. The inhabitants dress more richly than in any other Turkish city, and more warmly than to the south, for the climate is often cold in winter; and the many streams of water, however rich the fertility they produce, are said to give too great a humidity to the air. It would be a good situation for an European physician; and Monsieur Chaboiceau, a Frenchman, who has resided here forty years, being now eighty years old, appears to live in comfort and affluence, has good practice, and is much esteemed. The great scheik mountain, crowned with snow, is a fine and refreshing object from the city; and large quantities of snow are often brought from it for the use of the sherbet shops, and the luxury of the more affluent inhabitants. Every private house of any respectability is supplied with fountains, and in some of the coffee-houses a *jet d'eau* rises to the height of five or six feet, around which are seats and cushions.

We passed our time very agreeably here. In the evening some of the friends of our host came to sit and converse, and we sometimes rode into the plain, at the extremity of the line of foliage. The number of Christians in the city is computed at ten thousand, natives of the place, of which those of the Greek religion are the most numerous, and there are many Catholics and Armenians. They appear to live in great comfort, in the full and undisturbed exercise of their religion and their different customs. The intolerance of the Turks is more in sound than in reality; in all our intercourse with them we found them polite, friendly, and hospitable, and never for a moment felt the least personal apprehension in their territory, whether in towns or villages, or when we met them in remote situations. They are a generous and honourable people, and vindictiveness and deceit are not in their nature. The state of the Jews at this time in Damascus was particularly fortunate; the minister of the Pacha was one of their nation, and they enjoyed the utmost freedom and protection. Every evening they were seen amusing themselves outside the walls with various pastimes, and the faithful were looking on with perfect complacency. One morning while walking about the city, we heard the report of several cannon, to announce the beheading of two commanders who had taken flight along with their troops, at the battle with the forces of Acre and Lebanon a few days before.

On our arrival in Damascus, we had intended to hire a separate resi-

dence, and were recommended to an affluent Turk, who possessed one or two houses that were at present vacant. He was a barber, and exhibited another proof of the respectability of this class of people in the East, as is apparent in the Arabian Nights. The old man, extremely well dressed, with a good length of beard, was always found seated at his ease, smoking, or chatting with some of his friends. He wished us to take a luxurious apartment of his, situated on a terraced roof; it was profusely gilded, and the cushions of its divan were as white as snow, and it commanded a superb view of the city and mountains. But the barber's wife was by far the more zealous part of himself, and protested with loud clamour, that infidels should never sully the purity and beauty of her divan; and he explained to us with sorrow, that after a warm dispute, he was compelled to give way. He told us that when Bonaparte and his army were in Syria, he and many others of Damascus, took arms and travelled a great distance to fight with the Giaours for the honour of the prophet. "They were full of zeal, and our forces," said the old man, "soon had an action;—we were beat, and I received a severe wound; and when they carried me with them in the retreat, in an agony of pain I cried out, 'what had I to do with Giaours?—go to hell all the world!'"

The greatest luxuries the city contains are the coffee-houses; many of these are built on the bosom of the river, and supported by piles. The platform of the coffee-house is raised only a few inches above the level of the stream. The roof is supported by slender rows of pillars, and it is quite open on every side; innumerable small seats cover the floor, and you take one of these and place it in the position you like best; the river, the surrounding banks of which are covered with wood, rushes rapidly by close to your feet. Near the coffee-houses are one or two cataracts several feet high, with a few trees growing out of the river beside them; and the perpetual sound of their fall, and the coolness they spread around, are exquisite luxuries in the sultry heat of day. At night, when the lamps, suspended from the slender pillars, are lighted, and Turks of different ranks, in all the varieties of their rich costume, cover the platform, just above the surface of the river, (on which, and on its foaming waterfalls, the moonlight rests, and the sound of music is heard,) you fancy that if ever the Arabian Nights enchantments are to be realised, it is here.

These cool and delightful places were our daily and favourite lounge; they are resorted to at all hours of the day; there are two or three others constructed somewhat variously from the former. A low gallery divides the platform from the tide; fountains play on the floor, which is furnished with sofas and cushions; music and dancing are always found here. Together with a pipe and coffee, they bring you two, or three delicious sherbets, and fruit of some kind is also put into the vase presented you. In the middle of the river that rushed round one of these latter cafés, was a little island covered with verdure and trees, where you might go and sit for hours without once desiring a change of place. The Arabian story-tellers often resort here; their tales are frequently accompanied by a guitar; the most eminent among them are Arabs. There are a few small coffee-houses more select, where the Turkish gentlemen often go, form dinner-parties, and spend the day.

We paid a visit to the Catholic convent one day, during which one



of the Pacha's sons came with a numerous retinue; he looked at the few curiosities of the place, and fixed his eyes on two large silver goblets, which put the fathers in a fever lest he should take a fancy to them. One of the gentlemen who accompanied him, and who was his tutor, made some extempore poetry in praise of the establishment, and presented it to the superior; but it was very dull. Among the fathers was a very corpulent and zealous old man, who had an uncommon desire to make Michel a good Catholic. He invited him to his chamber one evening, and having placed a bottle of excellent cordial on the table, he began to remonstrate with great earnestness on the errors of the Greek church, in which the latter was brought up; who listening with great acquiescence, the bottle of cordial and the conference were finished nearly at the same time, both leaving the father not a little elevated with a sense of his own eloquence, for he had not spared tears on the occasion.

The Pacha of Damascus was a mild and humane man, and the people appeared very happy under his government. The system of the Porte, however, of changing these officers every three years, prevents any enduring good effects being derived from the best administration. There are no spectacles or public amusements of any kind in the city; the pilgrimage to Mecca must do the Turks good even in this life, if it only causes a vivid excitement in their minds, and serves them to think of and talk about all their life after. It is a strong proof of their obedience and regard to the prophet's laws, that amidst a life so apathetic, and so many hours of which are consumed in devotion, they should have existed more than twelve hundred years without the slightest inclination to idolatry, or the smallest excitement to the senses in their religion. What a contrast between the mind and practice of the Turk and the Jew!—the one having enjoyed the knowledge of the true faith, the other but the imitation of it: both carried the conquering sword into idolatrous nations: both received the same solemn warnings against imitating them; and yet what a different result!

There are several charitable establishments in the city, in which provisions are distributed to the poor, and medicines to the sick: one of these is a spacious and magnificent building. The Turkish gentlemen are very fond of riding in their superb plains; towards the east the vast level affords a fine area, and walking is far more practised here than in the capitals of Egypt or Turkey, from the attractions, no doubt, of the promenades around the walls. On the north-west is the fine and lonely mountain of Ashloon, near which passes the road to Palmyra. We had an ardent desire to visit this ruin; but one or two serious obstacles prevented it. The great number of tall palm and cypress trees in the plain of Damascus, add much to its beauty, particularly in the village of Salehiéh, where we spent some hours in the handsome house of a rich man, who allowed it to be hired during the day, for the reception of strangers. The large saloon was a beautiful apartment, opening into a small and delightful garden, through which ran a cool and rapid stream; the windows looked towards the plain and city. Some of the houses, in the abundance of the luxury of water, have small and handsome reservoirs in their gardens, the sides of which are neatly walled and shaded, and into which fountains play.

A good and handsome house can be hired by a traveller at a low rent ; and this will be found the most independent and agreeable mode of residence : the great drawback in this, as in most other oriental abodes, is the want of society. In a visit of a few weeks this cannot be felt ; but in a protracted stay of years, as there are a few instances of, a man's soul, as well as body, must be orientalized. Yet who can leave the superb climates and scenes of the East, without joining in the eloquent and just lament of Anastasius, when gazing on them for the last time, as he sailed for Europe to revisit them no more ? Early associations also may contribute to the impassioned and romantic remembrances which an eastern journey never fails to leave behind. The transition from the garden to the wilderness—the shadow and repose of the tent in a cheerless and burning plain—the desert fountain and palm—the kind welcome in the wild, and the devotions of its people, offered up in the stillness of its scenery—these are the living and vivid pictures which delighted our early imaginations, and the only ones Nature presented to the first ages of mankind, and to the patriarchs and prophets who were the favourites of Heaven.

The appearance of the Arabs who enter the city is picturesque. We one day met a procession of chiefs, who had come from the deserts on a visit of ceremony to the Pacha. They were well mounted, and were mostly slender men, with expressive features and piercing black eyes. Their cloaks were of cotton, with various-coloured stripes, and they wore light yellow turbans ; they seemed out of place, and looked as if they would much rather be making a dash at the city, than paying a visit of ceremony.

The women are frequently seen walking in the bazaars ; they universally wear a white cloak, covering also the upper part of the head like a hood, and shoes and slippers ; the latter, as is the custom of the men, are worn within the former, which are always left at the door of the apartment. They often appear out in small boots of yellow leather, and do not, in the streets, seem quite such hideous figures as in Stamboul and Cairo. The tunic, or short vest, is often richly embroidered ; in winter it is of cloth, with an edging, even at the wrists, of white fur ; the pantaloons invariably worn, is of silk, and fancifully adorned or spangled, and fastened by a sash round the inner vest ; over these is worn the robe. The blue eye is unknown among the Turkish ladies, and a few of their jet-black locks are generally suffered to fall beneath the turban. Their hands are beautifully small and white, and adorned with rings, and bracelets also on the wrists. No support to the bosom is ever used. The dress altogether, although it hides much of the symmetry and beauty of the figure, gives it a grand and imposing air, particularly the elegant cashmere turban, of which European ladies, if they possess it, spoil the effect by not knowing how to put it on.

We now resolved to conclude our stay here ; and taking leave of the kind family, at whose residence we had passed so many agreeable hours, we set out, with a guide and horses, at an early hour, towards the mountains north of the city.

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THE INCONSTANT.

"L'on n'est pas plus maître de toujours aimer, qu'on ne l'a été de ne pas aimer."— *La Bruyère.*

CLOTILDA, many hearts are light,  
 And many lips dissemble;  
 But I am thine till priests shall fight,  
 Or Cœur de Lion tremble!—  
 Hath Jerome burn'd his rosary,  
 Or Richard shrunk from slaughter?  
 Oh! no, no,  
 Dream not so;  
 But till you mean your hopes to die,  
 Engrave them not in water.

Sweet Ida, on my lonely way  
 Those tears I will remember,  
 Till icicles shall cling to May,  
 Or roses to December!—  
 Are snow-wreaths bound on Summer's brow?  
 Is drowsy Winter waking?  
 Oh! no, no,  
 Dream not so;  
 But lances, and a lover's vow,  
 Were only made for breaking.

Lenora, I am faithful still,  
 By all the saints that listen,  
 Till this warm heart shall cease to thrill,  
 Or these wild veins to glisten!  
 This bosom,—is its pulse less high?  
 Or sleeps the stream within it?  
 Oh! no, no,  
 Dream not so;  
 But lovers find eternity  
 In less than half a minute.

And thus to thee I swear to-night,  
 By thine own lips and tresses,  
 That I will take no further flight,  
 Nor break again my jesses:  
 And wilt thou trust the faith I vow'd,  
 And dream in spite of warning?  
 Oh! no, no,  
 Dream not so;  
 But go and lure the midnight cloud,  
 Or chain the mist of morning.

These words of mine, so false and bland,  
 Forget that they were spoken!  
 The ring is on thy radiant hand,—  
 Dash down the faithless token!  
 And will they say that beauty sinn'd,  
 That Clara turn'd a rover?—  
 Oh! no, no,  
 Dream not so;  
 But lovers' vows are like the wind,  
 And Eustace is a lover!

## THE DEEP THINKER.

*A Sketch of a Character.*

IN the course of my rambles about Paris, my attention had been frequently attracted towards a person of singular appearance. The component parts of his body were as incongruous as the composition of his dress; and I afterwards discovered that both were exactly typical of his mind. He was a man of about fifty; short and fat; with a large head; a face ruddy, plump and puddingy; the lower part of which, from the upper lip to the chin, was considerably longer than the distance from the same point to the forehead; the forehead was flat, low, and narrow; the nose, the vulgarest of all possible snubs; and the eye (for he had but one) large, round, and motionless, and of a dull, untransparent blue colour. The expression of such a countenance, it need scarcely be said, was that of a dark, deep, unfathomable stupidity; yet it would not of itself, perhaps, have been remarkable but for the evident attempts of its owner to look wise, and grave, and profound, by which attempts it was rendered irresistibly comical. His arms were too short even for his short body; but Nature might have been pardoned this mock-adaptation of limb, had she not committed a slight error in the measurement of his legs, and furnished him with a pair—which, strictly speaking, was not a pair—because one was full three inches shorter than the other. His dress was composed of a long, straight-cut English black coat; a short white waistcoat of the newest Parisian mode, from which issued (I had almost said *rushed*) a profusion of frill; and his nether-garment, which fastidiousness would have me term inexpressibles, must, in obedience to strict propriety, be called *undescribables*. It was of nankeen “waxing pale and wan,” but, in form, neither pantaloons, nor—a-hem!—breeches, being too long for the one, and too short for the other, just reaching to that precise part of the calf which left one in painful doubt whether the original intention was, that it should rise to the knee, or descend to the ankle. His stockings were of white silk, with embroidered clocks; and, to remedy, as well as possible, the trifling oversight which has been alluded to, he wore on one foot a clumsy high shoe, whilst the other, as if in bold defiance of it, was decorated with a pump, so neat, so slight, so bounteously supplied with ribbon, that it might have excited the envy of Vestris himself. The whole of this goodly compound was surmounted by a large flat hat, not black, not dove-coloured, not even white—but of a light foxy brown, underlined with green!

That this vision should flit before one, without exciting a strong desire to know who and what it was, was impossible. In answer to my many inquiries about him, I was told that he was Mr. S.—, the English philosopher; (I had never before heard of any English philosopher, properly so called, of that name;) that he was a profound man, a deep thinker, *a man of mind*. This latter phrase at once determined my opinion of him, and I set him down in *my mind* for a fool. I was not mistaken. Now let it be observed, in passing, that the word *mind*—a word just now much in fashion—ought always to be received with extreme caution. It is a well-sounding word, and will sometimes lead the hearer into a belief, that the utterer is in possession of a good stock of the commodity it

describes. The contrary is generally the case, and I can number up forty-three persons of my own acquaintance, who, constantly talking about *mind*—liking such a one, because he is a *man of mind*—disliking another because she is not a *woman of mind*—possess not amongst them all as much of what they call *mind* as, if thrown into one common heap, might be contained in a nut-shell.

Looking upon this philosopher as a curiosity, I was anxious for an opportunity of conversing with him. This soon occurred; for, one day as I was standing in the garden of the Tuileries he came towards me, and immediately entered into conversation. My occupation at the time was certainly not exactly calculated to inspire a philosopher with very exalted notions of me, or to induce a desire for my more intimate acquaintance; for, in company with several other children of less mature age than myself, I was watching the movements of the gold and silver fish in one of the basins, and occasionally poking at them with my stick. His great *mind*, however, drew no unfavourable conclusions from the triviality of my employment, for he conceived me worthy at once to enjoy the benefit of a lecture, which was, as he believed, profound and rational, and the result of years of experience and observation. It was, in reality, nothing else but an unintelligible jargon, compounded of the common places and cant-phrases of the newspapers, with which he was in the habit of muddling his brain, and which entirely regulated what he called his opinion.

Having, as is usual with philosophers, opened the conversation with a remark on the weather, he proceeded: "You find Paris a pleasant city, I dare say? You, sir, have been long a resident in this vortex of what might be not inaptly termed the—this vortex of the—you smile; but be assured, sir, when I speak thus of this great capital, I speak as one who has brought his mind to bear upon the causes which have made it what it is, and led to the present state of things—for, though I do not include in the catalogue of thinking beings the idlers you see around us, the march of intellect has been such that no man of profound views, who has watched with any attention the great political machine, can have failed to observe the progress made within these last forty years towards the—the—in short, I do not hesitate to go further, and say that it is not here alone—not here alone—but throughout Europe, Sir; for it is only by taking a liberal and enlarged view of the question, as who that is unfettered by the narrow-minded spirit of party does not—for the spread of knowledge is such that the mighty grasp of intellect, which till the changes effected by the Revolution—and a Revolution which, considered whether with regard to its causes or its consequences—and it is not by narrow views that a rational estimate can be formed. No, Sir, every thinking man, in this enlightened age, dares to think for himself; for the dissemination of a more rational system has taught man that, as a sentient being endowed with what I may call the glorious privilege of intellectual research, it is only by bringing a philosophic eye, aided by a keen spirit of inquiry, freed from those absurd prejudices,—moral, religious and political—moral, religious and political, mark me, Sir,—ay, and our rulers would do well to consider that—for it is not with us as in Spain, where the fetters of ignorance, though they are somewhat loosened, and the struggles making in the great cause of liberty, which even now agitate

the Spanish dependencies in America, will go far towards a reform, and must eventually succeed, though the gigantic power of Russia might interpose, as it would willingly do; but clouded by darkness and superstition—for even Russia is not emancipated from these trammels, though rapid strides have been made—not that I would assert that it is there, as in educated Europe, where every man of common sense brings a thinking mind to bear upon the question—No, no, Sir; that country is not yet ripe for reform, and the meanest understanding may perceive the distinction; the French Revolution, that volcano of mind, as it may be called—that burst of mental energy—felt as it still is in its moral results—for the moral result is the true touchstone, believe me—yet the great leading principle of mind—of mind, Sir, ought to be applied—and I say it, who have taken an unbiassed view of things and thought deeply. My Sunday paper is of my opinion; and I repeat, that if any thing is to be done, it can only be effected by the grasp of intellect and the march of improvement. Mark my words, Sir. Good morning to you."

This is not the only person I have met with, whose brain, being muddled by the common-places of his newspaper, has mistaken the stupidity thus engendered for profound cogitation, and fancied himself

P.

—A DEEP THINKER.

## SONG.

OH breathe not of love,  
 Or breathe not to me,  
 If constant for aye  
 Must your love-motto be.  
 Where are the things  
 The fairest on earth;  
 Is it not in their change  
 That their beauty has birth?  
 The neck of the peacock,  
 The iris's dyes,  
 The light in the opal,  
 The April-day skies;—  
 Would they be lovely,  
 As all of them are,  
 But for the chance  
 And the change that are there?  
 Breathe no vow to me,  
 I will give none of mine;  
 Love must light in an instant,  
 As quickly decline.  
 His blushes, his sighs,  
 Are bewildering things;  
 Then away with his fetters,  
 And give me his wings.

L. E. L.

## MILLS'S CHIVALRY.\*

THOUGH the name of chivalry is continually in our mouths, we have no English book wholly devoted to its history. Our literary notices of it are incidental; its memory lives, for the most part, in oral tradition; and it will be found, upon a slight enumeration, (and this more especially, after a perusal of Mr. Mills's volumes) that our ideas of what chivalry really was, are very vague and indecisive. Mr. Mills remarks, that of works devoted to chivalry those of "Menestrier and Colombière sleep in the dust of a few ancient libraries;" and that "There are only two other books, the express and entire object of which is a delineation of the institutions of chivalry. The first, and best known, is the French work called '*Mémoires sur l'Ancienne Chevalerie, considérée comme un Etablissement politique et militaire.*' The last half, however, of this volume does not relate to chivalry, and therefore the learned Frenchman cannot be charged with treating his subject at very great length."—"The other work is in the German language, and for that reason it is but very little known in this country. It is called '*Ritterzeit und Ritterwesen,*' and is the substance of a course of lectures on chivalry, delivered by its author, M. Busching, to his pupils of the high school at Breslau. Neither Spanish nor Italian libraries appear to contain any work upon the subject. Sismondi treats chivalry rather as a fable than as a matter of history; and, in England, Mr. Mills is able to refer only to a few pages in our *Encyclopædias*.

With respect to the English taste for reading of this sort, the author remarks, that,

"Attention to subjects of the middle ages of Europe has for many years been growing among us. It was first excited by Warton's history of our national verse, and Percy's edition of the *Relics of Ancient English Poetry*. The romances of chivalry, both in prose and metre, and the numberless works on the Troubadour and every other description of literature during the middle ages, which have been published within the last few years, have sustained the interest. The poems of Scott convinced the world that the chivalric times of Europe can strike the moral imagination as powerfully and pleasingly in respect of character, passion, and picturesque effect, as the heroic ages of Greece, &c."

Mr. Mills devotes the first seven chapters of his work to the consideration of the origin and general characteristics of chivalry; and the reader, in a very interesting portion of his pages, has a rich treat of life and manners in the middle ages—ages which, in the social scale, it is so delicate an undertaking to characterise; ages in which so much of all that is splendid, and courteous, and polished, and luxurious, existed—abounding in gold, jewels, the arts of life, music, festivity, piety, almsgiving, plays, romances, minstrels, troubadours, beautiful females and valiant and unblemished knights;—ages, in short, which at one moment we are so displeased to hear called either dark or barbarous, and which, at another, we are ready to pronounce still more dark, and still more barbarous, than they have ever hitherto been depicted. Of such

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\* The History of Chivalry, or, Knighthood and its Times. By Charles Mills, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo.

discordant materials, of such strong lights and shades, of so much good, and of so much evil, of so much beauty, and of so much deformity, was the mass, taken together, composed; and so easy is it, by only selecting partially upon this side or upon that, to render the mirror in which it is reflected a display, either of all that charms or of all that repulses. Nor is chivalry itself exempt from the same variety of feature, as Mr. Mills's pages abundantly testify.

Upon the basis of chivalry in general, arose orders of chivalry of two classes; the one commonly called religious, which was formed upon the model of the religious monastic or conventual orders, and the other military, which was an imitation of the former. More strictly, the first was military-religious, and the second religio-military: in the one, military prowess was dedicated exclusively to the interests of religion; in the other, religion directed the general military dedication, or object of service.

Among the most celebrated of the religious orders is that of the Templars, under so many aspects an institution of interest to English readers, and, among these, to the numerous class of readers of *Ivanhoe* and the *Tales of the Crusaders*, as well as of the *History of the Crusades*, in which work Mr. Mills had previously entered with fulness into its history: his addition to that detail possesses much interest.

To his remarks on the Templars, Mr. Mills subjoins, from a French work published in 1817, an account of the successive Grand Masters, from Jacquade Molai, the grand master at the time of the persecution, to the dignitary now living. "The order," adds Mr. Mills, "has now its Grand Master, Bernardus Raymundus Fabr   Palaprat, and there are colleges in England, and in many of the chief cities of Europe!" The connexion of the order seems to have been always peculiarly French; several princes of the house of Bourbon have been among its modern grand masters, and the statutes, &c. are kept at this day in Paris.

"Thus," continues Mr. Mills, "the very ancient and sovereign order of the temple is now in full and chivalric existence, like those orders of Knighthood which were either formed in imitation of it, or had their origin in the same noble principles of chivalry. It has mourned as well as flourished; but there is in its nature a principle of vitality which has carried it through all the storms of fate. Its continuance, by representations, as well as by title, is as indisputable a fact as the existence of any other chivalric fraternity. The Templars of those days claim no titular rank, yet their station is so far identified with that of the other orders of knighthood, that they assert equal purity of descent from the same bright source of chivalry. Nor is it possible to impugn the legitimate claims to honourable estimation, which the modern brethren of the temple derive from the antiquity and pristine lustre of the order, without, at the same time, shaking to its centre the whole venerable fabric of knightly honour."

Still pursuing, with an honourable zeal, the vindication of the order of the Temple, Mr. Mills remarks, in a note, that "the Templars find no favour in the eyes of the author of '*Ivanhoe*,' and the '*Tales of the Crusaders*.' He has imbibed all the vulgar prejudices against the order; and, when he wants a villain to form the shadow of his scene, he as regularly and unscrupulously resorts to the fraternity of the Temple, as other novelists refer to the church, or to Italy, for a similar purpose."



Now, the sentiment of historical justice (perhaps justly excited) which moves Mr. Mills to make himself the zealous champion of the Templars, does infinite credit, both to his heart and to his pen; but it is a point which seems to solicit the reconsideration of the author, as to whether, in the work before us, there is no encouragement afforded, upon the subject of the feudal system, to increase those "vulgar prejudices" which are elsewhere in motion against the church, against Italy, and against the Templars. Mr. Mills is everywhere unsparing of his reproaches upon the feudal system and name, and yet it will be found, that in the present work they are doubly out of place, as the very temper, general inference, and great bulk of detail, of his two present volumes, compose an eulogy, not, indeed, upon the vices, but upon the virtues, and upon the general character of that same *feudal* system. Nay, as a test, a challenge may be offered to the vindicator of the Templars, and to the historian of the Crusades, and of Chivalry, to continue his researches into the several component parts of the history of the middle ages; to write the history of the feudal system—not the dry, or, rather technical history of feudal law—but the history of feudal manners, morals, and transactions, and see whether he can make that history very different, in its general moral tone, from the "History of Chivalry!" Feudalism and chivalry are two equal emanations from a previous and coexistent substratum of society; the feudal lords and the knights of chivalry are the same persons; it was their wealth as lords, that enabled them to exhibit the splendour, the accomplishments, the gay and joyous sports, the song, the music, and the dance. These attributes attach to the same individuals, who must be alternately viewed as knights and lords. Feudalism and chivalry were equally built upon the extreme distinction of ranks, and there is nothing either good or bad, which can be justly said of the one, that may not as justly be said of the other!

It is by referring the reader to Mr. Mills's own pages, that the foregoing remarks may be best supported by the facts. Mr. Mills has himself shown, that chivalry, as chivalry, did not always produce the virtues which are justly to be expected from its institutions, and which, in point of fact, they frequently did produce. Where its "times" were unfavourable, chivalry had little or nothing, comparatively speaking, to recommend it. It was in France and in England that it flourished in purity. In Spain it was more romantic or oriental. In the north of Italy, the "hard" character of the people was not subdued by it. In Germany, every thing was "ferocious" in spite of it. What, then, constituted the glory of the "times" of chivalry? Not chivalry alone; it had its influences, but there were other influences at work also, and among them was the feudal system, of which Mr. Mills seems to have a higher opinion than that in which we, even relatively, are inclined to indulge.

Passing over what may be called the philosophy, to the facts of these volumes, we find a succession and variety of anecdote, information, adventure, and agreeable images, so that the choice is embarrassed as to those of which, by preference, to make mention; but the account of the festival and vow of the peacock must not be unnoticed.

"Knights were wont, on these occasions, to repose on couches, or sit on benches. The guests were placed two by two, and only one plate was allotted to each pair; for to eat on the same trencher or plate with any one was considered the strongest mark of friendship or love. Peacocks and pheasants were the peculiar food of knights on great and festival occasions; they were said to be the nutriment of lovers, and the viand of worthies. The peacock was as much esteemed in chivalric as in classic times; and as Jupiter clothed himself with a robe made of that bird's feathers, so Pope Paul, sending to King Pepin a sword, in sign of true regard, accompanied it with a mantle ornamented with a peacock's plumes. The highest honours were conferred on those birds; for knights associated with them all their ideas of fame, and vowed by the peacock, as well as by the ladies, to perform their highest enterprises. A graceful splendour often characterised the circumstances in which the vow of the pheasant or peacock was made.

"On a day of public festival, and between the courses of the repast, a troop of ladies brought into this assembly a peacock or a pheasant, *roasted in its feathers*, in a golden or silver dish. The hall was adorned with scenes, and wooden or other semblances of men, animals, or nature, all being expressive of the object for which the vow of the peacock was to be taken. If the promotion of religious wars was in view, a matron, clad in habiliments of woe, entered the room, and approaching the dais, or *lofty seat, which the chief lords and knights surrounded* [should not this rather read, *the raised floor upon which the lords and knights were at table?*] she recited a long complaint, in verse, on the evils she suffered under the yoke of infidels, and complained of the tardiness of Europe in attempting her deliverance. Some knights then advanced, to the sound of solemn minstrelsy, to the *lord of the castle*, and presented two ladies, who bore between them the noble bird, in its splendid dish. In a brief speech, the ladies recommended themselves to his protection. The *lord* promised to make war upon the infidels, and sanctioned his resolution by appealing to God and the Virgin Mary, the Ladies, and the *Peacock*. All the knights who were in the hall drew their swords and repeated the vow; and while bright falchions and ladies' eyes illuminated the scene, each knight, inflamed by the thoughts of war and love, added some new difficulty to the enterprise, or bound himself, by grievous penalties, to achieve it. Sometimes a knight vowed that he would be the first to enter the enemy's territory. Others vowed that they would not sleep in beds, nor eat off a cloth, nor drink wine, till they had been delivered of their emprise. *The dish was then placed upon the table*, and the lord of the festival deputed some renowned knight to carve it in such a manner that every guest might taste the bird. While he was exercising the talents of carving and subdivision, a lady, dressed in white, came to thank the assembly, presenting twelve damsels, each conducted by a cavalier. These twelve represented, by emblematical dresses, Faith, Charity, Justice, Reason, Prudence, Temperance, Strength, Generosity, Mercy, Diligence, Hope, and Courage. This levy of bright damsels trooped round the hall, amid the applauses of the assembly, and then the repast proceeded."

Mr. Mills has conferred a great additional favour upon the reading, if not equally so upon the aldermanic and epicurean world, by taking the trouble to turn to a French author, where he finds the receipt for that piece of *cookery* which had previously perplexed the present transcriber, namely, the peacock, "*roasted in its feathers*," a performance upon which it may be doubted whether even Dr. Kitchener could make an improvement. Mr. Mills's author is M. Le Grand, in his "*Vie Privée des Français*;" and the passage is here copied, both because it seems necessary to the explanation suggested, and because the public has lately heard of the discovery of an ancient Roman fresco painting, in which a luxurious table is represented as groaning under (among other choice dishes, apparelled very much in the taste that follows)

*four peacocks, with their tails set, cater-corner!* The peacock, according to M. Le Grand, was generally served up roasted. Instead of plucking the bird, *skin* it carefully, so as not to damage the feathers; then cut off the feet, stuff the body with spices and sweet herbs, roll a cloth round the head, and then spit your bird. Sprinkle the cloth all the time it is roasting, to preserve its crest. When it is roasted enough, tie the feet on again, remove the cloth, set up the crest, replace the skin, spread out the tail, and so serve it up. Some people, instead of serving up the bird in the feathers, carry their magnificence so far as to cover their peacock with leaf gold! Others have a very pleasant way of regaling their guests: just before they serve up, they cram the beak of the peacock with wool, rubbed with camphor; then, when the dish is placed upon the table, they set fire to the wool, and the bird instantly vomits out flames, like a little volcano!

In tracing the history of several chivalric institutions, Mr. Mills introduces us, incidentally, to the Italian origin of the name of blue stocking, as applied to coteries of literary ladies, to which ladies, by the way, as seen in so many estimable examples, like a courteous knight, he pays due and formal homage. Of the pleasant and attractive reading of the present work, the foregoing remarks may lead to the expectation, that nothing remains in the way of recommending to it very extensive perusal.

#### LONDON LYRICS.

##### *An Actor's Meditations during his First London Season.*

How well I remember when old Drury Lane  
First open'd, a child in the Thespian train,  
I acted a Sprite in a sky-colour'd cloak,  
And danced round the cauldron which now I invoke.

Speak, Witches! an Actor's nativity cast!  
How long shall this strange popularity last?  
Ye laugh, jibing beldames!—Ay! laugh well we may!  
Popularity?—Moonshine!—attend to our lay:—

'Tis a breath of light air from Frivolity's mouth;  
It blew round the compass east, west, north, and south;  
It shifts to all points; in a moment 'twill steal  
From Kemble to Stephens, from Kean to O'Neill.

The Actor, who tugs half his life at the oar,  
May founder at sea, or be shipwreck'd on shore:  
Grasp firmly the rudder: who trusts to the gale,  
As well in a sieve for Aleppo may sail.—

Thanks, provident hags; while my circuit I run,  
'Tis fit I make hay in so fleeting a sun,  
Yon harlequin Public may else shift the scene,  
And Kean may be Kemble, as Kemble was Kean.

Then let me the haven of competence reach,  
And brief—but two lines—be my leave-taking speech.  
“Hope, Fortune, farewell! I am shelter'd from sea;  
Henceforward cheat others;—ye once cheated me.”

## HUMANITY AND MR. MARTIN.

OF all the functions with which man is endowed, that which he exercises the most rarely and imperfectly is thought. Very few of the species have their ideas sufficiently at command to express themselves clearly upon paper; and of these few, a still smaller proportion exercise their powers, except upon the ready-made generalities which language has prepared for them, without originating a single new conception for themselves, either by analysis or combination. The great mass only *make believe* to think, and speak without understanding either their interlocutors or themselves. How otherwise could we explain the conflicting opinions afloat in society concerning the personage whose name stands at the head of this paper, or the striking inconsistencies into which both his friends and his opponents have fallen in the conduct of their arguments? True it is that this worthy individual is much addicted to some of those absurdities of language and of action of which his countrymen in general stand accused; and that his bulls, practical and oral, may well unsettle the opinions of the no-thinkers; yet is the idea of his blunt practical humanity so simple and obvious, that it is difficult for one who really uses his brains to be led astray even by these. Such, however, seems to be the fact: and since R. Martin, Esq. and M.P. has determined to add a new clause to the decalogue, and to force man, by Act of Parliament, not only to love his neighbour as himself, but his ox and his ass, and every (living) thing that is his likewise, it may not be amiss to let fall a word or two upon the subject, for the benefit of those country gentlemen upon whose shoulders the liberties of England are said more peculiarly to rest.

We are told in the Book of Genesis, and mankind for the most part very potently believe, that all the fowls of the air and all the beasts of the field were given to man for his service; and there is scarcely an individual, when he has, or imagines he has, an use for the said fowls and beasts, who scruples to convert them, living or dead, to his purpose, let the process put them to what torture it may. There are thousands of tender mothers of families, who would not in the least be shocked at pulling the quills from the wings of a living goose, when they wanted to write a letter; and though barbecued pigs are now out of fashion, the most kind-hearted magistrate that ever committed a sick prostitute to the tread-mill, would have few "compunctious visitings of nature," in popping a lobster alive into hot water. The arrangements of society, it is true, enable the rich to throw the coarser horrors of butchery upon their inferiors; and the sight and smell of a good roasted saddle of mutton are very completely dis severed in the imagination from the blood, and the convulsions, the bleatings, and the struggles of a slaughterhouse; but, if things were otherwise disposed, the aforesaid rich would go as coolly to work, to knock down an ox, or to skin an eel, as they now go forth, sympathies and all, to shoot woodcocks, dangle a trout on a string, or kill a score of horses and dogs to obtain a fox's brush. The most refined of us all look no further in our humanity than to obtain the animals we want by putting them to death (as old Isaac Walton has it) "as tenderly as if we loved them;" and to abstain from cruelty in all cases in which there is no-

thing to be got by it. On the other hand, however, we are so organized as to sympathise with the sufferings of all beings capable of expressing their feelings; and the spectacle of the misery of the larger and more perfect animals is extremely annoying, whenever their tortures are not at once convertible into amusement or gain. This gives us a direct interest in impressing forbearance upon our fellow men in all cases in which *their* wants, and *not our own*, are concerned; and thus it happens that a man may be overwhelmed with misery at the sufferings of the calves and oxen in Smithfield, who would be delighted to roast half his own species there, if they presumed to differ from him in opinion. Thus much being premised, it may be concluded that no one tortures the inferior animals without an object; and that some good, real or imaginary, is sought for, in all such exercises of ingenuity, from Domitian's butchery of a fly, to the blinding of singing-birds, the enlargement of a goose's liver, and the wholesale consumption of children in a cotton-factory. Now all the difference between cruelty and no cruelty, between use and abuse, lies in the dignity and utility of the ends for which such torture may be the means; and with reference to Mr. Martin's acts for preventing cruelty towards animals, in the lower classes of the community, it must be observed that the pains and penalties they inflict must be fully justified, provided the end sought be of sufficient importance to warrant their infliction. That this end is not, as is pretended, the sparing the animals so protected, is evident, because, in that case, the acts would have been so contrived as to have embraced the similar offences of the great. We should have had an act for preventing the empalement of worms; an act for suppressing horse-races, an act for regulating the number of head of game to be slaughtered in any single day's sport, &c. &c. The real end sought by Mr. Martin must therefore be to spare the feelings of those who have no direct interest in the forbidden practices, no love for bull-baitings, no hurry to be conveyed to their destination by over-driven hackney-coach horses, no acquaintance with the difficulty of driving a pig or a flock of sheep. It is no new observation, that men are most powerfully affected with anger, at those backslidings of their neighbours, in which they themselves find neither pleasure nor profit, and that it is part of our common nature to

Compound for sins we are inclined to,  
By damning those we have no mind to. \*

It cannot, then, be denied, that this is a legitimate object of legislation, fully justifying the legal inflictions in question. If the legislative part of the community, therefore, fancy that by fining, imprisoning, and tread-milling those who have nothing to do with the laws but to obey them, they shorten their own road to heaven; Heaven forbid we should tax them with wanton cruelty in so doing! Judging indeed by analogy, there is no more cruelty in sending a hackney coachman, or drover, to prison, for driving too fast, than in filling half the gaols of England with poachers and trespassers for the better preservation of hares and partridges. There certainly is much less of hardship in committing a rogue and a vagabond for attending a bull-bait, than in pinning a pauper to his parish, and forcibly preventing him from earning his bread where labour is most in demand: and there are very few of us

who would not infinitely prefer a month's close custody in the service of oxen and sheep, to being hanged at the Old Bailey for the security of the Bank of England's bungling notes.

If the protection of the suffering animals were indeed the great object of this novel mode of law-making, I do not dispute that the good would not be great. There is something infinitely touching in the mute sufferings of a helpless brute, and the truth of Hogarth's induction from wanton cruelty towards beasts to homicide is undeniable. I by no means presume that the cold-blooded indifference of country gentlemen, in that round of torturing so strangely called field sports, is any the slightest justification of the barbarity of the lower classes; and if a man of a thousand a year, who knows no better, can find pleasure in breaking a noble horse's heart by over-riding, or in flogging a pointer into obedience, in running down a stag, or breaking a partridge's wing or a hare's leg, that does not excuse the brute in ragged breeches and a dirty shirt, who delights in bear-baitings, finds amusement in beating sheep about the head, or derives pleasure from drawing a badger. If the owner of a horse chooses to put the animal to ineffable tortures, merely to give its tail a handsome set, that does not diminish the atrocity of his servant in "making a raw" and flogging upon it, in order that the sluggish beast may go with less trouble and fatigue to the driver. The protection of the poor sufferers would in both cases be worthy of an enlightened nation: still we admit that end would be much better attained by giving both classes of offenders a somewhat better education. Humanity and gentleness of disposition are acquired habits in all ranks. They are not to be created by legislation, but by the inculcation of sound principles of morality. There would, however, be this inconvenience resulting from such a remedy; that if the upper classes were properly educated, their humanity would extend to their own species; while the lower classes being so educated, as a certain Irish church dignitary observes, they would become at once irreligious and insubordinate, to the manifest disturbance of episcopal order! All attempts, therefore, at bettering the condition of the offenders, at awakening their sympathies by multiplying their comforts, or of softening their hearts by enlightening their understandings, being too dangerous to be encouraged; nothing remains for keeping them within the bounds of humanity but holding a tight rein on them. It is then a manifest injustice to censure the law-makers either for cruelty when they strike, or for partiality when they spare. If they strove indeed to include all cruelties in their enactments, they would never carry a single question, and from our not being content with part, all would be lost: whereas, by working hard at extinguishing some portion of the mass of either genteel or vulgar cruelty, something is effected for the satisfaction of the sentimental and the serious, of the virtuous and enlightened.

M.

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## KING ARTHUR'S SWORD.\*

THEY rode along—they rode away,  
 Tramp, tramp, beside the mere,  
 Until they came where dark shades lay  
 Upon the waters clear.  
 There rose a spectre arm upright  
 From out the crystal plain,  
 Half in white samite clothed and bright  
 As silvery drops of rain.  
 A massy sword was in that hand,  
 Shining like lightning blue,  
 And in a skiff approaching land  
 A lady fair they view,  
 Lovely amid a lovelier scene  
 Than fancy's skill could make.  
 Quoth Merlin to the king—"I ween,  
 The Lady of the Lake——"  
 "Within that lake there is a cave,  
 A cave of crystal pure,  
 And there she dwells, that lady brave,  
 'Mid richest garniture.  
 The north-star lights her pearly bed  
 With never quenching ray—  
 But see, she comes, so soft her tread  
 It sweeps no dew away."  
 The lady came unto the king—  
 That Lady of the Lake,  
 And said, "King Arthur, for one thing  
 That sword a gift I'll make.  
 'Tis that whene'er I ask of thee  
 The boon that shall repay,  
 Thou 'lt not of me forgetful be,  
 But grant what I shall pray!"  
 Then by his faith King Arthur swore  
 To grant that lady's prayer—  
 She bade him push her boat from shore,  
 And fetch the sword and wear;  
 He row'd the boat away from land,  
 Toward the mystic steel,  
 And grasp'd it in his royal hand,  
 O'erjoy'd the hilt to feel.  
 The phantom arm sank in the stream,  
 The water bubbled o'er;  
 As it went down, a parting gleam  
 It flash'd—'twas seen no more.  
 Back row'd the king, his horse to take,  
 And buckler, lance, and spur,—  
 Thus from the Lady of the Lake  
 He won Excalibur.†

\* See the most ancient and famous History of Prince Arthur, King of Britain and of the Round Table.

† The name of King Arthur's sword.

## ORIGINAL LETTERS OF BURKE.

THE early history of Mr. Burke is but little known. We are, however, acquainted with the circumstance of his coming into possession of a small paternal estate on the death of his elder brother, Garret Burke, in 1765, and that the name of his mother's family was Nagle, settled near Castletown Roche, in the South of Ireland. The first six letters of this collection are addressed to his maternal uncle, Garret Nagle, Esq. the grandfather, we presume, of the present Admiral Sir Edmund Nagle, who is alluded to frequently in them. The Garret mentioned in the postscript of the fourth letter was his deceased elder brother, Garret Burke, who, it appears, died upon the estate before mentioned. The 7th letter, written to his cousin Garret, details the death of the relative to whom the preceding six are addressed, and whom he honours with high encomiums. To this cousin Garret the remainder are subscribed, and we regret that we cannot add to the illustration of their contents any thing which the reader himself may not glean from the shelves of his library. The character of Mr. Burke in private life was kind and exemplary; and while the present epistles will be deemed by the superficial reader to afford little display of the powers and talents, for which their writer was so distinguished, he who is accustomed to value evidence and truth of character in private life, on authority which cannot be disputed, will know how to read them to his pleasure and improvement—to his pleasure in discovering that great talents are often joined with great virtues, and to his improvement in the example held out for his imitation. For agricultural pursuits, Mr. Burke appears, through life, to have cherished a strong regard; and what is more, to have understood thoroughly how to till his own farm to the best advantage, a qualification, which few men so distinguished in lofty pursuits have possessed, when they have shewn a taste for it.

## VIII.

MY DEAR GARRET,—I was very much hurried, more so than I have ever been in my life, when I received your letter; and I continued in the same course of full employment for some time, or I should have given you a more immediate answer. I am sorry, that with regard to the business it contained, the speediness of my answer would have been the only thing very pleasing in it, as unluckily I have no acquaintance with Mr. Madden; I do not remember so much as to have seen him.

Ned Nagle is gone off in very good health; with good hopes, and fair prospects before him. I loved his father very much; and the boy himself has gained upon me exceedingly. He has a spirited and pleasing simplicity in his manner, which has got him the affection of as many as have seen him, and in particular recommended him to the owner of the ship in which he has sailed, who is a man of great fortune and good-natured, and will in future be very useful to him. My brother has taken care that he should in all respects be provided for as well as if he had been his own son. It gave me a good impression of the poor fellow, that he seemed anxious about his nurse, whom he represented as not in the best circumstances. I told him I would order a gown for her as a present from him; you will be so good to give her a guinea for that purpose, and put it to my account. He wrote from



some port into which the vessel put; and I send you his letter that you may see in what spirits he is.

About two months ago, your brother James called upon me. Until then I knew nothing of his having been in London. He was extremely poor, in a very bad state of health, and with a wife to all appearance as wretched and as sickly as he, and big with child into the bargain. It was evident enough that, with his epileptic distemper, he was very unfit to get his bread by hard labour. To maintain them here would be very heavy to me; more indeed than I could bear, with the very many other calls I have upon me, of the same, as well as of other kinds. So I thought the better way would be to send them back to their own country, where, by allowing them a small matter, we might enable them to live. My brother was of the same opinion; so we provided them for the journey homewards; and nothing but the hurry I mentioned, prevented my desiring you to give him, on my account, wherewithal to buy some little furniture, and a couple of cows. I then thought to have allowed him ten pounds a year. His wife told me, that with a little assistance she could earn something; and thus it might be possible for them to subsist. This day I got a letter from him, in which the poor man tells me that he is more distressed than ever; and that you showed great resentment to him, so far as even to refuse to give him any thing that I should appoint for him. I can readily excuse the first effect of warmth in an affair that must touch you so nearly. But you must naturally recollect, that his indigent circumstances, his unfortunate marriage, and the weakness of his mind, which was in a great measure the cause of both, make him a just object of pity, and not of anger; and that his relation to us neither confers upon you nor me any right whatsoever to add to his affliction and punishment—but rather calls upon us to do him all the little good offices in our power to alleviate his misfortunes. A little reflection will make you sensible of this; I therefore wish you would not only give him now six or seven guineas on my account, but that you would, by yourself, or some friend, take care that it should be laid out in the manner most beneficial for him, and not entrusted to his own management. If you are not near him, I dare say Dav. Crotty or Jack Nagle, would look to his settlement. I can have no improper view in this; no more than in the other affair, which I earnestly recommended to you, and offered my assistance to conclude.—But you, very justly, I suppose, paid no regard to my opinions or wishes; I hope you will have no reason to be dissatisfied with what you have resolved on that occasion.

Mr. Doran of Liverpool has informed me, that he could not send the bull to Cork, but that he has shipped him for Dublin, where by this time he is arrived. Mrs. Burke of the Mall is to take care of him. The great point now is to have a safe person to convey him to the county of Cork.

You remember the usual allowance I have made for these two or three years to some poor persons in your county. You will be so obliging to continue it to them according to my plan of last year, which you can refer to, or remember. You will not scruple to advance this for me; and I do not doubt but your good nature will prevail on you to take the trouble.

As to my farming—I go on pretty well. All my wheat is in the

ground this month past; which is more than some of my neighbours have been able to compass, on account of the wetness of the season. Remember us all most affectionately to Molly, the young gentlemen, and the ladies, and believe me, my dear Garret, most sincerely your's,  
 Gregories, December 27, 1768. EDM. BURKE.

## IX.

MY DEAR GARRET,—I am much obliged to you for your letter, which I wish I had time to answer as fully as it deserves. But it came to me in the opening of a very hot and active session; our minority gets strength daily; and uses it hitherto with spirit. If there was any event which could be particularly pleasing or interesting to you, I would acquaint you with it; but at present nothing is decided. Lord Chatham has appeared again, and with as much splendour as ever. All the parts of the opposition are well united, and go on in concert.

Poor Terry and his wife have been here for some time past; but there are little or no signs of the recovery of the former. My accounts from Dublin tell me that my mother is falling into her old disorder and is very weak and declining.

I send you the bill upon Poole, protested. If you can, it were better now, and in general, to get the bills upon some good house in London. As to the potatoes, I am sorry you have thought of cutting them; for this will rot them, so that many will probably fail; this was unnecessary; for we understand and practise this method here; I sent to you for seed merely as a change; indeed that which I bought last season answered so very well, that I now begin to think it needless; so that if you have not ordered the potatoes, you had perhaps better not trouble yourself about them. All our friends here, thank God, are well. Give our love to cousin Molly and all your family, and all our friends that are near you. Adieu, and believe me, my dear Garret, with great truth, your affectionate kinsman and humble servant,

Fludyer Street, Feb. 8, 1770.

EDM. BURKE.

All things very cheap. Wheat from 28 to 32 the quarter, 8 gallons to the bushel. Barley from 10 to 16 the quarter.

## X.

MY DEAR GARRET,—It gives me great pain to find that I must renew a correspondence which had been too long intermitted, on a subject of so much sorrow to you. I assure you, I feel very much for the occasion. We are, my dear friend, coming fast to that time of life when we must, in the natural course of things, either cause or suffer much grief. But the duties which we owe to those who have a claim to more happiness in life, will, as it ought, moderate an uneasiness, which, by lamenting overmuch those we have lost, will make us the less useful to those that are left to us. I say this on a presumption that the worst has already happened. If any thing better than could be expected should arise, there are very few to whom it could give more satisfaction.

I am obliged to you for your draft of thirty-six pounds, &c. which I received, and for the attention you are so kind to bestow on my little affairs.

We have had accounts from Ned Nagle, which are very pleasing to me, and will be to all his friends. He has behaved incomparably

well; is much master of his business for the time, and they do not doubt, will make a very good officer. He comes home a midshipman; and it is not impossible, that on his next voyage he may go out a mate. The command of one of these ships is an assured fortune. If he continues to go on as he has done hitherto, in some years we shall be rather unlucky if such a command cannot be procured for him.

I have not heard as yet from my brother. In your present situation I ought not to be further troublesome to you. I wish all happiness to you and to all our friends about you. I am with great truth and affection, dear Garret, your most obedient servant, and sincere friend and kinsman,

EDM. BURKE.

Beaconsfield, Sept. 11, 1770.

# XI.

MY DEAR GARRET,—I am so heavily in your debt on account of correspondence, that I must trust more to your good-nature, than to any means of payment which I have for my acquittal. I am now at Beaconsfield, in order to enjoy a little leisure in rural amusements and occupations, after a sitting of some fatigue, though of no very long duration. I imagine that our business will be full as heavy upon us at our next meeting; in the mean time, we are indulged with a recess full as ample as could in reason be expected. We are all, thank God, well. Mrs. Burke perfectly recovered in every respect but flesh, some of which, however, she could well enough spare. Little Richard, after the holidays, goes to Westminster school; so that I believe we shall all take our leave of the country, until the approach of summer. Dick sometimes hears from our young scannan at Portsmouth; and Mrs. Burke had a letter from Captain Stolt yesterday, in which he mentions him, as he has always done, in terms of the highest approbation. The captain and his wife attend to him with a sort of parental affection. I shall give you what Stolt says of him in his own words, "Nagle's things are come down safe, and he thanks you for them. I assure you, upon my word, that he is the best and briskest that I have upon my quarter-deck. He will make a fine officer. Now the ship is at Spithead he is at his books." I think it must give you pleasure to hear of the good opinion which his commander entertains of your nephew. He has in the same manner endeared himself to his shipmates while he was in the Company's service. Indeed he seems to be a lad of great good-nature and of most excellent principles.

I had letters from my uncle at Ballylegan and from Mr. Archdeacon of Cork, wishing me to undertake the guardianship of young Kerry; I deferred taking my resolution upon the subject until I had consulted Mr. Ridge. It was a long time before he gave me an answer; and though he is not quite clear whether it may not bring me into some difficulties, I will (and so let my uncle know) accept it, wishing him and Mr. Archdeacon to consult Mr. Ridge upon the steps which are proper to be taken.

We have had the most rainy and stormy season that has been known. I have got my wheat into ground better than some others; that is about four and twenty acres: I proposed having about ten more, but, considering the season, this is tolerable. Wheat bears a tolerable price, though a good deal fallen: it is forty-two shillings the quarter, that is, two of your barrels. Barley twenty-four shillings. Peas very high,

twenty-seven to thirty shillings the quarter; so that our bacon will come dear to us this season. I have put up four hogs. I killed one yesterday, which weighed a little more than twelve score. Of the other three, one is now near fifteen score, the other about twelve. I shall put up seven now for pickled pork; these weigh, when fit to kill, near seven score a-piece. To what weight do you generally feed bacon hogs in your part of the country? Here they generally fat them to about fourteen or fifteen score. In Berkshire, near us, they carry them to twenty-five or thirty score. I am now going into some new method, having contracted with a London seedsman for early white peas at a guinea a barrel. These I shall sow in drills in February, dunging the ground for them. They will be off early enough to sow turnips. Thus I shall save a fallow, without, I think, in the least injuring my ground, and get a good return besides. A crop of such peas will be nearly as valuable as a crop of wheat; and they do not exhaust the soil; so little, that as far as my experience goes, they are not much inferior to a fallow. I will let you know my success in due time. Remember me most cordially to your family, and to all our friends on your rivers. Believe me most affectionately yours,

Beaconsfield, 2d Jan. 1771.

EDM. BURKE.

I heard not long since from my brother, who was, thank God, very well. Let me hear from you as soon as you can. Whenever I wrote, I forgot to desire you to give a guinea from Lare to her father at Killivellen—for my delay, be so good to give him half a guinea more.

## XII.

MY DEAR GARRET.—Our business in parliament is in a good measure at an end. One of the most satisfactory circumstances to me in this time of repose, is, that it gives me an opportunity of thanking you for your kind remembrance of me and my affairs, and renewing again our correspondence, that has been but too long interrupted. First give me leave to mention the subject of your last letter and my uncle's, the provision for his son Walter. I wonder he could doubt so far of my readiness in doing any service in my power, without any pressing or additional recommendations. It looks as if you both thought that the thing was easy to me to do, but that the difficulty lay in persuading me to do it, which is by no means the case. The direction of the East India Company is changed, in some degree, every year; at one time I am able to do some trifling services to my friends; at others, I am wholly at a loss for means of obliging them. This year I have scarce any acquaintance in the direction. However, my endeavours shall not be wanting towards procuring an establishment of some kind for Wat. Nagle. I do not know that the East Indiamen carry out any persons of his trade; or if they do, I rather incline to think the business very poor in its advantages. In general, the East Indies is no place for an European handicraftsman; as the natives of the country, who work for a trifle, are skilful enough in almost all sorts of manual trades. But, as I told you, I will enquire whether any thing can be done for him; though really the manner does not now occur to me. Let my uncle know this; and from me, wish him joy of his sound constitution, activity, and good spirits; may they long continue! Now I will say a word or two on your own business, concerning the agency you mentioned. Lord Sh. has been for many years very polite to me; and

that is all. I have no interest with him whatsoever ; for which reason, when I received your letter, I thought it best to speak to Barri, who is in close connexion with him. He had not then heard of Parker's death. He told me, that he seldom or never interfered in Lord Shelburn's private affairs, and believed, that if he should on this occasion, it could have no effect, but he said he would try ; and that if there was any prospect of success, he would let me know it. He has said nothing to me since.

Our weather has been of an extraordinary kind ; the winter unusually rigorous and unusually long. At this time there is but little appearance of spring. The frosts continued to such a length, and were followed by such heavy snows, that I have still some part of my barley ground unsown. A great deal of the wheat every where could not be got in at its proper season. They have attempted more than usual in the spring, and as we have had a long continuance of dry weather, followed now by very heavy rains, it may answer. The weather is still cold, and the grass backward. The turnips almost universally rotted, from the frequency of alternate thaws and frosts. So that the sheep, losing a great part of their winter food, and what they had being of a very bad quality, they have suffered heavily. Mutton in the markets here has been, and still is, from fivepence to sixpence the pound. It has answered very well to us to bring all our provision from the farm, though to this house it is six and twenty miles. The experiment I mentioned to you about the early peas, I can as yet say nothing about. If they be so early as I hear they are likely to be, they will be off full early for turnips ; the success of which very casual crop, depends much more on the rains that may fall soon after the seed is sown, than upon any other circumstance merely of time. Turnips seem to me to be one of the most important articles in husbandry, and the most worth the introduction into your culture. Not that they pay you with their own crop ; if the benefit went no further, they would most undoubtedly be a very unprofitable, or rather a losing article ; but there is no other good way of preparing ground for the grass seeds, so as to lay it down with them and barley sweet, and in good heart. I shall say more to you on this subject when I go into the country ; for I wish you to attend to it very seriously. I send you the letter of attorney, and would send you the receipt if I could now recollect the precise sums, which I cannot, the notes of the bill's being mislaid ; but send me the receipts, and I will sign them. Quicken the gentry at Clobir ; I wonder they do not pay their rents ; their rents, I imagine, are not too high, and I take it they would be glad in due time to have renewals of their leases. Adieu, my dear Garret. We all salute you and yours.

Your truly affectionate kinsman,  
EDM. BURKE.

May 6th, 1771.

### XIII.

MY DEAR GARRET,—I have waited some time, and with some degree of impatience, for an answer to my last letter. I should be very sorry that any thing unpleasant to you or yours had occasioned your silence. I was desirous of hearing that my uncle had settled every thing to his own and Captain Kerry's satisfaction. I wished it for the

sake of the family, for whose quiet I am sincerely interested, as well as for the sake of the gentleman concerned, who appears, from the little I have seen of him, to be a well-bred sensible man. Patrick Nagle called here in his way to Ireland, better recovered than I ever expected he could be; you will find him to have a very good understanding and a good heart, or I am greatly mistaken in him. It is now a good while since I heard from the West Indies; but as Richard has by this time received his leave of absence, I expect him here early in the next month. He has undertaken a business there of difficulty, but which, if it can be accomplished, will lay the foundation of a respectable fortune. By skill and perseverance I make no doubt that he will work through it. I believe I mentioned something to you in my last letter of the culture of turnips. As I have now a little leisure, whilst it rains too hard to permit my going on with the cutting of my wheat, I will trouble you and divert myself with a few remarks upon the said turnips, drawn from my own observation and experience. First, I think it is but fair to lay before you the difficulties and discouragements which attend the culture of this article. This is but honest and fair; and the great fault I have found in almost all books of husbandry, since I am become a practical farmer, is that they raise ideas of profit which are entirely delusive, both with regard to the magnitude and the certainty; and they put out of your view the disagreeable circumstances that attend every practice that they advise. The culture of turnips is then very expensive; the growth very casual; and the profit, even when they succeed best, wholly disproportioned to the greatness of the charge. For you must begin your operation with a clean fallow, effected by *at least* three good ploughings and as many harrowings, from the first breaking of the ground about Michaelmas to the sowing sometime in June. If your ground be not in very good heart, you must dress it well besides before the last ploughing. When the turnips come up in full leaf, you must have them hoed; which is done with us by the piece, and costs five shillings an acre. You must buy hurdles for dividing the field, so as not to let the sheep run over the whole at once. I say nothing of the seed, as it is the cheapest we have; but it counts for something. So that when you compute the rent of the field (say ten or twelve shillings an acre) the ploughings and harrowings at fifteen, the least that is possible to be allowed; the dunging, cheaply rated at thirty; the hoeing at five; which make about three pounds an acre, besides the seed and the wear and tear of hurdles; and then are informed, that a crop of turnips is not in general let to feeding for more than from a guinea to thirty shillings an acre, you will easily discern that this piece of husbandry, even when most successful, is still a losing trade. But when you consider that it is the most precarious of all crops; that the fly attacks it very frequently the moment the soft leaf appears above ground; that the field must sometimes be sowed twice and thrice over, and after all nothing escapes; it will appear very natural, that the progress of this culture should have been comparatively slow, and that it was not without much difficulty it has obtained so generally in most parts of this kingdom. It is necessary that all this should be known in a country where the practice is not yet very common, before a man engages; in order that he may be neither flattered nor disappointed. The ad-

vantage, it is therefore clear, of turnips can never be from a consideration of the crop only: the profit is distant; but it is, in a course of years certain; not only so, but it is the most certain, and most considerable of all others. The turnip culture and crop influences the whole course of your tillage for a long time; nor do I think it possible to make the most of your land, let it be of what quality it may, without them. By means of them you compass two things not easily reconciled; you have your land at once well enriched, and yet clear and sweet. You encrease your stock of cattle beyond what those who have not tried can well imagine; you send fat sheep to market in the winter and spring when they are dearest; you send grass lamb from the middle of May during the whole summer; and in countries where neither the grass nor hay, nor both together, will do any thing towards fattening an ox properly, you may fatten very well some few, either for your own use or market; indeed any number, if you should not prefer sheep, as being perhaps full as profitable, and much less troublesome, as they eat the turnips on the ground; whereas they must be plucked for oxen in the stall, and given them with hay, and now and then a little meal. It is, however, when the turnips are off the ground that the advantage begins. If your turnips are off before the end of February, my opinion is that the field ought to be sown with wheat; we have no wheat this year so promising in quality, or so great in quantity, as that which has been spring-sown upon turnip-ground. In a tour to Sussex this summer, I saw a field, on which nobody imagined there would be less than five quarters (ten barrels) an acre. The field is on the Duke of Richmond's farm; it is spring wheat; the soil a very ordinary loam, full of flints, and shallow. The spring wheat goes generally more into straw than winter corn; but it is always cleaner, and we choose it in preference for seeds. If the turnips are not eat off so early as the end of February, there is too much risk in attempting wheat. The land ought to be sown with oats or barley, but always accompanied with clover-seed and hay-grass. When the barley and oats are carried off, the field ought to be shut up for a little time; the grass gets up, and it may be grazed until the tenth or fifteenth of October without prejudice to it. Then shut up the field; and the next year you have your clover either for grazing or cutting as you choose. With us this was but a poor year for clover. For my part I came off tolerably well. From one field I did not cut much less, if any thing, than two load an acre (1800 cwt. to the load). If the weather, which is now very unpromising, permits it, I shall have more than a load an acre for the second cutting, besides a tolerable feeding before I plough up the lay ground. The load of clover-hay sells from thirty to thirty-six shillings a-load. This year it will be dearer. It is excellent food; better than any other hay for hard-working draft-horses who do not require wind for quick going. At Michaelmas you sow wheat upon one ploughing; and good wheat is had on this lay, and from ground otherwise very unfit for that grain; most of our wheat in this part of the country is on a clover lay; comparatively little upon a fallow. The course then of the turnip culture is this:

1. Fallow and turnips.
2. Barley with grass-seeds.

## 3. The grass-seeds for cutting or feeding.

## 4. Wheat on the lay.

If your turnips should fail, that is, be destroyed by the fly, your ground is, however, in good order for wheat, and is therefore not lost. When I spoke of three ploughings for them, I scarcely allowed enough; they ought to have four or even five, especially if the land be at all heavy. The course you mentioned to me as practised by the smaller farmers of your country is not a very bad one. The potatoes, considered in themselves, are better than turnips; but then this is the only advantage. They do not improve the ground in an equal degree; they do not sweeten it so as to be a good preparative for the clover and bent seeds, and if the wheat (which is a very good idea) comes better after the potatoes than after the grass, as very probably it may, the barley does not come so well after the wheat, and will certainly leave the ground in very bad order; so that a year's fallow will hardly set it to rights again. The potatoe husbandry, to be carried on upon a large scale, and to the best advantage, must be expensive; and does comparatively very little towards the increase of food for cattle, and consequently for the improvement of land, and therefore falls much below the turnips, though I make no doubt but it may pay better for a year or two. The charge, I know, is considerable; but I am satisfied that no cheap method of tillage can be a good one. All profit of lands is derived from manure and labour; and neither of them, much less both of them, can be had but at a dear rate. I should not even consider the cheapness of labour in any particular part as a very great advantage. It is something, without doubt. But then I have always found that the labour of men is nearly in proportion to their pay. Here we are sixpence a-day lower than within a few miles of London; yet I look upon the work there to be in effect nearly as reasonable as here; it is, in all respects, so much better and so much more expeditiously done. Wages are still lower in the further part of this county, near Northamptonshire. The work is still in that proportion worse than it is with us. On the whole, I would seriously recommend to you the turnip husbandry with all its expenses and its risques. The new price of lands with you can never be paid, but by an improved husbandry; by that it may, I have no doubt, much more profitably than the old rents were by the old methods, or rather the old want of all method. If I have tired you, the rainy day must be my excuse. When I can walk or ride out, I am a bad correspondent. Our winter here was terrible. The hay harvest well got in; but not a third of a crop. I had an hundred and ten load of natural hay last year; this year I have but forty-four. Turnips in very many places have failed. I have three pieces sowed with them: one of eight, one of ten, and one of seven acres. The first is pretty good; the second about a third of a crop; the fourth has totally failed, though twice sowed. This is the first time I have failed in my turnips. The wheat which has been sown late upon lays is in general thin and blighted: that on fallows very good; as is all the spring corn, if we should have weather for getting it in. Situated as you are, where I suppose you can have summer grazing on the mountains for a trifle, or may rent such ground reasonably, if you could make your lower farms convenient to the winter-feeding of cattle, you



might have them in great numbers and with great advantage. I throw down my thoughts to you without method; if you should think in earnest, you and any other friends, of entering into our practices, I shall go more into the detail in my next. Tom English is well, but he has not been near us this summer. Pray let us hear from you. All here salute you and yours. I am, my dear Garret, faithfully yours, &c.

EDM. BURKE.

Beaconsfield, August 23, 1771.

I forgot to tell you that Mr. W. Burke had a letter from Captain Stolt from Madeira. He tells me Ned Nagle is well and behaves to his satisfaction.

#### THE PORTRAIT.

Six years had pass'd, and — ere the six,  
When time began to play his usual tricks. CRABBE.

Oh yes! these lips are very fair,  
Half lifted to the sky,  
As if they breathed an Angel's prayer,  
Mix'd with a mortal's sigh;  
But their's is not the song that flings  
O'er evening's still imaginings  
Its cherish'd witchery;  
No, these are not the lips whose tone  
Sad Memory has made her own!  
And these long curls of dazzling brown,  
In many a fairy wreath,  
Float brightly, beautifully, down  
Upon the brow beneath;  
But these are not the locks of jet,  
For which I sought the violet,  
On that remember'd heath;  
No, these are not the locks that gleam  
Around me in my twilight dream!  
And these blue eyes—a very saint  
Might envy their pure rays—  
Are such as limners learn to paint,  
And poets long to praise;  
But their's is not the speaking glance,  
On which, in all its young romance,  
My spirit loves to gaze;  
No, these are not the eyes that shine,  
Like never setting stars, on mine!  
By those sweet songs I hear to-night,  
Those black locks on the brow,  
And those dark eyes, whose living light  
Is beaming o'er me now,  
I worship nought but what thou art!—  
Let all that was decay,—depart,—  
I care not when, or how;  
And fairer far these hues may be,—  
They seem not half so fair to me!

## A WALK FROM FLORENCE TO SIENA.

DEAR M——.—IT is a fine May-day morning, bright and clear, except that some light fleecy clouds are floating beneath a sky of so deep a blue, that the like of it has never yet been enjoyed by you Northerners. Here we are outside the *Porta Romana*,—the road is all before us,—will you walk with me to Siena? If not better engaged in some historical matter of fact, or some metaphysical matter of nothing, I shall be happy of your company. But don't disturb yourself, don't call for your thick-soled shoes; I shall be content if you merely fancy yourself my companion as you read my letter;—so pray keep your chair, or, if you will, loll upon a sofa, cushioned and comfortable; be in want of nothing but small chat for your amusement, and be ready to lend a good-natured ear to any talk on any subject that may be started on our journey.

These suburbs, these villas with their eternal garden-walls,—let us pass them swiftly as we can. We will not even stop to throw away a glance at the Grand Duke's summer retreat on the *Poggio Imperiale*, whither his highness flies when the town is too hot to hold him. Now we have well nigh crossed this hill, what say you to the view? Is it not a rich and fertile plot of farms, enclosed within a circle of handsomely shaped hills? The vines, it is true, are not yet in their luxuriant foliage, but, to make amends, their young green is the more vivid, and forms a greater contrast with the other fruit-trees, and particularly with the sober hue of the olive. There in the midst, upon an isolated mount, stands the Certosa convent,—a heavy, an unsightly building, a blot on the beauty of nature. It is strange that Italian monks never show so much as an attempt at taste in their architecture; while our English ones appear to have studied the graces of their Gothic arches, shafts, and cornices, and have left behind them many stately records, which, even in their ruins, demand our gratitude.

From the fifth to the seventh mile-stone, is the most romantic part of our journey. Here we are among steep hills, with wood and rock on every side. The road, as it winds upward, presents at every turn some novelty or some variety in the landscape. At the top of the hill, there is a fine and extensive prospect. What particularly pleased me, standing just there on the little hillock at the side of the road, was a sight of Florence with its palaces and towers; and Fiesole upon the hill beyond it, seen beneath the boughs of two oaks. I have never heard of the Florentines coming hither on a trip of pleasure; but it is not their fashion to go so far out of town with a basket of provisions; besides, they would think a gipsy party too unbecoming for city manners, and fear that the fact might be urged against them as a proof of their want of "*educazione*." If they can possibly overcome so great a difficulty, I recommend, for their health's sake, and as an agreeable change from their mixture of soups, stews, fries, and antibilious pills, that they should walk hither, sit upon the grass, eat heartily of a cold joint, and drink as jollily as they ought, of their own light Tuscan wine. I shall certainly set them an example.

Now half an hour's walk brings us to San Casciano, a petty town, but it affords a coffee-house where we can get a good breakfast,—butter excepted, for that article is rarely found in Italy out of the principal

cities, and there, generally speaking, more is consumed by the foreign visitors than by the natives. From San Casciano, well recruited with a breakfast, we descend by a long hill into a beautiful plain, or rather valley, which we must traverse for some distance on a level road. The dust looks formidable, but walk carefully and it rises no higher than your shoes; and though the sun is no longer clouded, we are relieved by a pleasant breeze.

Observe the ingenuity of this beggar. The rogue never could have succeeded without adding another annoyance to his importunity; he therefore shuffles by my side, raising so thick a cloud of dust, that I am glad to bribe him away. There!—take your paltry coin, and let me gaze about me in comfort.

The hills on each side of this valley have a peculiar grace in their sloping forms, and they are diversified by woods, with here and there a handsome villa. To walk through such a country is indeed an enjoyment; but perhaps it is still better to sit down in the midst of it upon a shady bank, especially as I begin to feel the effects of this unclouded sun. I like to loiter on my way, and stretch myself upon the grass, and take a book from my pocket, or hum an old song, or think upon my friends at home. On resuming our walk, we quitted the valley by a series of hills, which afforded us a view that was more extensive than delightful. Presently we came to a part of the road that reminded us of England, for there was a hedge-row on each side, with oaks that spread above our heads. We gazed upon many spots worthy of a painter or a poet; and on we walked till another town appeared, and that was Tavernelle. It was our intention to take some little rest and refreshment at that place, and we asked the first man we met where we could best be accommodated. He instantly proposed his own house, a sort of chandler's shop with an apartment for guests, which he assured us was both cool and airy. Whether owing to this man's good-tempered face of invitation, or to our own idleness, or to the glance we caught at three damsels in the aforesaid apartment, I cannot exactly determine; but in we went, and the table was quickly spread with very tempting fare. The girls were busily employed in straw-bonnet work. I should be sorry to be accused of telling tales, but the fidelity of this narrative requires that every particular should be stated. Be it known then that all our landlord's daughters were extremely attractive. One had red hair, to be sure,—I wonder how she came by it,—but she knew how to remedy that defect, and in the most harmonious manner, by a green velvet cap with a gold border. Then she had "a grace, a manner, a decorum," that outshone her beauty. The second one, with her piercing eyes, somehow disconcerted me as I came into the room; but the sweetness of expression about her mouth made amends, and diffused a softness over her features, which I was not so much aware of at first sight. As for the third, she was a little rosy lass, beaming with mildness and affection, and her countenance was more intellectual than either of her sisters. I looked at her till I did not know what to wish. Not being married men, why should we hesitate to tell the whole truth? Well, we paid our devoirs to each in her turn; never did we watch the process of bonnet-making with such attention; and it may readily be imagined we did not fail to take up their work every now and then, examine into the curious construction of the plaiting of the straw, and

of the sewing together, compare one bonnet with another, and ask every question, and pay every compliment we could devise. During all this trifling, it might have done many maids and matrons of all countries good, to see with what unaffected modesty these girls behaved. There was no coquetry, no pretence of suspicion at what the strange gentlemen might mean, and yet no gravity. They talked, and smiled, and looked up from their work, with the same ease and unconsciousness of impropriety as if they regarded us as their brothers,—and so we were.

At the eighteenth mile-stone we arrived at the city of Barberino. I have seen many an insignificant place in Italy, enclosed in walls, and dignified by the name of city, but this outdoes them all. You may walk from one gate to the other, passing the church, the house of the *podestà*, and the barber's shop, well nigh before you draw a second breath. Every body was abroad, perhaps some twenty folk, staring at the strangers. Here, with much satisfaction, I make known a scheme I have hit upon for the benefit of gentlemen of a small independence, who are tormented by a desire to cut a figure in the world. If they reside in large and wealthy towns, the attempt to succeed is generally abortive, or ends in an unpleasant retirement under lock and key. Let them, such is my advice, settle in one of these petty Italian cities—Barberino for instance—where, with an income of about a hundred crowns, a gentleman might, in his comparative elegant style of living, lord it over his neighbours as much as any lord in London, and in fact be the Prince Esterhazy at the court of the *podestà*.

The sun hid his head, and we became ashamed of our loitering; so we stepped briskly on, in love with the scene around us. We had for a long time bade farewell to the olives and vines of the Valdarno; and the change from farms like garden-grounds to an open and varied country of wood, meadows, and corn-fields, delighted us extremely. At last we saw the town of Poggibonsi, where we knew there was a good inn, and which was therefore to be the end of our day's journey. We had walked four and twenty miles, quite enough for pleasure; and sixteen more would bring us into Siena on the following day. Poggibonsi is a considerable country-town, and flourishes with its manufactures. This is the last resting-place for travellers in the *rettura* from Rome to Florence: they are five days and a half on the road, drawn by the same horses that never can be prevailed upon to exceed four miles an hour,—a tedious mode of travelling, you will say; but it affords the advantages of seeing the country at leisure, and of walking as much as you like without running the risk of being left behind.

We rose early the next morning, and found the country enveloped in a thick fog, which in about half an hour gave token of a hot day; for it rose steadily, and vanished quickly, leaving us without a cloud in the heavens. The landscape still continued to enchant us, and we fell into conversation upon the difference of scenery in Italy and England, each of us advocating the superiority of one country over the other. You can take which side of the argument you please. It began with the provoking exclamation of—"Well, there is nothing to equal this view in all England!"

"Indeed! I rather think nine-tenths of England are more beautiful than any part of Italy. What is there here to repay us for the loss of our fields and meadows enclosed in hawthorn, the little pathways that

cross them, and their neat rustic stiles at each end, our noble forest-trees, copse-wood, and shady lanes? Then call to mind the simple, yet picturesque appearance of our thatched cottages, our farm-houses, their quiet homesteads, and the air of comfort that is spread around them. Have I said enough? or must I compare our clear and sparkling brooks and rivers with the turbid waters of Italy, and the muddy Tyber and Arno?"

"If an enclosed country is your choice, you ought to be content with the *poderi* around Florence."

"Where we have the olive, a mockery of foliage, a tree cut in paper, that comes upon our imagination, with its livid green, like the ghost of an ugly gigantic myrtle; fruit-trees pruned and trimmed; and vines that must not grow in any way than for profit. You may walk in a *podere*, and look about in vain for shade; no tree is permitted to attain its natural growth, lest the fruit should lose its sunny flavour."

"Yet how elegant are those festoons of the vine! It is true they are pruned for the sake of the grape, but they are managed in a far worse manner, for the eye's delight, in France."

"I am not speaking of France. I speak only of Italian *poderi*, and if you have any thing to say in their favour, I am ready to listen to it."

"Nothing farther than that I have passed many pleasant hours in them, before sun-rise and towards night-fall; and I believe the reason why I felt happy in them was owing to a disposition to regard every thing for its own worth. I never object to a garden because it is not a forest, no more than to a bird because it is not a beast or a fish. You cannot, however, complain of want of shade in this part of Tuscany; for here are tall trees enough, and, if my eyes do not deceive me, all of them oaks."

"Yes, they are oaks,—but how unlike the "unwedgeable and gnarled" ones of the north! These have no wide-spreading boughs, no fulness of leaf, no sturdy trunks. And must we call these attenuated plants by the name of oaks? They are more like geraniums in a lady's boudoir."

"This is too much. They are handsome trees, though they may not afford good timber. In these valleys, owing to the long-continued summer-heats, and the alluvial soil, the oak is certainly of too quick a growth; but upon the hills, where the temperature is cooler, and where it meets with a different soil, it attains even to your English perfection."

"Perhaps so; but if we climb the hills, we shall at least lose the present scene, which you are inclined to praise so much."

"Then to the scene before us. Your objection to it as an open country is in the spirit of John Bullism. Because the greater part of England is enclosed, you would have every country the same; yet a Scotchman would not thank you for intersecting with hedge-rows the beautiful plain round Perth, which has been truly likened to an Italian landscape; nor would any sort of enclosure be suitable to the character of this scenery. Observe the graceful composition of outline, its gentle undulations, so varied and so harmonious, and its well-wooded hills, backed by the lofty Apennines. Every thing here bears the stamp of classic ground,—ground trod by Fauns and Dryads. In England the character of the landscape is totally different; it has the look of com-

fort and home-feeling, and boasts of its Robin Goodfellow and his train of household fairies. The question of which of the two countries possesses the finer scenery is a matter of taste, which cannot well be decided on, either by an Englishman or an Italian, as each will be swayed by early associations, if not governed by national prejudice. Still there is one tolerable criterion. National prejudices are not apt to cling about us when we look at works of art. Compare the landscapes of Claude and Poussin with those of Gainsborough and Morland; then you must confess——."

"No, I will not consent that such painters shall in any way be compared together."

"I mean the subjects of their paintings, not the paintings themselves. But if you consider that is unfair, look at the works of Turner, and tell me which are the superior ones,—those of real English scenery, or those where he has profited by his visit to Italy."

"*Le roi s'avisera.* In the mean time you must bear in mind that I have been talking here at a considerable disadvantage, in the midst of a scene that I acknowledge to be very fine for Italy, without bringing to your recollection some one in England of peculiar beauty, and without a word about our romantic lakes and mountains in Cumberland and Westmoreland."

"Very true; nor have I alluded to the bay of Naples, or the falls at Terni. As for romantic mountains, if the banditti would allow us to visit Calabria, I have little doubt but that we should find some equal, if not superior, even to the Highlands of Scotland."

We had passed through Staggia, a little walled city like Barberino, only a little larger; and we saw another of the same sort, upon a hill to the left, that bore the appearance of an old miserable prison. We then stopped at a kind of half-way house, where it was impossible to withstand the killing intentions of our landlady, not kindly killing towards ourselves, as any lady's ought to be, but with malice prepense against her pigeons and chickens; for she insisted upon it we should be the better for an early dinner, though at an hour when most persons would call it an early breakfast. This was only the second of May, and it seemed to be picked out of the middle of July. I never found myself under a more scorching sun; it was dangerous to proceed; so, unwilling to remain housed in a paltry inn, we turned off from the road into the depths of a shady wood, and there lolled upon the grass, and chatted the time away till the afternoon.

The last five miles were not equal to the former part of our journey, though we agreed there were many pleasant walks in the neighbourhood of Siena. Being holiday, the Sienese were sallying forth in their best clothes for an evening stroll, and we met many lovely faces under large straw bonnets. The women are famed for their beauty, their elegant style of walk, their good-nature and politeness, and the purity of their pronunciation; all this is unquestionable, while scandal adds they have, generally speaking, bad teeth. I remarked that both sexes, young and old, bear a strong family likeness; with small neat features, bright eyes, and mouths of a peculiarly straight and defined cut. They have an air of cleverness, with a lurking expression of cunning; perhaps they are more ingenious than ingenuous,—not their fault cer-

tainly, for an Italian is forced into a life of subterfuge. Yet their faces are lighted up by a glad feeling, and, allowing the accusation against them of voluptuousness, I maintain it is of the lively and not the languid cast; at any rate I saw nothing resembling the stamp of sensuality. Their forms are light and graceful, a little approaching to the dapper; and there are very few among them that incline to unwieldiness of person, so common in Florence and Genoa. In the evening we visited the coffee-houses, ate our ices, and wandered about the streets, which were full of well-dressed persons, enjoying the freshness of the air, and listening to the groups of singers and musicians.

Now having brought you into Siena, perhaps I have done enough. You have so many accounts of Italy, in travels, tours, letters, sketches, and guide-books, that you ought to be acquainted with our principal cities, as well as a gentleman of the west end is with London within the walls. I shall therefore not enter into particulars; you will surely be satisfied with the result of my immediate impressions.

Siena is not a place I would choose for a residence, though there are two essential points in its favour,—it is kept clean, and the people appear civil and good-tempered. As the houses, and most of the palaces, are built of brick, some the worse for plaster, and some of the plaster the worse for age, this city has a shabby appearance; and its style of architecture is antique without being venerable. Several of the palaces are in a sadly dilapidated condition, or turned into public offices. The Piazza del Campo is the grand square; it contains five or six palaces that once belonged to their proud nobility, and the Palazzo Pubblico, where they held their republican senate. I cannot settle in my mind whether I was pleased with this square owing to its actual appearance, or to the historical recollections connected with it. The ground of the city being irregular, none of the streets run in a direct line, and all of them are on the ascent or the descent; so much so, that many of the lanes are formed of flights of stairs. We visited the Academy of Fine Arts, where there is not a single picture of excellence to awaken the ambition of the students. There the same remorseless system of teaching is carried on as in every other part of Italy. I hope the professor will pardon me for not admiring his paintings, when I confess myself blind to the merits of Benvenuti of Florence, or Camuccini of Rome. Siena can boast of little else than its cathedral. With the exception of the front, I cannot praise the taste shown on the exterior; the belfry is contemptible, and the squat cupola an offence. The interior, in spite of its chequered work of black and white marble, and its ugly portraits of a line of popes, is, in one sense, a perfect work; inasmuch as we see every intention fulfilled. It is of singular richness, crowded with ornaments, from the painted and gilded roof down to the elaborate pavement. The spirit of decoration is carried to so high a pitch, that in the insides of the marble basins for the holy water, there are sundry sorts of carved fishes, with eels wriggling up the sides. One of these basins rests on an antique tripod, with bas-reliefs of heathen deities,—and those who think it worth while, may take advantage of the allegory. The greater part of the pavement, by Domenico Beccafuni, preserved by a flooring which is raised up piece-meal for a stranger's admiration, surpasses all of priestly gorgeousness. There are designs of the utmost style, spirit, and power of

drawing; and the effect is produced by no more than a black outline on inlaid marble, of white and one or two shades of grey. I pass by the marble pulpit of Giovanni di Pisa, with its rich balustrade to the stairs, as their costly work would demand too long a description; and lead you into a large apartment called the library—by courtesy, for it contains no other books than a few illuminated missals. This library has its walls adorned by fresco paintings, representing the life of Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius III. It is said Raphael gave designs for all of them, and that he really executed the first, which indeed is worthy of him in his early days; and that the remainder are by the hand of Pintorecchio. For my part, putting controversy at defiance, I believe Raphael did give designs for some of them; and, in this faith, I regarded them with the greatest interest. I was astonished at their freshness of colour, especially in the one ascribed to Raphael; it looks as if his hand had not quitted it longer ago than yesterday,—it makes him our contemporary. B.

STANZAS.

In the woods of Arcady,  
Lying on a pleasant green  
Shadowed by a beechen tree,  
A shepherd boy was seen  
Piping, while the river sweet  
Ran and gurgled at his feet.  
At his side the laurel sprung,  
At his head the beechen tree,  
And above him, mocking, hung  
Thick boughs, a rustling canopy,  
Which, when as the oaten spoke,  
From their green dreams aye awoke.  
“Can the Hamadryad leave,”  
Quoth the boy, “her beechen tree,  
And come hither, and so grieve  
For a thing like *me*?”  
“Hark! the sylvan creature sighed,”  
Said he,—and the leaves replied.  
“Sigh for ever! oh, for ever  
Whisper thou melodious tree,  
And beside this grassy river  
Will I sit and list to thee:  
Be it pleasure, be it pain,  
None can hear thy voice in vain.”  
’Tis the privilege of verse  
To suggest a deeper tone:  
So whate’er thou dost rehearse,  
Strait a wider thought is known,—  
Like a dreamer’s secret told  
To a poet wise and old.  
As a vein of gold discover’d  
To a skilful miner’s ear,  
Are those holy words that hover’d  
(Sometimes far and sometimes near)  
O’er thy lip, sweet oracle!  
—Be it mine to hear and tell!



## IDLENESS.

MR. EDITOR,—Every body has his passion; and mine is idleness. Let me, therefore, say a few words of illustration; which you may the safer permit, being assured that I am too indolent to prose at much length. To begin with the beginning,—the curse which fell upon man, that he should live in the sweat of his brow, was a punishment denounced after a grievous offence; from which it may logically be concluded, that to do nothing is the *summum bonum*; and idleness the supreme pleasure of paradise. The privileged classes, as they are called, have (it may be observed by the way) pretty well absolved themselves from the consequences of this denunciation; which sufficiently proves them to be the peculiar favourites of heaven; and when even I am inclined to think irreverently of the church, the indolence of the cloth at once recalls me from the error, and bows me in submission before the chosen vessels. All men, it is said, are naturally idle. Horace makes ease the common wish of every class, and declares long-spun and ambitious cares to be the extreme of absurdity. The most active and enterprising of men are represented as toiling and plotting through their youth, merely for the sake of the *otium cum dignitate* of old age. The 'prentice boy looks at the dusty roadside villa of his master, and buckles-to with renewed vigour in the hopes of a similar retirement. The soldier thinks of the sunny bench at Chelsea, and marches on, though half dead with watching and fatigue. The East Indian casts a prospective eye to Bath and Cheltenham, and a seat in a certain assembly for his evening's nap, and sets bile and dysentery, and the indolence of a hot climate, at defiance. The labourer alone has no such cheering vision, but toils on from day to day, to support a bare existence, with no other prospect than that antidote to all ease,—a parish workhouse. General, however, as the love of idleness is, there are few persons who really understand the thing. With most men every employment which makes no return in money is considered as idle. The schoolboy who neglects his task, and is ever to seek for a theme or a copy of verses, is called an idle boy; though he has passed the whole day as the long stop at cricket, in climbing the highest trees, rowing upon the river, or other violent exercise; and goes to bed as fatigued as a coal-porter. Nay, though he should have been engaged in turning, painting, or music, he will not escape the imputation. So also, at college, I have known many persons enjoying the reputation of idle dogs, whose time was occupied in fox-hunting, or who walked most industriously after a dog, with twenty pounds of gun-metal on their shoulder, "from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve." This is obviously erroneous; but the mistake is more excusable respecting that rather numerous category of persons,

—Predoom'd their fathers' hopes to cross,  
Who pen a stanza, when they should engross.

The poets in general, it must be confessed, have an exterior of idleness about them that might impose upon the most keen-sighted. Except Walter Scott, in whom the Scotsman and novelist prevail over the poet, I never knew one of the tribe who had the least touch of plodding industry; and a friend whom I could name, who is "every inch" a poet, has a relish for what the world calls idleness, that is worth a

good ten thousand a-year. "These indeed seem" idlers; but they "have that within which passes show;" theirs "but the trappings and the weeds" of idleness. For whether they linger by the side of brooks, or "lose and neglect the creeping hours of time under the shade of melancholy boughs" in solitude and silence; or whether they pass their time amidst wine-cups and hilarity, their poor unfortunate brains are ever at work, work, work from morning to night; and teem forth a harvest of bright thoughts as unceasingly as the twirls of a spinning-jenny, or a charity child in a factory. It is by no means the weight or importance of an occupation that entitles it to the appellation of industry. A man's activity may be expended upon a most trivial object, but still it is labour, and the world does but justice to the active-minded citizen, who runs about from house to house spreading scandal, and interfering in all things, when it calls him a *busy body*, although, to all intents and purposes of utility, he would have been much better occupied in spitting over a bridge into the water. A mistake of an opposite nature is not unfrequent, by which your genuine idler passes for an industrious man. This occurs more especially with respect to collegiates and Templars, who, if they happen to be of a sedentary habit, and do not stir much about the world, are believed to be great saps. I knew a man of this description, who passed his whole life in slippers and dressing-gown; but on whose privacy I never broke in the evening, without finding the snuffs of his candles an inch long, and crowned with a fungus-like protuberance of soot; while a corresponding drowsiness of demeanour in his whole person sufficiently proved that the snuffers had not been overlooked through too close an application to Euclid or Greek metres. In like manner ministers of state sometimes acquire great reputation by a regular attendance in Downing Street; though perhaps they leave all their business to clerks, and spend morning after morning in cutting their pens and spelling the newspapers. Now is it not rather hard, Mr. Editor, that you yourself, for instance, should be railed at as an idler on account of a little procrastination, perhaps, or of lying late in bed, or, like that unhappy youth Mr. Gay, of "writing pastorals in the time of divine service;" while a great lubberly lord shall pass for a plodder, because he has the cunning to envelope himself in the pomp and circumstance of business?

There is indeed something peculiarly ungrateful in the avaricious undervaluing of idleness which is so prevalent. Like a vast many other pretences put forth in this island of false appearances, the affectation of industry has more of hypocrisy than of true zeal in it. With the great majority of men, ambition, or the love of money, is the real spring of action; and industry, though tolerated as a means, is detested as an end. There are thousands and tens of thousands, who would willingly take up with the "*dolcissimo fur niente*" if they dared; and Diogenes, with his tub and his cynicism, was less a philosopher than an idler; while Epicurus, in the opposite extreme, turned his philosophy to pretty nearly the same account. For myself, I beg to be understood as loving idleness, pure and perfect idleness, for itself alone,—just as your true sentimental lovers like to be adored, dear souls: and it always struck me that the setting a schoolboy his holiday-task was little better than proffering the cup of Tantalus to be taken under the

sword of Damocles. No, sir, none of your constructive idleness for me. Sleeping in the sun, watching the progress of a snail, or the transit of a bubble in the stream, are quite sufficient employment for a genuine idler, and angling is the only sport which does not absolutely break in upon his enjoyment. Idle persons are falsely accused of being ever in mischief; and on this account probably the devil is said to fly away with the roof of a house, if you don't give him an attorney or proctor to carry, or some other such job of journey-work. This is all very false philosophy. Active dispositions may become mischievous, when not profitably employed, exactly as Napoleon went to Moscow, for want of something better to do; but your genuine idler is contented with eating, drinking, and sleeping, or, at most, with playing the *cicisbeo*, perhaps, or watching a game of chess without understanding the moves. Indeed I question whether Neddy Bray had not a spark of industry in him when he left the cat and the coalskuttle, to count the hackney-coaches which passed the windows of his lodging. In favour of idleness, it must be observed that the idler has no strong passions. Hence the absurdity of making the idleness of monks and churchmen a matter of reproach. Would to heaven they were all idle, and always idle! for there is nothing so much to be dreaded as that such folks should take a sudden fit of industry, and recommence their old meddlings with politics and literature. I'll be bound the French, for instance, would be well pleased to find old Fressynous lounging in a lady's boudoir, or to catch the whole corps of Jesuits "sleeping upon benches in afternoons." The moment a man has a desire to gratify, he ceases to be an idler; accordingly, the greatest sluggards are on the alert towards dinner-time; and a lazy lover is a contradiction in terms. To be a genuine idler, a man must be content with his own sensations as they come to him, and endure *ennui* without repining. His mind must never go abroad in search of amusement; it must have no world of its own, no castle in the air, the realization of which would cost an effort, and the idea of which would beget discontent. The perfection of idleness is therefore rarely obtained, except through long practice, or under the influence of that morbid state of the biliary system, in which all the finer movements of its vessels are clogged and impeded, and the effort of volition becomes too painful to be attempted. Short of this, indolence is rarely more than occasional; and in youth the merest idler is thrown into activity at the impulse of pleasure. I know a young lady who has very pretty pretensions to idleness, but who has no objection to dancing the livelong night, and who would work at a ball-dress for fifteen hours at a stretch, rather than not go to the assembly. Of this young lady's life, the following specimen, as set down by her mother, may afford some idea, and it proves her to be a real amateur.

Rose at ten. Regretted not being able to lie an hour longer. Lamented the necessity of cleanliness. \* Dressing a great bore. Dogs in this respect happier than men. Watch-boxes still better.

Breakfasted till eleven. Sauntered for half an hour, and played with the cat. N. B. She scratched both my hands.

Half-past eleven. Sunk in an arm-chair, with a novel, read the same page three times over, and fell asleep. Got up to walk to another chair, and was told I'd a hole in my stocking. I wonder why the maid does not mend them.

Twelve. Played half a lesson on the piano. What can Rossini mean by writing such difficult music?

One o'clock. Took up a needle and thread, and looked out of the window at the cattle feeding, for three quarters of an hour. Cows lead happy lives. I wonder why man does not ruininate.

At two. Luncheon.

Three. Forced to walk out. I hate exercisc. Was told my petticoat is longer than my gown; but what does that signify?

Half-past four. Very tired and very hungry. Played again with the cat. Made Fidelle, the French poodle, fetch a stick three times out of the water. N. B. Fidelle tore my glove to pieces. I wish my brother had been by to takê it from him.

Five. Played at scratch-cradle, and then three games of Trou-madame till dressing time. Can't think why mamma does not allow me a maid to dress me. N. B. scolded for throwing my hair-papers about the room. What has the housemaid to do but gather them up? It's monstrous tiresome to be scolded.

Six. Dinner. After coffee sat still doing nothing till bedtime. Thought half-past ten would never come. Went to bed very tired. N. B. Doing nothing is extremely troublesome, and I hate it exceedingly. But then what can one do?

Such, with a few trifling variations, is the life of this young lady, except as before excepted, when pleasure is afloat. During the season, as it is called, the case is different, and she undergoes great fatigues and hardships without repining; sits up half the night, and will dance you three or four miles of quadrille, without "fainting by the way." This however is a defect, of which time, I have little doubt, will cure her; and I dare believe that when she is once married, and has the cares of a family on her hands, her conduct will become "*simplex dumtaxat et unus*,"—perfectly consistent throughout; and that she will relapse into an indolence as genuine and perfect as heart could desire. Heigh ho! Mr. Editor, I never thought I could have written so long a letter. Yours truly, M.

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SONNET.

*To the Ruins of Ionia.*

IONIA—sad Ionia!—is this wreck

All that remains to tell thy splendid tale?

Was it for this thy myriads toil'd to deck

Nature with Art, until the priest grew pale

In his own fane—and deem'd the incensed gale

Waved the rich tresses of his Phidian god?

Are glories born like thine, but to exhale,

As dews forgotten from the mountain sod?—

Yes—fallen Ionia!—as thy temples nod,

Earthquaked by Time—while, at night's pensive noon,  
The jackal howls through theatres untrod,

Mute as the soft light of their Asian moon;—

So fade the fair, the proud, the famed, the strong—

All save eternal truth and sacred song!

J.

## MOORE'S LIFE OF SHERIDAN.\*

THE favourite prose reading of the present day is biography. With the single exception of trashy and polemic theology, no books are perused with greater avidity than those various "Lives," "Memoirs," "Reminiscences," "Conversations," and "Letters," which teem forth on the demise of eminent persons, to "prate of their whereabouts." The spreading civilization of the age has drawn men out of the circle of private and professional exclusiveness; and has opened the intellects and the hearts of all classes to a common sympathy with the poet, the warrior, the philosopher, the actor, and the artist,—with every one, in short, who has distinguished himself from the mass, no matter in what department of the world's business, or its pleasures. Within the short period which has elapsed since the last "avatar" of the New Monthly Magazine, two biographical works have appeared, which though different in their pretensions, opposite in their style and matter, and of very unequal degrees of importance, will both be extensively read, and will contribute, each in its separate sphere, to the amusement of the town. One of these publications is the life of the late R. B. Sheridan; the other, the "Reminiscences of Michael Kelly," which incidentally treats of the extraordinary person upon whose biography Mr. Moore has expended so much of his time and talent.

Whoever has read the Newgate Calendar, "must needs" remember the contrasted figures in the double print of "Charles Price disguised as a beggar," and "Charles Price in his proper dress." Much such a difference of exterior does Mr. Sheridan exhibit, as he shines in the embellished *en buste* of Mr. Moore, a statesman and a poet, in all the sentimental elevation of his passion for "the beautiful maid of Bath,"—and as he appears in Michael Kelly's homely whole-length, the jolly boon companion, intriguing to put off a creditor, or plotting to put off a joke. Yet is not either of these portraits deficient in faithfulness to the particular aspect under which it was drawn; and the difference but serves to show how much the biographer infuses of himself into his hero, and how, in the very best delineations of persons and of things, the resemblance takes its colour from the modalities of thought and feeling of the artist by whom it is sketched. It is not our intention to enter upon an elaborate criticism of Mr. Moore's volume. His merits and demerits as an author, his splendid endowments, and striking peculiarities, are too well known to render such a task necessary. Every one who is acquainted with his style of writing and turn of mind, will readily anticipate that the present, like most of his past works, is remarkable for strong imagery, brilliance of illustration, intensity of feeling, and an abhorrence of abstract reasoning; such as have long stamped him a finished poet and a careless philosopher.† Elegant diction, glowing expression, delicate sentiment, bursts of strong passion, will pretty generally be expected in his pages, rather than a painful analysis of moral problems, or a bold philosophy of those striking events and combinations, which constituted the politics of the bustling and contentious period of Mr. Sheridan's public life. And

\* Memoirs of the Life of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan. By Thomas Moore. 4to.

"fair Science, to you  
"I've long bid a last and a careless adieu!"

these expectations being gratified, we are little disposed to ask from the author results, which the innate qualities of his mind and his accidental acquirements,—his genius and his associations, could not enable him to attain. To quarrel with a writer because in some of his developements he has exceeded our notions of fitness, or has given to others a comprehension less than is “dreamed of in our philosophy,” is a species of criticism which belongs rather to trading, than to honest and liberal reviewers. Yet if, in remembering the vast and all-involving themes which are connected with the epoch of Sheridan's political career, we sometimes feel that more light is desirable to penetrate the chaos of affairs, than Mr. Moore has cast upon them, we may be permitted to express a regret that the speculative disposition of booksellers should induce them to prescribe to highly gifted beings, tasks more completely within the competence of commoner intellects.

The life of Mr. Sheridan presents three distinct aspects; that of the dramatist, the legislator, and the man: and it is with no view to disparage Mr. Moore's production, we state our conviction—that in the first of these departments, its author has succeeded the most happily. Seizing, as he has done, the loftier and more ideal aspect of Sheridan's character, the delicacy of his tact has forced him to keep in the background those personal defects of his hero, which were so much out of keeping with his original design,—defects, in which posterity will feel little interest, and with which the present generation is but too well acquainted: and as the French tragedy, in its jealousy of the ignoble, is often compelled to exclude the natural, so has the biographer, in his effort to sustain the tone of his work, been forced to shade off some of the most characteristic traits of his subject, and to sacrifice the real to the poetic truth of his composition. This fastidiousness has rendered the details of an eccentric and diversified life more sterile than the anecdotal taste of the time will relish; and the lovers of gossip, that great majority of the book-buying public, will often lament the absence of some portraiture of the convivial drolleries of Brooke's, or specimen of the wit and frolic of the green-room.

In his review of Sheridan's political career, Mr. Moore has had to contend with many difficulties. Sheridan, though attached to the Foxites, was not strictly a party man; and the author's known connexion with the wreck of the old whigs, and his avowed bias towards their opinions, must often have embarrassed him in the progress of his narration. That Mr. Sheridan should have entered more warmly into the views of the reformers than some of his coadjutors, and that the names of Mackintosh and Whitbread should have appeared, with his, upon the lists of the “Friends of the people,” before those of the great aristocratical whigs, though by no means unnatural, must, in the present bright hour of political illumination, be a painful recollection to a staunch advocate of the party, and have required all Mr. Moore's hardihood to avow.

Another difficulty with which Mr. Moore has had to struggle, lies in the peculiar epoch of his story. Too recent for history, and yet too remote to live in the memory of the existing generation, the events he had to describe will neither admit of a lengthened developement, nor be fully understood from a hasty summary. The more important phasis of modern politics has also stripped the miserable squabbles for place and power, which formed the groundwork of some of Sheridan's most

brilliant efforts, of much of that interest, which would otherwise belong to their nearness. In order therefore to avoid details, which he perhaps suspected nobody would read, Mr. Moore has sometimes become obscure, and has forced us to recur for information to those annual and parliamentary registers, the pages of which he says he has disdained to compile. Thus it happens that, in his relations, the story is for the most part made subservient to the man, and as soon as Mr. Sheridan's conduct and speech are discussed, the subject is abandoned as if exhausted. That our author is a politician at all, has indeed long seemed to us more a matter of chance than of liking. Nature designed him for a poet; and like genuine poets, he feels more deeply than he thinks. Being born an Irishman and a Catholic, his quick apprehension of the wrongs which weigh on this category of persons seems to have given their point, venom, and direction to the satirical breathings of his muse. Goaded to indignation by overmastering injury, he apprehends a world of figures, and clothes the *sentiment* of liberty in language that goes at once to the understanding and the heart. But for a laborious investigation of the particulars which constitute liberty, or determine its existence among men, we should imagine him, both by his poetic and his pleasurable temperament, peculiarly indisposed. Placed likewise in social contact with whatever is most distinguished among the upper classes of all political creeds, his own opinions must occasionally be shaken by their influence. It is impossible for a good-natured man to avoid wishing that his associates may be not utterly in the wrong; and it is difficult for a scholar and a wit to credit the corruption and baseness, that too often hide themselves beneath a smooth surface of refinement, urbanity, and convivial ease. To these causes we are inclined to attribute some occasional apologies for men and measures, into which Mr. Moore has been seduced, not exactly in accordance with his own eloquent appeals in favour of liberty; apologies of which men of a more scrutinizing turn will at once perceive the fallacy. With an evident endeavour to conciliate all parties, we question, therefore, whether Mr. Moore will satisfy any. Let it not however be imagined that this portion of the volume before us is deficient in ability, it abounds in fine writing, and in just and often penetrating views; and it possesses a sustained tone rarely displayed in Mr. Moore's former prose works. As a specimen of his manner, we take at hazard his remarks on Mr. Pitt's administration.

When we are told to regard his policy as the salvation of the country—when (to use a figure of Mr. Dundas) a *claim of salvage* is made for him, it may be allowed us to consider a little the nature of the measures, by which this alleged salvation was achieved. If entering into a great war, without either consistency of plan, or preparation of means, and with a total ignorance of the financial resources of the enemy—if allowing one part of the cabinet to flatter the French Royalists, with the hope of seeing the Bourbons restored to undiminished power, while the other part acted whenever an opportunity offered, upon the plan of dismembering France for the aggrandisement of Austria, and thus, at once, alienated Prussia at the very moment of subsidizing him, and lost the confidence of all the Royalist party in France, except the few who were ruined by English assistance at Quiberon—if going to war in 1793 for the right of the Dutch to a river, and so managing it that in 1794 the Dutch lost their whole Seven Provinces—if lavishing more money upon failures than the successes of a century had cost, and supporting this profusion by schemes of finance, either hollow and delusive, like the Sinking Fund, or desperately regardless of the future, like the paper issues—

if driving Ireland into rebellion by the perfidious recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, and reducing England to two of the most fearful trials that a nation, depending upon credit and a navy, could encounter, the stoppage of her bank and a mutiny in her fleet—if, finally, floundering on from effort to effort against France, and then dying upon the ruins of the last coalition he could muster against her—if all this betokens a wise and able minister, then is Mr. Pitt most amply entitled to that name;—then are the lessons of wisdom to be read, like Hebrew, backward, and waste, and rashness, and systematic failure to be held the only true means of saving a country.

Had even success, by one of those anomalous accidents, which sometimes baffle the best-founded calculations of wisdom, been the immediate result of this long monotony of error, it could not, except with those to whom the event is every thing—"Ergastus stultorum magister"—reflect back merit upon the means by which it was achieved, or, by a retrospective miracle, convert that into wisdom, which chance had only saved from the worst consequences of folly. Just as well might we be called upon to pronounce alchemy a wise art, because a perseverance in its failures and reveries had led by accident to the discoveries of chemistry. But even this sanction of good luck was wanting to the unredeemed mistakes of Mr. Pitt. During the eight years that intervened between his death and the termination of the contest, the adoption of a far wiser policy was forced upon his more tractable pupils; and the only share that his measures can claim in the successful issue of the war, is that of having produced the grievance that was then abated—of having raised up the power opposed to him to the portentous and dizzy height, from which it then fell by the giddiness of its own elevation, and by the reaction, not of the princes, but the people of Europe against its yoke.

His observations on the regency question are extremely sagacious.

Taking this as a correct exposition of the doctrines of the two parties, of which Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt may be considered to have been the representatives in the regency question of 1789, it will strike some minds that, however the Whig may flatter himself that the principle by which he is guided in such exigencies is favourable to liberty, and however the Tory may, with equal sincerity, believe his suspension of the prerogative on these occasions to be advantageous to the Crown, yet that, in both of the principles, so defined, there is an evident tendency to produce effects, wholly different from those which the parties professing them contemplate.

On the one side, to sanction from authority the notion, that there are some powers of the Crown which may be safely dispensed with,—to accustom the people to an abridged exercise of the prerogative, with the risk of suggesting to their minds that its full efficacy needs not be resumed,—to set an example, in short, of reducing the kingly power, which, by its success, may invite and authorize still farther encroachments,—all these are dangers to which the alleged doctrine of Toryism, whenever brought into practice, exposes its idol; and more particularly in enlightened and speculative times, when the minds of men are in quest of the right and the useful, and when a superfluity of power is one of those abuses, which they are least likely to overlook or tolerate. In such seasons, the experiment of the Tory might lead to all that he most deprecates, and the branches of the prerogative, once cut away, might, like the lopped boughs of the fir-tree, never grow again.

On the other hand, the Whig, who asserts that the royal prerogative ought to be reduced to such powers as are beneficial to the people, and yet stipulates, as an invariable principle, for the transfer of that prerogative full and unimpaired, whenever it passes into other hands, appears, even more perhaps than the Tory, to throw an obstacle in the way of his own object. Circumstances, it is not denied, may arise, when the increase of the powers of the Crown, in other ways, may render it advisable to control some of its established prerogatives. But, where are we to find a fit moment for such a reform,—or what opening will be left for it by this fastidious Whig principle, which, in 1680, could see no middle step between a change of the succession and an undiminished maintenance of the prerogative,—and which, in 1789,



almost upon the heels of a declaration, that "the power of the Crown had increased, and ought to be diminished," protested against even an experimental reduction of it!

According to Mr. Fox, it is a distinctive characteristic of the Tory, to attach more importance to the person of the king than to his office. But, assuredly, the Tory is not singular in this want of political abstraction; and in England (from a defect, Hume thinks, inherent in all limited monarchies), the personal qualities and opinions of the sovereign have considerable influence upon the whole course of public affairs,—being felt alike in that courtly sphere around them where their attraction acts, and in that outer circle of opposition where their repulsion comes into play. To this influence, then, upon the government and the community, of which no abstraction can deprive the person of the monarch, the Whig principle in question (which seems to consider entireness of prerogative as necessary to a king, as the entireness of his limbs was held to be among the Athenians,) superadds the vast power, both actual and virtual, which would flow from the inviolability of the royal office, and forecloses, so far, the chance which the more pliant Tory doctrine would leave open, of counteracting the effects of the king's indirect personal influence, by curtailing or weakening the grasp of some of his direct regal powers. Ovid represents the Deity of Light (and on an occasion, too, which may be called a regency question) as crowned with moveable rays, which might be put off when too strong or dazzling. But, according to this principle, the crown of prerogative must keep its rays fixed and immoveable, and (as the poet expresses it) "*circa caput OMNE micantes.*"

Upon the whole, however high the authorities by which this Whig doctrine was enforced in 1789, its manifest tendency, in most cases, to secure a perpetuity of superfluous powers to the Crown, appears to render it unfit, at least as an invariable principle, for any party professing to have the liberty of the people for their object. The Prince, in his admirable letter upon the subject of the regency to Mr. Pitt, was made to express the unwillingness which he felt "that in his person an experiment should be made to ascertain with how small a portion of kingly power the executive government of the country might be carried on;"—but imagination has not far to go in supposing a case, where the enormous patronage vested in the Crown, and the consequent increase of a royal bias through the community, might give such an undue and unsafe preponderance to that branch of the legislature, as would render any safe opportunity, however acquired, of ascertaining with *how much less* power the executive government could be carried on, most acceptable, in spite of any dogmas to the contrary, to all true lovers as well of the monarchy as of the people.

In speaking of the connexion of Whigs with the Prince of Wales, Mr. Moore reads them "a great moral lesson."

The Whigs, who had now every reason to be convinced of the aversion with which they were regarded at court, had lately been, in some degree, compensated for this misfortune by the accession to their party of the heir-apparent, who had, since the year 1783, been in the enjoyment of a separate establishment, and taken his seat in the House of Peers as Duke of Cornwall. That a young prince, fond of pleasure and impatient of restraint, should have thrown himself into the arms of those who were most likely to be indulgent to his errors, is nothing surprising, either in politics or ethics. But that mature and enlightened statesmen, with the lessons of all history before their eyes, should have been equally ready to embrace such a rash alliance, or should count upon it as any more than a temporary instrument of faction, is, to say the least of it, one of those self-delusions of the wise, which show how vainly the voice of the past may speak amid the loud appeals and temptations of the present. The last Prince of Wales, it is true, by whom the popular cause was espoused, had left the lesson imperfect, by dying before he came to the throne. But this deficiency has since been amply made up; and future Whigs, who may be placed in similar circumstances, will have, at

least, one historical warning before their eyes, which ought to be enough to satisfy the most unreflecting and credulous.

We would willingly quote likewise, had we room, some very good remarks on the trial of Hastings. They will be found in page 381, and well merit perusal.

Mr. Moore's estimate of Burke, both as an orator and a politician, is much higher than we are disposed to allow. We cannot well understand the facility of temper, which urges Mr. Moore to mitigate the mercenary character of that political windmill's abrupt gyrations. For ourselves, we never could fancy that well-turned sentences, lofty figures, or impassioned language, however excellent, were justly entitled to the noble appellation of eloquence, if divested of clearness and precision of idea. We have ever regarded them, when used to cover vagueness of thought and sophistical argument—to make the worse appear the better cause,—but as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals; and even when our ear has been most flattered, our understanding has revolted from a charm, the prevalence of which portends the permanence of error and the multiplication of abuse. With respect to the moral estimate to be made of Burke's "*ratting*" at the French Revolution, we still possess two infallible tests,—the virulence of his attacks on the friends he had deserted and the opinions he had abandoned,—and the pecuniary rewards which accompanied or followed the change. Emolument, indeed, *may* go along with conviction; much more frequently it precedes it: and self-defence requires that we should think the worst of him, who, in a sudden variation of political creed, does not scrupulously avoid the stain of a pecuniary advantage. It is the peculiar misfortune of our form of government that it holds out vast encouragement to political speculators, and a proportionate severity is necessary in our judgments of public characters: men of all ranks, too much familiarized with corrupt ideas, gradually content themselves with a more flimsy pretext for covering their venality. But the easy complaisance of the people, a too facile cullibility, which accepts of any excuse that is offered for abandoning the popular cause, is perhaps the most dangerous form of political indifference. There is no sentiment more frequently forgotten among Englishmen than the necessary indignation at fraud and dishonesty, whenever these vices are clothed in purple, and fare sumptuously; and the same man who spurns the necessitated aberrations of the lowly, and cants by the hour at the faults of the poor, too often imagines himself neither disgraced nor degraded by an intimacy with a public defaulter, or a venal turn-coat. As far therefore as our influence may extend, we shall always be prepared to denounce that sort of "liberal concession," that ill-conceived "moderation," which tends to screen the naked deformity of him who sells his country's cause and his own principles, and to beget a consideration for the vices of the great, which is denied to those of smaller and less successful knaves. We turn with pleasure to Mr. Moore's own words on a similar occasion. On the secession of the Duke of Portland he observes:

It is to be regretted that, in almost all cases of conversion to the side of power, the coincidence of some worldly advantage with the change should make it difficult to decide upon the sincerity or disinterestedness of the convert. That these noble Whigs were sincere in their alarm, there is no reason to doubt; but the lesson of loyalty they have transmitted would have been far more edifying, had the usual corollary of honours and emoluments not followed, and had they left at least one instance of political conversion

on record, where the truth was its own sole reward, and the proselyte did not subside into the placeman.

The same lesson is read more severely by Sheridan himself to the seceders.

Will the train of newly-titled alarmists, of supernumerary negotiators, of pensioned paymasters, agents, and commissaries, thank him for remarking to us how profitable their panic has been to themselves, and how expensive to their country? What a contrast, indeed, do we exhibit! What! in such an hour as this, at a moment pregnant with the national fate, when, pressing as the exigency may be, the hard task of squeezing the money from the pockets of an impoverished people, from the toil, the drudgery of the shivering poor, must make the most practised collector's heart ache while he tears it from them;—can it be, that people of high rank, and professing high principles, that *they* or *their families* should seek to thrive on the spoils of misery, and fatten on the meals wrested from industrious poverty? Can it be, that this should be the case with the very persons, who state the *unprecedented peril of the country* as the *sole* cause of their being found in the ministerial ranks? The constitution is in danger, religion is in danger, the very existence of the nation itself is endangered; all personal and party considerations ought to vanish; the war must be supported by every possible exertion, and by every possible sacrifice; the people must not murmur at their burdens, it is for their salvation, their all is at stake. The time is come, when all honest and disinterested men should rally round the throne as round a standard;—for what? ye honest and disinterested men, to receive, for your own private emolument, a portion of those very taxes wrung from the people, on the pretence of saving them from the poverty and distress which you say the enemy would inflict, but which you take care no enemy shall be able to aggravate.

The portion of the volume before us which we have read with the greatest pleasure, is that in which the Poet speaks of the Poet, and brings all the warmth of his sympathies, and all the light of his experience, to illustrate the writings of Sheridan. There is one chapter in particular on the "School for Scandal," in which he has been enabled, by the possession of Sheridan's MS. to trace "the best comedy in the English language," through all its long and laboured progress, from the first crude conception, to the latest polish. Of this production Mr. Moore remarks:—

It is, perhaps, still more remarkable to find, as in the instance before us, that works which, at this period of life, we might suppose to have been the rapid offspring of a careless, but vigorous fancy,—anticipating the results of experience by a sort of second-sight inspiration,—should, on the contrary, have been the slow result of many and doubtful experiments, gradually unfolding beauties unforeseen even by him who produced them, and arriving, at length, step by step, at perfection. That such was the tardy process by which the *School for Scandal* was produced, will appear from the first sketches of its plan and dialogue, which I am here enabled to lay before the reader, and which cannot fail to interest deeply all those who take delight in tracing the alchemy of genius, and in watching the first slow workings of the menstruum, out of which its finest transmutations arise.

"Genius," says Buffon, "is *Patience*;" or, (as another French writer has explained his thought)—"*La Patience cherche, et le Génie trouve*;" and there is little doubt that to the co-operation of these two powers, all the brightest inventions of this world are owing;—that *Patience* must first explore the depths where the pearl lies hid, before *Genius* boldly dives and brings it up full into light. There are, it is true, some striking exceptions to this rule; and our own times have witnessed more than one extraordinary intellect, whose depth has not prevented their treasures from lying ever ready within reach. But the records of Immortality furnish few such instances; and all

we know of the works, that she has hitherto marked with her seal, sufficiently authorise the general position,—that nothing great and durable has ever been produced with ease, and that Labour is the parent of all the lasting wonders of this world, whether in verse or stone, whether poetry or pyramids.

These observations are doubly interesting, from their value as coming from such an authority, and from their evident allusion to the author's manner of producing his own exquisite poetry. The mistaking easy reading for easy writing, is as fatal to young writers, as it is natural to them. But how little the felicities of composition depend upon lucky hits, is evinced even in the present work; in which thoughts and images sometimes occur which want that "finish" that Mr. Moore is accustomed to bestow on his lesser efforts, and which renders the setting often more valuable than the stone. After giving a copious extract from the early MS. of the play, in which only the germs of Sheridan's bright thoughts and happy turns of expression are to be found,—extracts to which a far different interest attaches than to the dry catalogue of various readings so often appended to the works of Poets,—Mr. Moore continues:—

To trace even the mechanism of an author's style through the erasures and alterations of his rough copy, is, in itself, no ordinary gratification of curiosity; and the *brouillon* of Rousseau's *Heloise*, in the library of the Chamber of Deputies at Paris, affords a study in which more than the mere "auceps syllabarum" might delight. But it is still more interesting to follow thus the course of a writer's thoughts—to watch the kindling of new fancies as he goes—to accompany him in his change of plans, and see the various vistas that open upon him at every step. It is, indeed, like being admitted by some magical power, to witness the mysterious processes of the natural world—to see the crystal forming by degrees round its primitive nucleus, or observe the slow ripening of

—— "the imperfect ore,  
"And know it will be good another day!"

In respect of mere style, too, the workmanship of so pure a writer of English as Sheridan, is well worth the attention of all who would learn the difficult art of combining ease with polish, and being, at the same time, idiomatic and elegant. There is not a page of these manuscripts that does not bear testimony to the fastidious care with which he selected, arranged, and moulded his language, so as to form it into that transparent channel of his thoughts, which it is at present.

Of the "School for Scandal" itself the author expresses himself as follows.

With but little interest in the plot, with no very profound or ingenious developement of character, and with a group of personages, not one of whom has any legitimate claims upon either our affection or esteem, it yet, by the admirable skill with which its materials are managed,—the happy contrivance of the situations, at once both natural and striking,—the fine feeling of the ridiculous that smiles throughout, and that perpetual play of wit which never tires, but seems, like running water, to be kept fresh by its own flow,—by all this general animation and effect, combined with a finish of the details, almost faultless, it unites the suffrages, at once, of the refined and the simple, and is not less successful in ministering to the natural enjoyment of the latter, than in satisfying and delighting the most fastidious tastes among the former. And this is the true triumph of genius in all the arts, whether in painting, sculpture, music, or literature, those works which have pleased the greatest number of people of all classes, for the longest space of time, may without hesitation be pronounced the best; and, however mediocrity may enshrine itself in the admiration of the select few, the palm of excellence can only be awarded by the many.

In defending Sheridan's play from the charge of a superabundance of wit, Mr. Moore is in some sort defending himself. Indeed the resemblances between these two distinguished Irishmen are not few. In both, the love of ambitious writing frequently betrays them into splendid faults; and provided an idea is "new and rare," they neither of them seem to trouble themselves to inquire "how the devil it got there." It is worth while however to remark, that this charge of excessive wit is the cuckoo note of little writers in all ages, who are apt to think successful comedies too witty, merely because their own are too dull. Perhaps the pleasantest comedy in existence is Beaumarchais' *Marriage of Figaro*, of which the mere English reader has not the slightest conception. It is from beginning to end an incessant fire-work of wit, pleasantry, sarcasm, and satire. There is scarcely a line without a hit; and the success of the piece was commensurate with its merit. Yet, even to this day, the pedants of Paris (and the Parisian Academy produces more pedantry than is to be found in the most recluse German University) gravely tell you that there is too much "*recherche d'esprit*;" and complain of the violation of the delicacy and purity of French taste. To all such criticism there is one triumphant answer—full houses and multiplied editions; and with these on their side, the Sheridans and the Beaumarchais have nothing to fear from puny-critics and drivelling academicians. On the morality of the play, which has been attacked much on the same grounds as the *Beggars' Opera*, Mr. Moore's criticism is, as usual, judicious.

The business of Comedy, and its utility as a school of morality, is not forwarded by depicting, as some would have it do, a race

"Of faultless monsters which the world ne'er saw;"

nor can there be a more false and ridiculous conception, than that the theatre holds out all it represents, for imitation, even in its favourite characters. Comedy should show men as they are, "a mingled web of good and ill together;" it does not take up a virtue or a vice for a theme to be treated in isolation; but it shows the operation of a given propensity upon the whole moral system, in that ever-changing miscellany of contradiction, the human heart. None but a driveller or an idiot would suppose that Sheridan strove to promote extravagance, merely because he employed that vice to show the redeeming efficacy of a good heart under the most desperate circumstances. After all, however, the morality of *Charles Surface* is a very subordinate consideration. Sheridan's comedy is a satire on what is called the world, on the weakness and vices of polite society; and for this purpose, it is not required that any of the personages should be better than the world usually is. If there is any additional moral to be extracted from the situations, that is so much gain, but it is not necessary for the justification of the author.

Another part of Mr. Moore's subject, which he has treated with great effect, is that which concerns Sheridan's first wife, Miss Lindley. There is something in the character and conduct of this extraordinary lady, so touching, that we are by no means surprised at the effect it has produced on her biographer. The beauty of her person, her musical and literary attainments, and the romantic story of her love, were enough to influence such a writer as Mr. Moore to give additional delicacy and tenderness to the narration, which bestows upon it all the interest of a novel. The halo of idealism which is thus thrown round Sheridan's character may not however exactly correspond with the

reality. It is not alone the composition of charming verses that would make such a man as Sheridan a good every-day husband; his habits were any thing but calculated to render domestic life happy.

Miss Lindley was not one of those doll-like beauties, who are only made for a ball-room; neither was she of that class of wits, which is scarcely satirized by the appellation of blue-stockings. With a feeling heart and a clear head she was not less fitted to stem the torrent of adversity than to adorn the hour of success. The refinement of her taste did not place her above the drudgery of household cares, which the first struggles of her married life rendered so necessary; nor did it incapacitate her for that literary industry by which her husband so largely profited, in the collection of dry but stubborn facts, which he himself wanted the application to acquire, but without which he would not have made a figure in the House of Commons. Such a woman was indeed a fit partner for an intellectual husband, the sharer of his labours, the appreciator of his talents, and the participator in his triumphs. The vain man may dread a competitor in such a wife; and a fool may fear the dominion of a master-spirit; but a man accustomed to think must feel his happiness incomplete, if, in the arms of beauty, he finds in the companion of his choice no reflection of his own mind. That Sheridan was not insensible to such various excellence, that he should never have ceased to respect and esteem those qualities which first won his affections, may be easily believed; but Sheridan was a sensualist, devoted to wine, to conviviality, and the applause he received from society. "*Il-y-a des bons mariages, mais il n'y-a point de délicieux*," says a French writer; and without going to the full length of this assertion, we must doubt whether the varnish of sensibility and jealous apprehension which Mr. Moore has applied to heighten the colouring of his picture, is quite appropriate to the subject. Over the errors of Sheridan's life, as we have already stated, a decent veil is thrown in Mr. Moore's pages; and either from a want of information, or from motives of delicacy in the narrator, the same has been done by his pecuniary affairs. Without hereditary fortune, or profitable employment, it is difficult to imagine how a man of pleasure, early burthened with the expense of a family, could have possessed himself in the first instance of ten thousand pounds, which, it appears, he paid for the purchase of Drury-lane theatre, and finally have been enabled to raise sums three or four times of that amount. On this circumstance Mr. Moore remarks:

There was, indeed, something mysterious and miraculous about all his acquisitions, whether in love, in learning, in wit, or in wealth. How or when his stock of knowledge was laid in, nobody knew—it was as much a matter of marvel to those who never saw him read, as the existence of the chameleon has been to those who fancied it never eat. His advances in the heart of his mistress were, as we have seen, equally trackless and inaudible, and his triumph was the first that even rivals knew of his love. In like manner, the productions of his wit took the world by surprise,—being perfected in secret, till ready for display, and then seeming to break from under the cloud of his indolence in full maturity of splendour. His financial resources had no less an air of magic about them; and the mode by which he conjured up, at this time, the money for his first purchase into the theatre, remains, as far as I can learn, still a mystery. It has been said that Mr. Garrick supplied him with the means—but a perusal of the above letters must set that notion to rest. There was evidently, at this time, no such confidential understanding between them as an act of friendship of so signal a nature would imply;

and it appears that Sheridan had the purchase-money ready, even before the terms upon which Garrick would sell were ascertained. That Doctor Ford should have advanced the money is not less improbable; for the share of which, contrary to his first intention, he ultimately became proprietor, absorbed, there is every reason to think, the whole of his disposable means. He was afterwards a sufferer by the concern to such an extent, as to be obliged, in consequence of his embarrassments, to absent himself for a considerable time from England; and there are among the papers of Mr. Sheridan, several letters of remonstrance, addressed to him by the son of Dr. Ford, in which some allusion to such a friendly service, had it ever occurred, would hardly have been omitted.

Another fact equally unintelligible is, that Sheridan died but little more than 5000*l* in debt. How such a man, leading such a life, should owe so little; or how, owing so little and possessing such an interest in Drury-lane theatre, he should have been so constantly harassed and distressed, is quite beyond our power of divination to develope. His embarrassments through life are notorious; and so likewise was he notorious for the ingenuity with which from time to time he extricated himself. On this point, as Mr. Moore is silent, we refer our readers to some curious facts developed in Kelly's Memoirs.

Ap[ro]pos to these distresses we have to state, that the accusation heretofore levelled against an illustrious personage of unfeeling neglect of Sheridan in his last moments, is formally and courageously reiterated in Mr. Moore's present publication. This accusation Kelly, in his general quality of actor, and of obliged servant, has in his Memoirs as formally denied; but the sad and painful story of the destitution and neglect in which Sheridan died, is confirmed in so many particulars by living witnesses, that the fact must be reluctantly admitted as indubitable. "*Principibus placuisse viris*," if it be not the poorest praise, is certainly not the best road to fortune, when unaccompanied by the happier art of taking care of No. 1. "Had I but served my God," &c. &c., is a reflection applicable to nearly all those who have devoted themselves "body and soul" to the service of Princes.

Of the style of Mr. Moore's book, we must say that we think it of too glittering and fanciful a character for the dignity of a grave biographical quarto; too poetic, too pointed. Yet, on the whole, it is less so than might have been anticipated. Amidst much fine and much powerful writing, there is a too frequent superabundance of imagery; and if "as" and "like" occurred less often in the structure of the sentences, the perusal would be less fatiguing to the reader. Sometimes this fury of fine writing betrays the author into conceits, such as:

He had not yet searched his fancy for those curious fossils of thought, which make the School for Scandal such a rich museum of wit.

or again:

It is the opinion of a learned Jesuit, that it was by *aqua regia* the Golden Calf of the Israelites was dissolved—and the cause of kings was the royal solvent, in which the wealth of Great Britain now melted irrecoverably away.

But this is rare: much more frequently his ornaments, even when misplaced, are of the highest beauty and polish; and sometimes they add force as well as grace to the passage, and illustrate no less than they adorn. In one or two places, on the other hand, marks of negligence are visible, which however would not be worthy of notice in an author less fastidious in his compositions.

## IDEAL LIKENESSES.

*Ariadne.*

A SWEET but happy looking face, the mouth  
 Seem'd a rose opening to the pleasant south,  
 Giving sweets, stealing sunshine; it was gay  
 As it could smile e'en sorrow's self away;  
 The curls were all thrown back as not allow'd  
 To shed o'er that young brow, the slightest cloud;  
 From the fair forehead's height, they downward roll'd  
 A sunny stream, floating with waves of gold;  
 A wreath of vine-leaves bound it, but the wind  
 Kiss'd the stray ringlets it had not confined.  
 Too beautiful for earth, the sky had given  
 Her eye and cheek the colouring of heaven,  
 Blue, the clear blue upon an April sky,  
 Red, the first red the morning blushes dye:  
 Her downcast look at times wore pensiveness,  
 But tender more than sorrowful, as less  
 She had known than dreamed woe, as her chief grief  
 Had been a fading flower, a falling leaf.  
 Her song was as the red wine sparkling up,  
 Gaily o'erflowing from a festal cup,  
 Her step was light as wont to move along  
 To the gay cymbal and the choral song;  
 Her laugh was glad as one who rather chose  
 To dwell upon life's pleasures, than life's woes.  
 And this was she whom Theseus left to pine,  
 And mingle with her salt tears the salt brine;  
 Her face was all too bright for tears, she gave  
 Sighs to the wind, and weeping to the wave,  
 And left a lesson unto after-times,  
 Too little dwelt upon in minstrel rhymes,  
 A lesson how inconstancy should be  
 Repaid again by like inconstancy.

*Sappho.*

Dark, passionate, though beautiful, the eye  
 Was as the lightning of the stormy sky  
 Flashing through darkness; light and shadow blent  
 Workings of the mind's troubled element:  
 You did not mark the features, could not trace  
 What hue, what outline, was upon that face;  
 Even while present, indistinct it seem'd,  
 Like that of which we have but only dream'd.  
 You saw a hurried hand fling back the hair  
 Like tempest clouds roll'd back upon the air.  
 Still midnight was beneath, that haughty brow  
 Darken'd with thoughts to which it would not bow—  
 Midnight, albeit a starry one, the light  
 Meteor or planet still was that of night.  
 She had a dangerous gift, though genius be  
 All this earth boasts of immortality.  
 It is too heavenly to suit that earth,  
 The spirit perishes with its fatal birth;  
 This mingling fire and water, soul and clay,  
 The one must make the other one its prey.  
 Her heart sufficed not to itself, such mind  
 Will shrink such utter loneliness to find,  
 As it must in its range of burning thought,  
 Will sigh above the ruins it has wrought,  
 False fancies, prejudice, affections vain,  
 Until it seeks to wear again the chain



Itself has broken, so that it could be  
 Less desolate, although no longer free.  
 She loved! again her ardent soul was buoy'd  
 On Hope's bright wings, above life's dreary void  
 Again its fond illusions were received,  
 Centred in one the dearest yet believed;  
 It ended as illusions ever must,  
 The shining temple prostrate dust to dust.  
 Look on that brow, is it not stamp'd with pride?  
 How might it brook the grief it could not hide!  
 Look on that lip, it has a sad sweet smile,  
 How may it brook to feel alone the while!  
 Overhead was the storm, beneath the sea,  
 And Love and Genius found their destiny—  
 Despair and Death.

*Erinna.*

Fashion'd by Nature in her gentlest mood,  
 Almost for human brow too fair, too good;  
 'Twas a sweet face, a face of smiles, of tears,  
 Of all that soothes and softens, wins, endears;  
 Bearing the omen of its early fate:—  
 The rose upon her lip was delicate,  
 Her youthful cheek was pale, and all too plain  
 Was seen the azure wandering of the vein,  
 That shone in the clear temple, as if care,  
 Wasting to sickness, had been working there.  
 Erinna, she who died like her own song,  
 Passing away soon, yet remember'd long;  
 Her heart and lip were music, albeit one  
 Who marvell'd at what her sweet self had done;  
 Who breathed for Love, and pined to find that Fame  
 In answer to her lute's soft summons came;  
 See, the eye droops in sadness, as to shun  
 That which it dared not gaze on, Glory's sun.

*Corinna.*

There is an antique gem on which her brow  
 Retains its graven beauty, even now:  
 Her hair is braided, but one curl behind  
 Floats as enamour'd of the summer wind;  
 The dress is simple, as she were too fair  
 To even think of beauty's own sweet care;  
 The lip and brow are contrasts, one so fraught  
 With pride, the melancholy pride of thought,  
 Conscious of its own power, yet forced to know  
 How very little way that power will go;  
 Regretting while too proud of the fine mind,  
 Which raises but to part it from its kind.—  
 But the sweet mouth had nothing of all this—  
 It was a mouth the bee had learnt to kiss,  
 For her young sister, telling though now mute,  
 How soft an echo it was to the lute.  
 The one spoke genius in its high revealing,  
 The other smiled a woman's gentler feeling.  
 It was a lovely face, the Greek outline  
 Flowing yet delicate and feminine.  
 The glorious lightning of the kindled eye,  
 Raised as it communed with its native sky;  
 A lovely face, the spirit's fitting shrine,  
 The one almost, the other quite divine.

L. E. I.

## KELLY'S MEMOIRS.\*

"Pleased let me trifle life away,  
And sing of love ere I grow old."

THIS seems to have been the motto of our old theatrical acquaintance Michael Kelly, whose life has been a round of gaiety and happiness. From his boyhood upwards, he has flourished familiarly and with infinite enjoyment, not only in the society of all the illustrious men of his day, in the musical world, here and on the continent, but in the more brilliant circles of courtiers, nobles, princes, and kings, whose patronage he seems uniformly to have obtained. This is not all; for from one or two slight hints dropped in the course of his book, we suspect that fortune, as if determined to make a pet child of Michael, conferred favours on him still more precious than even the applauses of royalty, by gifting him with a knack of propitiating the kindness of some of the prettiest women in Italy and Germany. Nothing, indeed, seems to have been wanting to make Kelly's draught of life, especially the early part of it, go down in the sweetest possible way; and here we cannot refrain from remarking on the great advantages the musical profession appears to have over most others in introducing its followers to all the gay luxuries of the very highest circles of fashionable life. This is abundantly proved by the book before us, which is the fullest of adventures and anecdotes (the greater part of a joyous cast) of any we ever read without exception; and we think the next good thing to passing such a life as Kelly's, is to sit down with a bottle and a bright fire on a winter's evening, and read his very diverting volumes, out of which we purpose to lay before our readers a few quotations, as the best possible way of reviewing such a work.

Before, however, we say a word more, it is fair to apprise the reader that our passions are Italy, Music, and the Drama; and that Mr. Kelly's Memoir treats of those matters from the beginning to the end. If, therefore, our judgment should seem overstrained, we must beg the reader to make a reasonable discount for these weaknesses before he condemns our partiality. Having thus eased our consciences, we may say, that a more gay, light-hearted, unpresuming narrative we have seldom read; and though, as the author himself allows, he was not much famed for modesty as an actor or a man, yet, as an author, he lays no claim to merit which he does not amply justify: let it likewise be borne in mind that the greatest masters in literature have not always been the best writers of memoirs; and that Benvenuto Cellini, the liveliest and most entertaining of biographers, was an unlettered artist. Instruction in such a work nobody will look for. Kelly is a mere comedian,\* more conversant with musical operas, than with literature, or the scenes and business of real life, and more given to *notes* than to comments. With the exception of a little squeamish loyalty at the end of the book, very excusable in such a writer, the attempts at reflection are rare, and never burthensome. In a lively, humorous and natural style, he goes on retailing his bon-mots and his anec-

\* Reminiscences of Michael Kelly, of the King's Theatre, and Theatre Royal, Drury Lane; Abroad and at Home: including a period of nearly half a century; with original Anecdotes of many distinguished persons, royal, political, literary, and musical. Dedicated, by permission, to his Majesty. 2 vols. 8vo.

dotes in a series of gossiping stories of himself, and of the various remarkable persons, princes and poets, ministers and musicians, boon companions, actors, wits, the emperor of Austria, and "dear Nancy Storace," with whom he came in contact in his long and various passage through life. In the calibre of the ideas, this book very closely resembles the *Memoirs of Goldoni*; but in spite of Goldoni's established reputation, it is infinitely more entertaining, and even "better told." The following anecdote of Pachierotti, the singer, is a good specimen of the manner.

"La Didona [Didone] drew crowded houses, but the rondo was the magnet; indeed, Pachierotti's singing it, was supposed to have raised a violent flame in the bosom of La Marchesa Santa Marca, one of the most beautiful women of the Neapolitan court. She was said to be of a very *susceptible* nature, and to have fallen desperately in love with the pious Eneas, which love he honestly returned; this, though very pleasant to the parties themselves, was by no means relished by a certain *il Cavaliere Ruffo*, who had been *cavaliere servente* to the Marchesa, but was fairly dismissed by the rondo. He did not choose to lose his mistress to that tune, and meeting Pachierotti one evening on the Mola, (the fashionable promenade of the Neapolitans to taste the sea-breeze,) he overwhelmed him with abuse, and struck him! Pachierotti drew his sword, and being as good a swordsman as a singer, soon wounded and disarmed *il Cavaliere*. He immediately reported the affair to the minister *il Marchese Sambuco*, who submitted the matter to the King. His Majesty was pleased to approve of Pachierotti's conduct; and it was hinted to *il Cavaliere*, that if he attempted further outrage, himself and family might find cause for repentance in the loss of their places at Court. This was decisive, and the affair dropped. But Pachierotti, who lived in perpetual fear of assassination, though engaged for two seasons, gave in his resignation on the score of ill health at the end of the first, and acting *Encas* for the last time, left the fair Marchesa to play Didona at her leisure!"

The following also are amusing.

"The Italian opera had for a length of time been discontinued at Vienna, and a first-rate French company of comedians substituted. The Emperor and his court were at Schoenbrunn, and the French company were performing there; apartments in the palace had been appointed for them, and a plentiful table allotted for their exclusive use. One day, while they were drinking their wine, and abusing it, the Emperor passed by the *salle à manger*, which opened into the royal gardens. One of the gentlemen, with the innate modesty so peculiarly belonging to his nation and profession, jumped up from table with a glass of wine in his hand, followed his Majesty, and said,—'Sire, I have brought your Majesty some of the trash which is given us by your purveyor, by way of wine; we are all disgusted at his treatment, and beg to request your Majesty to order something better, for it is absolutely impossible for us to drink it:—he says it is Burgundy—do taste it, sire, I am sure you will not say it is.'

"The King, with great composure, tasted the wine: 'I think it excellent,' said his Majesty, 'at least, quite good enough for me, though, perhaps, not sufficiently high-flavoured for you and your companions; in France, I dare say, you will get much better.' He then turned on his heel, and sending immediately for the Grand Chamberlain, ordered the whole corps dramatique to be discharged, and expelled Vienna forthwith. They repented their folly, but his Majesty would never hear more of them, and their audacity caused the introduction of an Italian opera at Vienna."

"Upon my return, my servant informed me that a lady and gentleman had called upon me, who said they came from England, and requested to see me at their hotel. I called the next morning, and saw the gentleman, who said his name was Botterelli, that he was the Italian poet of the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, and that his wife was an English woman, and a principal

singer at Vauxhall, Ranelagh, the Pantheon, &c. Her object in visiting Vienna was to give a concert, to be heard by the Emperor, and if she gave that satisfaction, (which she had no doubt she would,) to accept of an engagement at the Royal Theatre; and he added, that she had letters for the first nobility in Vienna.

The lady came into the room; she was a very fine woman, and seemed sinking under the conscious load of her own attractions.—She really had powerful letters of recommendation. Prince Charles Lichtenstein granted her his protection, and there was such interest made for her, that the Emperor himself signified his Royal intention of honouring her concert with his presence. Every thing was done for her;—the orchestra and singers were engaged;—the concert began to a crowded house, but, I must premise, we had no rehearsal.

At the end of the first act, the beauteous Syren, led into the orchestra by her caro sposo, placed herself just under the Emperor's box, the orchestra being on the stage. She requested me to accompany her song on the piano-forte.—I of course consented. Her air and manner spoke "dignity and love." The audience sat in mute and breathless expectation. The doubt was, whether she would melt into their ears in a fine cantabile, or burst upon them with a brilliant bravura. I struck the chords of the symphony—silence reigned—when, to the dismay and astonishment of the brilliant audience, she bawled out, without feeling or remorse, voice or time, or indeed one note in tune, the hunting song of "Tally ho!" in all its pure originality. She continued shrieking out Tally ho! tally ho! in a manner and tone so loud and dissonant, that they were enough to blow off the roof of the house. The audience jumped up terrified; some shrieked with alarm, some hissed, others hooted, and many joined in the unknown yell, in order to propitiate her. The Emperor called me to him, and asked me in Italian (what Tally ho! meant?)—I replied I did not know, and literally, at that time, I did not.

His Majesty the Emperor, finding, that even I, a native of Great Britain, either could not, or would not, explain the purport of the mysterious words, retired with great indignation from the theatre, and the major part of the audience, convinced by his Majesty's sudden retreat that they contained some horrible meaning, followed the Royal example. The ladies hid their faces with their fans, and mothers were heard in the lobbies cautioning their daughters on the way out, never to repeat the dreadful expression of "Tally ho," nor venture to ask any of their friends for a translation of it."

The admirers of Mozart's fine music to the Marriage of Figaro, will be pleased to learn the story of its first reception in Vienna.

"There were three operas now on the tapis, one by Regini, another by Salieri (the Grotto of Trophonius), and one by Mozart, by special command of the Emperor. Mozart chose to have Beaumarchais' French comedy, "*Le Mariage de Figaro*," made into an Italian opera, which was done with great ability by Da Ponte. These three pieces were nearly ready for representation at the same time, and each composer claimed the right of producing his opera for the first. The contest raised much discord, and parties were formed. The characters of the three men were all very different. Mozart was as touchy as gunpowder, and swore he would put the score of his opera into the fire if it was not produced first; his claim was backed by a strong party: on the contrary, Regini was working like a mole in the dark to get precedence.

The third candidate was Maestro di Cappella to the court, a clever shrewd man, possessed of what Bacon called, crooked wisdom, and his claims were backed by three of the principal performers, who formed a cabal not easily put down. Every one of the opera company took part in the contest. I alone was a stickler for Mozart; and naturally enough, for he had a claim on my warmest wishes, from my admiration of his powerful genius, and the debt of gratitude I owed him, for many personal favours.

The mighty contest was put an end to by his Majesty issuing a mandate for Mozart's "*Nozze di Figaro*," to be instantly put into rehearsal; and none more than Michael O'Kelly, enjoyed the little great man's triumph over his rivals.

Of all the performers in this opera at that time, but one survives—myself. It was allowed that never was opera stronger cast. I have seen it performed at different periods in other countries, and well too, but no more to compare with its original performance than light is to darkness. All the original performers had the advantage of the instruction of the composer, who transfused into their minds his inspired meaning. I never shall forget his little animated countenance, when lighted up with the glowing rays of genius;—it is as impossible to describe it, as it would be to paint sunbeams.

I called on him one evening, he said to me, "I have just finished a little duet for my opera, you shall hear it." He sat down to the piano, and we sang it. I was delighted with it, and the musical world will give me credit for being so, when I mention the duet, sung by Count Almaviva and Susan, "*Crudel perchè finora farmi languire così.*" A more delicious morceau never was penned by man, and it has often been a source of pleasure to me, to have been the first who heard it, and to have sung it with its greatly gifted composer. I remember, at the first rehearsal of the full band, Mozart was on the stage with his crimson pelisse and gold-laced cocked hat, giving the time of the music to the orchestra. Figaro's song, "*Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso,*" Bennuci gave with the greatest animation and power of voice.

I was standing close to Mozart, who, *sotto voce*, was repeating, Bravo! Bravo! Bennuci; and when Bennuci came to the fine passage, "*Cherubino, alla vittoria, alla gloria militar,*" which he gave out with Stentorian lungs, the effect was electricity itself, for the whole of the performers on the stage, and those in the orchestra, as if actuated by one feeling of delight, vociferated, Bravo! Bravo! Maestro. Viva, viva, grande Mozart. Those in the orchestra I thought would never have ceased applauding, by beating the bows of their violins against the music-desks. The little man acknowledged, by repeated obeisances, his thanks for the distinguished mark of enthusiastic applause bestowed upon him."

On mentioning Father O'Leary, Kelly records a whimsical anecdote or two.

"I had the pleasure also to be introduced to my worthy countryman, the Reverend Father O'Leary, the well-known Roman Catholic Priest; he was a man of infinite wit, of instructive and amusing conversation. I felt highly honoured by the notice of this pillar of the Roman Church; our tastes were congenial, for his reverence was mighty fond of whiskey punch, and so was I; and many a jug of St. Patrick's eye-water, night after night, did his reverence and myself enjoy, chatting over that exhilarating and national beverage. He sometimes favoured me with his company at dinner; when he did, I always had a corned shoulder of mutton for him, for he, like some others of his countrymen, who shall be nameless, was ravenously fond of that dish.

One day, the facetious John Philpot Curran, who was also very partial to the said corned mutton, did me the honour to meet him. To enjoy the society of such men was an intellectual treat. They were great friends, and seemed to have a mutual respect for each other's talents, and, as it may easily be imagined, O'Leary versus Curran was no bad match.

One day, after dinner, Curran said to him, "Reverend Father, I wish you were Saint Peter."

"And why, Counsellor, would you wish that I were Saint Peter?" asked O'Leary.

"Because, Reverend Father, in that case," said Curran, "you would have the keys of Heaven, and you could let me in."

"By my honour and conscience, Counsellor," replied the divine, "it

would be better for you that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out."

Curran enjoyed the joke, which he admitted had a good deal of justice in it.

O'Leary told us of the whimsical triumph which he once enjoyed over Dr. Johnson. O'Leary was very anxious to be introduced to that learned man, and Mr. Murphy took him one morning to the Doctor's lodgings. On his entering the room, the Doctor viewed him from top to toe, without taking any notice of him; at length, darting one of his sourest looks at him, he spoke to him in the Hebrew language; to which O'Leary made no reply. Upon which the Doctor said to him, "Why do you not answer me, Sir?"

"Faith, Sir," said O'Leary, "I cannot reply to you, because I do not understand the language in which you are addressing me."

Upon this the Doctor, with a contemptuous sneer, said to Murphy, "Why, Sir, this is a pretty fellow you have brought hither;—Sir, he does not comprehend the primitive language."

O'Leary immediately bowed very low, and complimented the Doctor with a long speech in Irish, of which the Doctor, not understanding a word, made no reply, but looked at Murphy. O'Leary, seeing that the Doctor was puzzled at hearing a language of which he was ignorant, said to Murphy, pointing to the Doctor, "This is a pretty fellow to whom you have brought me;—Sir, he does not understand the language of the sister kingdom."—The Reverend Padre then made the Doctor a low bow, and quitted the room."

Of a more mournful interest is the pathetic tale of the Duc D'Aguillon, whom Kelly knew in his emigration.

"One morning he called on me, and said he had a favour to beg of me. I requested him to command my services: he said, "My dear Kelly, I am under many obligations for your repeated acts of kindness and hospitality to me and my friends; but still, though under a cloud, and labouring under misfortunes, I cannot forget that I am the Duke D'Aguillon, and cannot stoop to borrow or beg from mortal; but I confess I am nearly reduced to my last shilling, yet still I retain my health and spirits; formerly, when I was a great amateur, I was particularly partial to copying music,—it was then a source of amusement to me. Now, my good friend, the favour I am about to ask is, that, *sub rosa*, you will get me music to copy for your theatres, upon the same terms as you would give to any common copyist, who was a stranger to you. I am now used to privations, my wants are few; though accustomed to palaces, I can content myself with a single bed-room up two pair of stairs; and if you will grant my request, you will enable me to possess the high gratification of earning my morsel by the work of my hands."

I was moved almost to tears by the application, and was at a loss what to answer, but thought of what Lear says,

"Take physic, pomp!"

and "to what man may be reduced." I told him I thought I could procure him as much copying as he could do, and he appeared quite delighted; and the next day I procured plenty for him. He rose by day-light to accomplish his task—was at work all day—and at night, full dressed, in the Opera House in the pit. While there, he felt himself Duke D'Aguillon; and no one ever suspected him to be a drudge in the morning, copying music for a shilling per sheet; and strange to say, that his spirits never drooped; nine Englishmen out of ten under such circumstances would have destroyed themselves; but the transitory peace of mind he enjoyed was not of long duration; an order came from the Alien Office for him and his friends to leave England in two days; they took an affectionate leave of me: the Duke went to Hamburgh, and there was condemned to be shot. They told me that he died like a hero.

He had a favourite Danish dog, a beautiful animal, which he consigned to

my protection, until, as he told me, he had an opportunity to send for him with safety. I pledged myself to take every care of him, and never shall I forget his parting with this faithful animal: it seemed as if the last link which held him to society was breaking; the dog had been the faithful companion of his prosperity—his adversity—he caressed, and shed a flood of tears on quitting it—the scene was grievous; but I did not then think that I should never see the Duke more. I took every care of his poor dog—who, missing his kind master, after a little, refused *all nourishment*, and actually *pined, and died*. Yet he survived the being who had fed and cherished him.”

The following story of Sheridan's Pizarro is scarcely credible.

“Expectation was on tip-toe; and strange as it may appear, “Pizarro” was advertised, and every box in the house taken, before the fourth act of the play was begun; nor had I one single word of the poetry for which I was to compose the music. Day after day, was I attending on Mr. Sheridan, representing that time was flying; and that nothing was done for me. His answer uniformly was, “Depend upon it, my dear Mic, you shall have plenty of matter to go on with to-morrow;”—but day after day, that morrow came not, which, as my name was advertised as the composer of the music, drove me half crazy.

One day I was giving a dinner to the Earl of Guilford, the Marquis of Ormond (then Lord Ormond), my valued friend Sir Charles Bampfylde, Sir Francis Burdett, George Colman, J. Richardson, M. Lewis, and John Kemble; and, about ten o'clock, when I was in the full enjoyment of this charming society, Mr. Sheridan appeared before us, and informed my friends, that he must carry me off with him, that moment, to Drury Lane; begged they would excuse my absence for one hour, and he would return with me. I saw it would be useless to contradict him, so I went to the theatre, and found the stage and house lighted up, as it would have been for a public performance; not a human being there, except ourselves, the painters, and carpenters; and all this preparation was merely that he might see two scenes, those of Pizarro's tent, and the Temple of the Sun.

“The great author established himself in the centre of the pit, with a large bowl of negus on the bench before him; nor would he move until it was finished. I expostulated with him upon the cruelty of not letting me have the words which I had to compose, not to speak of his having taken me away from my friends, to see scenery and machinery, with which, as I was neither painter, nor carpenter, nor machinist, I could have nothing to do: his answer was, that he wished me to see the Temple of the Sun, in which the chorusses and marches were to come over the platform.—“To-morrow,” said he, “I promise I will come and take a cutlet with you, and tell you all you have to do. My dear Mic, you know you can depend upon me; and I know that I can depend upon you; but these bunglers of carpenters require looking after.”

After this promise, we returned to my house; I found my party waiting; nor did we separate until five o'clock in the morning.”

“But if this were a puzzling situation for a composer, what will my readers think of that, in which the actors were left, when I state the fact, that, at the time the house was overflowing on the first night's performance, all that was written of the play was actually rehearsing, and that, incredible as it may appear, until the end of the fourth act, neither Mrs. Siddons, nor Charles Kemble, nor Barrymore, had all their speeches for the fifth? Mr. Sheridan was up-stairs in the prompter's room, where he was writing the last part of the play, while the earlier parts were acting; and every ten minutes he brought down as much of the dialogue as he had done, piece-meal, into the green-room, abusing himself and his negligence, and making a thousand winning and soothing apologies, for having kept the performers so long in such painful suspense.

One remarkable trait in Sheridan's character was, his penetrating knowledge of the human mind; for no man was more careful in his carelessness; he was quite aware of his power over his performers, and of the veneration

in which they held his great talents : had he not been so, he would not have ventured to keep them (Mrs. Siddons particularly) in the dreadful anxiety which they were suffering through the whole of the evening. Mrs. Siddons told me, that she was in an agony of fright; but Sheridan perfectly knew, that Mrs. Siddons, C. Kemble, and Barrymore, were quicker in study than any other performers concerned; and that he could trust them to be perfect in what they had to say, even at half-an-hour's notice. And the event proved that he was right: the play was received with the greatest approbation, and though brought out so late in the season, was played thirty-one nights; and for years afterwards proved a mine of wealth to the Drury Lane treasury, and, indeed, to all the theatres in the United Kingdom."

The concluding remark is singularly sagacious; and shows that Kelly is not deficient in penetration in those points which came under the sphere of his observation, and are within the scope of his acquirements. One more story of Mr. Sheridan, and we have done.

"Mr. Harris, the late proprietor of Covent Garden, who had a great regard for Sheridan, had at different times frequent occasions to meet him on business, and made appointment after appointment with him, not one of which Sheridan ever kept. At length Mr. Harris, wearied out, begged his friend Mr. Palmer, of Bath, to see Mr. Sheridan, and tell him that unless he kept the next appointment made for their meeting, all acquaintance between them must end for ever.

Sheridan expressed great sorrow for what had been in fact inevitable, and positively fixed one o'clock the next day to call upon Mr. Harris at the theatre. At about three he literally made his appearance in Hart Street, where he met Mr. Tregent, the celebrated French watchmaker, who was extremely theatrical, and had been the intimate friend of Garrick.

Sheridan told him, that he was on his way to call upon Harris.

"I have just left him," said Tregent, "in a violent passion, having waited for you ever since one o'clock."

"What have you been doing at the theatre?" said Sheridan.

"Why," replied Tregent, "Harris is going to make Bate Dudley a present of a gold watch, and I have taken him half a dozen that he may choose one for that purpose."

"Indeed," said Sheridan.

They wished each other good day, and parted.

Mr. Sheridan proceeded to Mr. Harris's room, and when he addressed him, it was pretty evident that his want of punctuality had produced the effect which Mr. Tregent described.

"Well, Sir," said Mr. Harris, "I have waited at least two hours for you again; I had almost given you up, and if—"

"Stop, my dear Harris," said Sheridan, interrupting him; "I assure you these things occur more from my misfortunes than my fault; I declare I thought it was but one o'clock, for it so happens that I have no watch, and to tell you the truth, am too poor to buy one; but when the day comes that I can, you will see I shall be as punctual as any other man."

"Well, then," said the unsuspecting Harris, "if that be all, you shall not long want a watch, for here—(opening his drawer)—are half a dozen of Tregent's best—choose any one you like, and do me the favour of accepting it."

Sheridan affected the greatest surprise at the appearance of the watches; but did as he was bid, and selected certainly not the worst for the *cadeau*."

Such are the light and amusing materials which the author, by a singular power of memory, has been able to put together. His accounts of the Italian singers and composers with whom he lived when abroad, will serve to fill up an important gap in the history of music, and will be read with pleasure by all lovers of the stage. To those who, like ourselves, are advanced in life, the latter portion of these volumes will



afford a melancholy interest, through the frequent mention of names gtaeious to the recollection by their association with our earliest pleasures. The dropping off of actor after actor, as it stands recorded in Mr. Kelly's page, affords food for much melancholy reflection. All biography ends in a tragedy; but that of an actor is peculiarly sombre in its close. The strong contrast of the brilliant triumphs and gay dissipations of youth, with the decrepitude, dependence, and abandonment of old age, furnishes a better lesson on the world's vanity and the flight of time, than the most wearisome homily that it was ever our misfortune to listen to.

Poor Mich, it must be owned, makes a terrible hash of his French and Italian, if the printer be not more to blame than he; and has fallen into some ludicrous mistakes about persons. He makes Mad. Albani to be the Pretender's daughter instead of his wife. These, however, are trifles which those who know better may correct, and those who do not will not be led into any serious error by them. One thing is commendable, that there is not a single ill-natured phrase in the whole book. We shall be very much mistaken if these volumes do not become a favourite, and take their place in Theatrical Libraries, beside the Davies's, the Cibbers, the Murphys, and other established historians of "the brief chroniclers of the times."

#### A LETTER TO THE BELLS OF A PARISH CHURCH IN ITALY.

For God's sake, dear bells, why this eternal noise? Why do you make this everlasting jangling and outcry? Is it not enough that the whole village talk, but you must be talking too? Are you the representative of all the gossip in the neighbourhood? Now, they tell me, you inform us that a friar is dead: now you jingle a blessing on the vines and olives, "babbling o' green fields:" anon you start away in honour of a marriage, and jangle as if the devil were in you. Your love of information may be generous where there are no newspapers; but when you have once informed us that a friar is dead, where is the necessity of repeating the same intelligence for twelve hours together? Did any one ever hear of a newspaper which contained nothing from beginning to end but a series of paragraphs, informing us that a certain gentleman was no more?

Died yesterday, Father Paul—

Died yesterday, Father Paul—

Died yesterday, Father Paul—

and so on from nine in the morning till nine at night? It is like a piece of cut-glass with a thousand faces in it, turned into a sound. You shall have some information in return, very necessary to be known by all the bells in Christendom. Learn then, sacred, but at the same time thoughtless-tintinnabularies, that there are dying, as well as dead, people in the world, and sick people who will die if they are not encouraged. What must be the effect of this mortal note unceasingly reiterated in their ears? Who would set a whining fellow at a sick man's door to repeat to him all day long, "Your neighbour's dead;—your neighbour's dead." But you say, "It is to remind the healthy, and not the dying, that we sound; and the few must give way to the many." Good: it delights me

to hear you say so, because every thing will of course be changed in the economy of certain governments, except yourselves. But in this particular instance allow me to think you are mistaken. I differ from a belfry with hesitation. Triple bob majors are things before which it becomes a philosophic inquirer to be modest. But have we not memorandums enough to this good end? Have we not coughs, cold, fevers, plethoras, deaths of all sorts occurring round about us, old faces, churchyards, accidents infinite, books, muskets, wars, apothecaries, kings? Is not the whole nation swallowed up in grief when a minister dies? Does not even a royal old lady die now and then? You remind the sick and the dying too forcibly: but you are much mistaken if you think the healthy regard your importunity of advice in any other light than that of a considerable nuisance. They may get used to it; but what then? So much the worse for your admonitions. In like manner they get used to a hundred things which do them no sort of good; which only tend to keep their moods and tempers in a duller state of exasperation. Pray think of this. As to the bell-ringers, whom I should be unwilling to throw out of bread, they might be given some office in the state.

Then the marriages. Dear bells, do you ever consider that there are people who have been married two years, as well as two hours. What here becomes of your maxim of the few giving way to the many? Have all the rest of the married people, think you, made each other deaf, so that they cannot hear the sound? It may be sport to the new couple, but it is death to the old ones. If a pair or so love one another almost as much as if they had never been married, at least they are none the better for you. If they look kindly at one another when they hear the sound, do you think it is not in spite of the bells, as well as for sweetness of recollection?

In my country it is bad enough. A bell shall go for hours telling us that Mr. Ching is dead.

"Ring, ring, ring—Ching, Ching, Ching—Oh Ching!—Ah Ching!—Ching, I say—Ching is gone—Gone, gone, gone—Good people, listen to the steeple—Ching, Ching, Ching."

"Ay," says a patient in his bed, "I knew him. He had the same palsy as I have."

"Mercy on us," cries an old woman in the next house, "there goes poor Mr. Ching, sure enough."

"I just had a pleasant thought," says a sick mourner, "and now that bell! that melancholy bell!"

"The bell will go for me, mother, soon," observes a poor child to its weeping parent.

"What will become of my poor children?" exclaims a dying father.

It would be useful to know how many deaths are hastened by a bell: at least how many recoveries are retarded. There are sensitive persons, not otherwise in ill health, who find it difficult to hear the sound without tears. What must they feel on a sick bed! As for the unfeeling, who are the only persons to be benefited, they, as I said before, care for it no more than the postman's.

But in England we can at least reckon upon shorter bell-ringsings, and upon long intervals without any. We have not bells every day as they have here, except at the universities. The saints in the protestant calendar are quiet. Our belfries also are thicker; the clappers do not

come swinging and flaring out of window, like so many scolds. Italians talk of music; but I must roundly ask, how came Italian ears to put up with this music of the Chinese? Every thing in its proper place. In China, I doubt not, you are a just relief to the monotony of the people's feelings, neither more nor less than you ought to be. Those fat, little, bald-headed, long-gowned, smirking, winking-eyed, smoked-faced gentlemen, who follow one another over impossible bridges on tea-cups, must be grateful for any information you choose to give them. But you belong to that corner of earth exclusively, and ought all to return thither. I am loth to praise any thing Musulman in these times; but to give the Turk his due, he is not addicted to superfluous noise. His belfry-men cannot deafen a neighbourhood all day long with the death of an Imaun, for they are themselves the bells. Alas! why do not steeples catch cold, and clappers require a gargle? Why must things that have no feeling—belfries, and one's advisers—be exclusively fitted with indefatigability of tongue?

Lastly, your tunes! I thought, in Italy, that any thing which undertook to be musical, would be in some way or other truly so—harmonious, if not various; various and new, if not very harmonious. But I must say our bells in England have double your science. I once sang a duet with St. Clement's Church in the Strand. Indeed, I have often done it returning from a symposium in the Temple. The tune was the hundred and fourth psalm. I took the second. And this reminds me that our English bells have always the humanity to catch a cold now and then, or something like it. They will lose two or three of their notes at a time. I used to humour this infirmity in my friend St. Clement's, as became an old acquaintance, and always waited politely till he resumed. But in Italy the bells have the oddest, and at the same time the most unfading and inexorable hops of tunes, that can be imagined.

Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,  
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.

One might suppose that the steeple, in some unaccountable fit of merriment, struck up a country-dance, like that recorded in Mr. Monk Lewis's account of Orpheus:—

‘ While an arm of the sea,  
Introduced by a tree,  
To a fair young whale advances;  
And making a leg,  
Says, “ Miss, may I beg  
Your fin for the two next dances ?”

I used to wonder at this, till one day I heard the host announced in a procession by as merry a set of fiddles, as ever played to a ship's company. The other day a dead bishop was played out in church to the tune of *Di piacer*. But I forget I am writing a letter; and luckily my humour, as well as my paper, is out. Besides, the bells have left off before me; for which I am their

Much obliged, exhausted humble servant,  
MISOCROTALUS.

*An Irish Circuit.\**

THE profusion of crime periodically appearing upon the Irish calendars, wears, it must be admitted, a very tremendous aspect; quite sufficient to deter the British capitalist from trusting his wealth within its reach. Yet, from the observations I have had an opportunity of making, I am greatly inclined to think that instances of pure, unmitigated, unprovoked invasion of life and property would be found (every requisite comparison being made) to be, upon the whole, less frequent than in England. The hardened, adroit, and desperate English felon, embracing and persevering in crime as a means of bettering his condition, is a character that, with the exception of two or three of the capital towns, has few counterparts in Ireland. The Irish peasantry have unquestionably increased in fierceness within the last twenty or thirty years; yet, as far as outrages upon property for the sake of gain are concerned it is never the genius of a people so poor and contented with so little, and that little so easily procured, to become gratuitous thieves and highwaymen. They have too little taste for even the necessities of life to risk their necks for its luxuries. At seasons of unusual pressure, and under circumstances of peculiar excitement, they are less abstinent; but even then they violate the laws in numbers and as partisans, and their murders and depredations have more the character of a political revolt than of a merely felonious confederacy. In truth it may be almost said, that in the southern districts of Ireland, the only constituted authentic organ of popular discontent is midnight insurrection. If rents are too high, if the tithe-proctor is insatiable, if agents are inexorable and distram with undue severity, the never-failing Captain Rock *instantly* takes the field with his nocturnal forces, issues his justificatory manifestoes, levies arms and ammunition upon the gentry, burns a few obnoxious tencements, murders a police-magistrate or two, and thus conveys to the public his dissatisfaction with a state of things, which (supposing them possible to exist in any quarter of England) would be bloodlessly laid before the nation for reprobation and redress, in a series of well-penned letters to the editor of the Morning Chronicle.

There is, however, one particular felony, always figuring conspicuously upon an Irish calendar, which I rather fear that a genuine son of St. Patrick has a natural predisposition to commit for its own sake. Irishmen the most sensitive for the honour of their country, must, I think, admit, that among them a youthful admirer of the fair sex, with a hot-spring of true Milesian blood in his veins, is disposed to be rather abrupt and peremptory towards the object of his adoration. And yet among all the various cases that are tried at an Irish assizes, those in which "ladies are recommended to leave the court" are perhaps the most perplexing to a judge and jury. If, on the one hand, the Hibernian lover be often hasty and irregular in his style of courtship; on the other, the beauties of the bogs (let Mr. O'Connell deny it as he will) are sometimes frail;—and, besides, the charge is in itself so easily made and so difficult to refute—still it may in any given case be true; and the witnesses depose to their wrongs in such heart-rending accents, and

\* Continued from page 402.

weep and sigh and faint away so naturally—but then so many instances occur in which all this turns out to be imposture ; and the complainant has always so many motives to swear to her own purity through thick and thin, and the boundary between importunacy and felony is so undefinable, and she is in general so ready to consent that, after all, the affair shall terminate, like a modern comedy, in a marriage, for in nine cases out of ten it is almost impossible to divine whether the real object of the prosecutrix is the prisoner's life, or his hand and fortune. The party accused (whenever in point of fact he can do so) suspects it to be the latter ; and it is often amusing enough to watch his deportment, as influenced by that impression, throughout the progress of his trial. At first he takes his station at the bar with the confident and somewhat swaggering air of a man determined not to be bullied by a capital prosecution into a match against his taste. It is in vain that the prosecutrix apprises him by her softened and half-forgiving glances, and her tender reluctance to swear too hard at first, that if he says but the word she is ready “ to drop the business,” and fly into his arms. In vain his friends and hers endeavour to impress upon him the vast difference in point of comfort and respectability between life with a wife and home, and the premature abridgment of his days upon a gibbet. “ No ; his mind is made up, and he'll run all chances ; and if she only tells the whole matter just as it happened and might happen to any body, not a hair of his head has cause to be afraid.” This lasts for a time ; but as the case in its progress begins to wear a serious aspect, and the countenance of his attorney to assume along with it a disastrous gravity, wondrous is the revolution of sentiment that is gradually but rapidly produced. She upon whom a little while ago he frowned in scorn, on a sudden begins to find favour in his sight. With every step that her gentle hand conducts him towards his doom, he becomes more conjugally inclined. The more the thickening danger compels him to reconsider his determination, the more clearly he sees that after all it will be better to receive his “ death from her eyes” than from her tongue ; until at length being fairly led to the foot of the gallows, with the rope, in such cases the most potent of love-chains, fast about his neck, he announces himself the repentant lover, tenders the *amende honorable*, and is transferred with all convenient speed from the impending gripe of the hangman to the nuptial clasp of a young and blooming bride. Such matches can hardly be said to be “ made in heaven ;” yet I have never heard that they turn out less prosperously than others. The wife is all gratitude and pride for having been “ made an honest woman ;” the husband is usually bound over at the time of the marriage to keep the peace towards the mistress of his soul ; and with these collateral securities for domestic bliss, they generally contrive to live on, and defy Mr. Malthus, with as much harmony as if their fates had been united by a less circuitous process.\*

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\* There is a difference of opinion among the judges as to the expediency of permitting a prosecution to be stopped in the manner above described. The question is full of difficulty ; but all things considered, it would probably be more salutary, to let the law in every instance take its course. If an indulgence, which originated in humanity, often saves a court and jury from a distressing duty, it, on the other hand, has a tendency to encourage interested prosecutions, and also to render the actual commission of the crime more frequent, by holding out to offenders the possibility of such a means of escape in the last resort.

These are things to smile at ; but exhibitions of a far different character occasionally occur, not, as already stated, more frequently than elsewhere, but when they do appear, presenting instances of deep aboriginal depravity, for which no political or social palliation can be found. Nor is it exclusively from among the refuse of the community that such examples may be taken. Of this I have before me a remarkable illustration in the details of a case that happened a few years ago, and which, in addition to the singularity of the incidents, has the novelty of being now for the first time presented in a printed form to the public.

The river Shannon, in its passage westward towards the Atlantic, expands about forty miles below the city of Limerick into a capacious sheet of water resembling an estuary, and making a distance of ten or twelve miles from bank to bank. At the northern or county of Clare side is the town of Kilrush. Upon the opposite shore, adjoining the borders of the counties of Limerick and Kerry, is the town of Tarbert ; and a few miles higher up the stream the now inconsiderable village of Glyn—the same from which a branch of the Fitzgeralds originally took their ancient and still honoured title of “Knights of Glyn.” None of these places make any kind of show upon the banks, which besides are pretty thickly planted almost down to the water’s edge. The river itself in this part presents few signs of human intercourse. In the finest summer weather the eye may often look round and search in vain for a single bank or boat to break the solitude of the scene. The general desolation is in fact at times so complete, that were an adept in crime to be in quest of a place where a deed of violence might be perpetrated under the eye of God alone, he could not select a fitter scene than the channel of the river Shannon, midway between the points I have just described.

One morning a little after sunrise, about the latter end of July, in the year —, two poor fishermen, named Patrick Connell and . . . Driscoll, who lived at Money-Point, a small hamlet near Kilrush, went down to the river side, according to their custom, to attend to their occupation. As they walked along the strand in the direction of their boat, they came upon a human body which had been washed ashore by the last tide. It was the remains of a young female, and had no clothing or covering of any kind excepting a small bodice. Who or what she had been they could not conjecture, but how she came by her death was manifest. They found a rope tied at one end as tightly as possible round the neck, and at the other presenting a large loop, to which they supposed that a stone or some other weight had been attached, until the working of the stream had caused it to separate. From the general state of the body, and more particularly from the teeth having almost all dropt out, they concluded that it must have been under the water for several weeks. After a short consultation, the two fishermen resolved upon proceeding without delay to Kilrush to apprise the civil authorities of the circumstance ; but in the mean time they could not bear to think of leaving the remains exposed as they had found them on the shore, and liable to be borne away again by the tide before they could return. They accordingly removed the body to a little distance beyond high-water mark, and gave it a tempo-

rary interment. The feelings with which they performed this office were marked by that tender and reverential regard towards the dead which distinguishes the Irish peasantry. Upon the subsequent investigations, it became of importance to ascertain whether the burial had been conducted in such a manner as not to have occasioned any additional injury or disfigurement to the remains; and Patrick Connell being asked the question, replied in a tone of voice so pathetic as to bring a tear into every eye, "No," said the poor fellow, raising both his hands, and attempting to convey by their movements the gentleness that had been used, "it was impossible for any thing we did to injure or disfigure her, for we laid her up neatly in sea-weeds, and then covered her all round softly with the sand, so that nothing could harm her."

The magistrates of the neighbourhood having ascertained from the report of the fishermen that a dreadful crime had been committed, set immediate inquiries on foot for the discovery of the offender. The task could not have devolved upon a more competent class of men. Whatever other failings may have been imputed to the Irish country gentlemen, indifference or inexpertness in the detection of criminals has not been among them. Time out of mind, the political and social anomalies of Ireland have kept that body continually on the alert for the protection of their lives and properties. To the abstract principle of public duty and general love of justice, has been superadded the more pressing stimulus of self-preservation. The consequence is, that their local information in all that can relate to the discovery of a public offender is singularly accurate and extensive; and equally remarkable is their skill and zeal in putting every resource in play for the attainment of their object.\* The exertions of the magistrates in the present instance were so successful, that a considerable mass of circumstantial evidence was in readiness for the coroner's jury, that was summoned to inquire into the identity of the deceased and the cause of her death. The details were voluminous, and I shall therefore select only the most striking and material.

The most important and ample information was communicated by a young woman named Ellen Walsh. A few weeks before the finding of the remains, this person being at Kilrush, went down to the river-side

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\* Liberal pecuniary rewards for prosecuting to conviction, are among the number; but experience has shown that in such a country as Ireland, this may be a very dangerous expedient. A striking instance occurred a few years ago. A young gentleman, the son of an unpopular English agent, was barbarously murdered. The reward offered, amounted to some hundreds of pounds. For some time no evidence was tendered; at length a boy, about thirteen years of age, and whose parents were in the most indigent circumstances, presented himself and stated that he had witnessed the murder from a concealed position behind a hedge, and that he could identify one of the persons engaged in it by a particular mark on one of his cheeks. From the description, suspicion lighted upon a particular man, who was accordingly apprehended, and being shown to the boy was pronounced by him to be the very person. On the trial, the boy, the only material witness, gave his evidence so clearly and positively, and sustained the ordeal of a cross-examination so successfully, that the most incredulous could scarcely question his veracity. The prisoner, however, was fortunately able to prove an alibi, and escaped. A few months after, the real criminal, who had a mark on one of his cheeks, was apprehended, tried, and convicted upon evidence beyond all imputation.

in search of a passage across to Glyn, where she resided in service with a lady. It was then approaching sunset. Upon arriving at the shore, she found a small pleasure-boat on the point of putting off for Tarbert. Six persons were in the boat, a Mr. S——, a young woman who was addressed as Mrs. S——, Stephen Sullivan, Mr. S——'s servant, and three boatmen of the town of Kilrush. There was also on board a trunk belonging to Mrs. S——. The only one of the party of whom Ellen Walsh had any previous knowledge was Sullivan, whose native place was Glyn; and upon addressing herself to him for a passage across, she was permitted to enter the boat. They immediately got under weigh, expecting to reach Tarbert before dark; but before they had proceeded any distance on their way across, they discovered that this was impracticable. In addition to an adverse tide, it came on to blow so hard against them that the boat made little or no way, so that they were kept out upon the water the whole of the night. Towards morning a heavy shower of rain fell, but, the wind having moderated, the rowers succeeded in reaching a small place below Tarbert, called Carrickafoyle. Here the party landed as the day began to dawn, and, taking the trunk along with them, proceeded to a small public-house in the village, to dry themselves and obtain refreshment. After breakfast, the boatmen, who had been hired for the single occasion of rowing the boat across the river, were dismissed, and returned towards their homes. The boat, which (it afterwards appeared) had been purchased a few days before by Mr. S——, remained. Shortly after the departure of the boatmen, Mr. S—— and Sullivan went out (they said to search for change of a note), and were absent about an hour, leaving Mrs. S—— and Ellen Walsh together in the public-house. And here it was that some particulars observed by the latter, when subsequently recalled to her recollection and disclosed, became of vital moment as matters of circumstantial evidence. It has been already stated, that the body found by the fishermen was without any covering save a small bodice; so that no direct evidence of identity could be established by ascertaining what particular dress Mrs. S—— wore; but indirectly, a knowledge of this fact (as will appear in the sequel) became of the first importance. Upon this subject Ellen Walsh was able to give some minute and accurate information. She had forgotten the colour of the gown Mrs. S—— wore when they landed at Carrickafoyle, but she well remembered that she had on a grey cloth mantle lined with light blue silk, and with welts of a particular fashion in the skirts. She also wore a pink-coloured silk handkerchief round her neck, and had on her finger two gold rings,—one plain, the other carved. These Ellen Walsh had observed and noted before Mr. S—— and his servant left the public-house; but during their absence, Mrs. S—— opened the trunk, and with the natural vanity of a young female, exhibited for her admiration several new articles of dress which it contained. Among other things there were two trimmed spencers—one of green, the other of yellow silk; two thin muslin frocks—one plain, the other worked; and a green velvet reticule trimmed with gold lace.

Upon the return of Mr. S—— and Sullivan to the public-house, the weather having now cleared, they proposed to Mrs. S—— to go on board the boat. Ellen Walsh, understanding that Tarbert was their destination, desired to accompany them; but Sullivan, taking her aside,



recommended to her to remain where she was until the following morning, adding (and this last observation was in the hearing of his master) that in the mean time "they would get rid of that girl (Mrs. S——)" and then return and convey her to Glyn. This Ellen Walsh declined, and followed the party to the beach, entreating to be at least put across to the other side of a certain creek there, which would save her a round of several miles on her way homewards. At first they would not consent, and put off without her; but seeing her begin to cry, Mr. S—— and Sullivan, after a short consultation, put back the boat, and taking her in, conveyed her across the creek, and landed her about three miles below the town of Glyn. They then sailed away in the direction of the opposite shore, and she proceeded homewards. Early next morning, Ellen Walsh having occasion to go out upon some errand, was surprised to see Sullivan standing at the door of his mother's house in Glyn. She entered the house, and the first thing she perceived was Mrs. S——'s trunk upon the floor. She asked if Mrs. S—— was in Glyn. Sullivan replied "that she was not, that they had shipped her off with the captain of an American vessel." Two or three days after, Ellen Walsh saw upon one of Sullivan's sisters a grey mantle, which she instantly recognised as the one Mrs. S—— had worn at Carrickafoyle. There was a woman at Glyn, named Grace Scanlon, with whom Mr. S——, when he went there, was in the habit of lodging. In this person's house Ellen W. sometime after saw the silk handkerchief, one of the spencers, and the two muslin frocks which Mrs. S—— had shown her at Carrickafoyle. (These, it appeared from other evidence, had been sold to Grace Scanlon by Sullivan, who accounted to her for their coming into his possession by stating that Mrs. S—— had run away from Kilrush with an officer, and left her trunk of clothes behind her.) Finally, about a fortnight after the disappearance of Mrs. S——, Ellen Walsh, going one evening into Grace Scanlon's house, found Mr. S—— and Sullivan sitting there. The former had on one of his fingers a gold carved ring, precisely resembling that worn by Mrs. S——. They both were under the influence of liquor, and talked much and loud. Among other things, Sullivan asked his master for some money; and on being refused, observed emphatically, "Mr. John, you know I have as good a right to that money as you have."

Such were in substance the most material facts (excepting one particular hereafter mentioned) that had fallen under Ellen Walsh's observation; and upon the magistrates being apprised that she had such evidence to give, she was summoned as a witness upon the inquest. She accordingly attended, and accompanied the coroner's jury to the place where the remains had been deposited by the fishermen. The circumstances she detailed were pregnant with suspicion against Mr. S—— and his servant. A young and defenceless female had disappeared. Upon the last occasion of her having been seen, she was in their company, in an open boat, on the river Shannon. A declaration had been made by the servant "that she was to be got rid of." On the very next day her trunk of clothes is seen in their possession, and soon after a part of the dress she wore in the boat on the servant's sister, and one of her rings on the master's finger; add to this the mysterious allusion to the money: "Mr. John, you know I have as good a right to that money as you have." A few weeks after, a body is

washed ashore, near to the place where this young woman had last been seen,—the body of a young female, who had manifestly been stript and murdered, and flung into the river, and exhibiting symptoms of decay (according to the report of the fishermen) that exactly tallied with the time of her suspected death. But on the other hand, there were some circumstances in the case, as detailed by Ellen Walsh, which justified the magistrates in considering that a jury should pause before they pronounced her evidence to be conclusive. Of Sullivan they had no knowledge; but his master they knew to be a young gentleman of some territorial property, of respectable parentage, and nearly allied by blood with more than one of the noble families of Ireland. This naturally compelled them to entertain some doubts. Then upon the supposition that he and his servant had concerted the murder of the young woman Ellen Walsh had seen with them, what could have been more clumsy and incautious than their previous and subsequent conduct? The inference from her story of the transaction was, that the time and manner of executing their deadly purpose was finally determined upon during their absence from the public-house at Carrickafoyle. Yet the first thing they do upon their return is to inform her, without any kind of necessity for the communication, “that they want to get rid of that girl”—a declaration consistent enough with their subsequent account of her disappearance, but almost incredible if considered as a gratuitous disclosure by persons meditating the perpetration of an atrocious crime. They next permit the same person (as if determined that she should be a future witness against them) to see them bearing away their victim to the very scene of execution; and finally, they appear the next day in the town of Glyn, and publicly exhibit themselves and the evidences of their crime to the very person from whose scrutiny and observation, upon the supposition of their guilt, they must have known they had so much to apprehend! These conflicting views did not escape the attention of the magistrates who had undertaken the investigation of this affair. They saw that the case would continue involved in mystery, unless it could be unequivocally made to appear that the young woman seen by Ellen Walsh and the murdered person were the same. For this purpose, before they allowed the body to be disinterred for the inspection of the jury, they used the precaution of re-interrogating Ellen Walsh as to every the minutest particular she could recall respecting the personal appearance of Mrs. S——. The witness stated that she was extremely young not more, she imagined, than fifteen or sixteen, and that her figure was short and slight. So far her description corresponded with that of the fishermen, who were also in attendance; but this would have been too feeble and general evidence of identity for a court of criminal inquiry to act upon with safety. The witness farther stated that Mrs. S—— was remarkably handsome, and gave the coroner’s jury a minute description of her face; but no comparison of feature could now be availing. In the remains over which the investigation was holding, every natural lineament of the countenance must long since have been utterly effaced by death, and by the equally disfiguring operation of the element to which they had been exposed. At length, however, the witness distinctly recalled to her recollection one peculiarity about Mrs. S——’s face, which, if she and the deceased were the same, might still be visible.

The teeth were not perfectly regular. *Two of the upper row (one at each side) projected considerably.* This important clue having been obtained, the remains were disinterred, and found in the condition which the fishermen had described. The mouth was of course the first and chief object of minute inspection. The teeth of the upper jaw had all dropped out; but upon a careful examination of the sockets, two of the side ones were found to be of such a particular formation as satisfied the jury that the teeth belonging to them must of necessity have projected as the witness had represented. Upon this fact, coupled with the other particulars of her testimony, they returned a verdict, finding that the deceased had been wilfully murdered by John S—— and Stephen Sullivan. Warrants were immediately issued for the apprehension of the parties accused, neither of whom (and this was not an immaterial circumstance) had been seen in public since the finding of the remains on the shore. The servant succeeded in concealing himself. The master was traced to a particular farm-house in the county of Limerick, and followed thither by the officers of justice, accompanied by a party of dragoons. They searched the place ineffectually, and were retiring as from a fruitless pursuit, when one of the dragoons, as he was riding away, stuck his sabre, more in sport than otherwise, into a heap of straw that lay near the house. The sword met with no resistance, and the dragoon had already passed on, when a figure burst from beneath the straw, and called out for mercy. It was Mr. S——.

From some passages in the statement of Ellen Walsh, it was sufficiently obvious that the deceased could not have been the wife of Mr. S——, and who she had been, remained to be discovered. Before the lapse of many days, this point was ascertained. There was a humble man named John Conroy, who had followed the trade of a shoemaker in one of the small towns of the county of Limerick. This person had humanely protected an orphan niece (named Ellen Hanlon\*), and brought her up from her infancy in his house as one of his own children, till she attained her sixteenth year. She was uncommonly handsome, and, as he imagined, equally modest and trustworthy. Her uncle, who it appeared was an honest industrious man, was in the habit of obtaining credit to a considerable amount for articles in the way of his trade from the wholesale dealers in Cork, which he regularly visited once a year for the purpose of discharging his engagements for the preceding, and obtaining a fresh supply for the ensuing year. A few weeks before the circumstances above detailed, Conroy was about to proceed to Cork, according to his annual custom. He had then in his house one hundred pounds in notes, and twelve guineas in gold. On the Sunday preceding his intended departure, while he was at mass, Ellen Hanlon disappeared, and along with her the whole of this money. He never heard of her after, neither had he any knowledge of Mr. S——, but, from the description given of the young woman who had been with him on the Shannon, and more particularly from the coincidence of the

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\* It may be as well to mention here that I am giving the facts of this case as they have been communicated to me, and cannot vouch for the rigid accuracy of every particular. The leading circumstances are taken from a pencil-note of the evidence, so faint in some places as to be with difficulty legible. I am not certain, for instance, that I have rightly read the name of the deceased.

peculiarity about the teeth, he was assured that his niece must have been the person, and was accordingly produced as a witness for the Crown upon Mr. S——'s trial. The disclosure of these new facts, though it might have diminished in some degree the public sympathy for the fate of the victim, had a proportionate effect in aggravating every sentiment of horror against the prisoner, by superadding the crimes of seduction and robbery to murder. ☹

The trial came on at the ensuing assizes for the county of Limerick. A clear case of circumstantial evidence, consisting mainly of the foregoing facts, was made out against the prisoner, who had nothing, save the ingenuity of his counsel, to offer in his defence. When the issue was handed up to the jury, it was supposed that they would return a verdict of conviction without leaving the box; but, contrary to expectation, they retired, and continued long engaged in consultation. The populace, who watched the proceedings with extraordinary interest, murmured at the delay.\* This was by no means a usual or characteristic sentiment; but at this particular period, and in this particular county, the minds of the lower orders were already in rapid progress towards that point of political excitation, which soon after exploded in a formidable insurrection. Against the culprit or the crime they might have felt in the abstract no peculiar indignation; but he was a Protestant and a gentleman, and they naturally contrasted the present hesitation to convict with the promptitude that, as they considered, would have been manifested had such evidence been adduced against any one of them. At length, late in the evening, a verdict of Guilty was found. Sentence of death was pronounced, and the prisoner ordered for execution on the next day but one succeeding his conviction. Some very unusual incidents followed. Before the judge left the Bench, he received an application, sanctioned by some names of consideration in the county, and praying that he would transmit to the Viceroy a memorial in the prisoner's favour. The judge, feeling the case to be one where the law should sternly take its course, refused to interfere. He was then solicited to permit the sentence to be at least respite to such a time as would enable those interested in the prisoner's behalf to ascertain the result of such an application from themselves. To this request the same answer was for the same reasons returned. There being, however, still time, if expedition were used, to make the experiment, a memorial, the precise terms of which did not publicly transpire, was that evening despatched by a special messenger to the seat of government. This proceeding was the subject of much and varied commentary. By some it was attributed to the prisoner's protestations of innocence—for he vehemently protested his innocence; by others to particular views and feelings, in which politics predominated; by the majority (and this conjecture appears to have been the true one) to an anxiety to avert, if possible, from the families of rank and influence with which the culprit was allied, the stigma of an ignominious execution.

The hour beyond which the law had said that this guilty young man should not be permitted to exist, was now at hand, and the special messenger had not returned. Yet, so confident were the prisoner's friends that tidings of mercy were on the way, that the Sheriff humanely consented to connive at every possible procrastination of the dreadful

ceremony. He had already lived for more than two hours beyond his appointed time, when an answer from the Castle of Dublin arrived. Its purport was, to bid him prepare for instant death. I have heard from a gentleman who visited his cell a few minutes after this final intimation, that his composure was astonishing. His sole anxiety seemed to be, to show that he could die with firmness. An empty vial was lying in the cell—"You have been taking laudanum, I perceive, sir," said the gentleman. "I have," he replied, "but not with the object that you suspect. The dose was not strong enough for that—I merely took as much as would steady my nerves." He asserted his innocence of all participation in the murder of Ellen Hanlon, and declared that if ever Sullivan should be brought to trial, the injustice of the present sentence would appear.

The friends of the prisoner were, for many and obvious reasons, desirous that he should be conveyed in a close carriage to the place of execution. Expecting a reprieve, they had neglected to provide one, and they now found it impossible to hire such a conveyance. Large sums were offered at the different places where chaises and horses were to be let; but the popular prejudice prevailed. At last an old carriage was found exposed to sale, and purchased. Horses were still to be provided, when two turf-carts, belonging to tenants of the prisoner, appeared moving into the town. The horses were taken from under the carts, and harnessed to the carriage. To this the owners made no resistance; but no threats or intreaties could induce either of them to undertake the office of driver. After a further delay occasioned by this difficulty, a needy wretch among the by-standers was tempted by the offer of a guinea to take the reins and brave the ridicule of the mob. The prisoner, accompanied by the gaoler and clergyman, was put into the carriage, and the procession began to advance. At the distance of a few hundred yards from the gaol, a bridge was to be passed. The horses, which had shown no signs of restiveness before, no sooner reached the foot of the bridge than they came to a full stop. Beating, coaxing, cursing—all were unavailing; not an inch beyond that spot could they be made to advance. The contest between them and the driver terminated in one of the horses deliberately lying down amidst the cheers of the mob. To their excited apprehensions, this act of the animal had a superstitious import. It evinced a preternatural abhorrence of the crime of murder—a miraculous instinct in detecting guilt, which a jury of Irish gentlemen had taken hours to pronounce upon. Every effort to get the carriage forward having failed, the prisoner was removed from it, and conducted on foot to the place of execution. It was a solemn and melancholy sight as he slowly moved along the main street of a crowded city, environed by military, unpitied by the populace, and gazed at with shuddering curiosity from every window. For a while the operation of the laudanum he had drunk was manifest. There was a drowsy stupor in his eye as he cast it insensibly around him. Instead of moving continuously forward, every step he made in advance seemed a distinct and laborious effort. Without the assistance of the gaoler and clergyman who supported him between them, he must, to all appearance, have dropped on the pavement. These effects, however, gradually subsided, and before he arrived at the place of execution his

frame had resumed its wonted firmness. The conduct of the prisoner in his last moments had nothing remarkable; yet it suggests a few remarks, and furnishes a striking illustration upon a subject of some interest as connected with the administration of justice in Ireland.

In that country an extraordinary importance is attached to dying declarations. In cases exciting any unusual interest, no sooner is a convicted person handed over to the executioner, than he is beset on all sides with entreaties to make what is called a last satisfaction to justice and to the public mind, by an open confession of his guilt. As between the convict and the law, such a proceeding is utterly nugatory. If he denies his guilt, he is not believed; if he admits it, he only admits a fact so conclusively established as to every practical purpose that any supplemental corroboration is superfluous. If the verdict of a jury required the sanction of a confession, no sentence could be justifiably executed in any case where that sanction was withheld. But this could not be. In submitting the question of guilt or innocence to the process of a public trial, we apply the most efficacious method that our laws have been able to devise for the discovery of the truth. The result, like that of all other questions depending upon human testimony, may be erroneous. The condemned may be a martyr; for juries are fallible: but for the purposes of society their verdict must be final, except upon those rare occasions where its propriety is subsequently brought into doubt by new evidence emanating from a less questionable source than that of the party most interested in arraigning it.

Then as far as regards the satisfaction of the public mind with the justice of the conviction (for upon this great stress is also laid) the public should never be encouraged to require a higher degree of certainty than the law requires. But the practice of harassing convicts for a confession before the crowds assembled to witness their execution, produces this effect. It teaches them to divert their attention from the best and only practical test of a question that should no longer be at issue, and to set a value upon a test the most deceptive that can be imagined. A voluntary admission of guilt may, to be sure, be depended on; but after conviction no kind of reliance can be placed upon the most solemn asseverations to the contrary. Death and eternity are dreadful things; and it is dreadful to think of wretches determined to brave them with a deliberate falsehood upon their lips; yet there are men—many—that have the nerve to do this. In Ireland it is of frequent occurrence; particularly in cases of conviction for political offences, and more or less in all others. A regard for posthumous reputation—the false glory of being remembered as a martyr—a stubborn determination to make no concession to a system of laws that he never respected—concern for the feelings and character of relatives, by whom a dying protestation of innocence is cherished, and appealed to as a bequest to the honour of a family-name: these and similar motives attend the departing culprit to the final scene, and prevail to the last over every suggestion of truth and religion. It was so in the case I am now narrating. At the place of execution the prisoner was solemnly adjured by the clergyman in attendance to admit the justice of his sentence: he as solemnly re-asserted his innocence. The cap was drawn over his eyes, and he was about to be thrown off.

An accidental interruption occurred. The clergyman raised the cap, and once more appealed to him as to a person upon whom the world had already closed. The answer was—"I am suffering for a crime in which I never participated; if Sullivan is ever found, my innocence will appear." Sullivan was found before the next assizes, when he was tried and convicted upon the same evidence adduced against his master. Sullivan was a Catholic; and after his conviction made a voluntary and full confession. It put the master's guilt beyond all question. The wretched girl, according to his statement, had insisted upon retaining in her own hands one half of the sum of which she had robbed her uncle. To obtain this, and also to disembarass himself of an incumbrance, her seducer planned her death. Sullivan undertook to be the executioner. After setting Ellen Walsh on shore, they returned to an unfrequented point near Carrickafoyle, where the instrument of murder, a musket, and a rope lay concealed. With these and the unsuspecting victim, Sullivan put out in the boat. The master remained upon the strand. After the interval of an hour, the boat returned, bearing back Ellen Hanlon unharmed. "I thought I had made up my mind," said the ruffian in his penitential declaration; "I was just lifting the musket to dash her brains out; *but when I looked in her innocent face I had not the heart to do it.*" This excuse made no impression upon the merciless master. Sullivan was plied with liquor, and again despatched upon the murderous mission; the musket was once more raised, and—the rest has been told.

## SONG.

OH say not that my heart is dead,  
 For that my lip has learn'd  
 A lesson from the lapse of time,  
 Which it would once have spurn'd.  
 I must live with the false, the cold,  
 And I must seem like them;  
 And thought and feeling wear the mask  
 That yet they most condemn.  
 Oh! say not that my words are false;  
 They may not dare be true:  
 What am I, that I should forsake  
 The path which all pursue?  
 'Tis sad to see how all around  
 To gilded idols kneel;  
 And strive to be like one of those  
 Who cannot think or feel.  
 Alas! alas! to pass in peace  
 Through a world so chill, so lone,  
 The throbbing pulses should be steel,  
 And the heart should be stone!

L. E. L.

## GRIMM'S GHOST.

## LETTER XXIX.

*Table Talk about Sheridan.*

Mrs. Lum, whose "Readings" were commemorated in my fifteenth Letter, has removed into Berners-street. I cannot say that I admire the street, frowned upon as it is by the Middlesex Hospital: however, there she is, and her first dinner-party was composed of Lord Robert Ranter, Colonel and Mrs. Nightingale, Sir Hans Dabs Oliphant and his lady, Augustus Thackeray, and Mr. and Mrs. Mudford. Mrs. Lum, who is a very intellectual woman, had rather not give dinners at all; but people won't be read to upon any other terms. "Now I am going to be sung at," said Madame Vestris, with a distasteful air, as she walked upon the stage to encounter "Water parted from the sea." For myself, I would rather be sung at, than read at, on any day in the year, especially when Madame Vestris is the singer:—but every one to his liking. Mrs. Lum's soup and fish passed off very well, being enlivened with the Cayenne of Mathews's old joke, played off by Augustus Thackeray, viz. that the talk of the table, if it turns upon the viands that then graced it, must necessarily be *soup-or-fish-ial*. The first course too passed away without any accident; but, between its disappearance and the advent of the second, there occurred one of those hitches in the scenery, which, when they take place at either of our Winter Theatres, are honoured by a hiss. How cooks manage as they do, is to me a miracle. To bring so many dishes to bear upon one given moment, notwithstanding the irregularity of guests in arriving at the place of appointment, appears to me a feat that may cope in merit with the skill of a Marlborough or a Wellington in bringing armies into the field. Upon the occasion in question, however, the cook, like General Mack, was at fault. Lord Robert Ranter saw Mrs. Lum's distress, and gallantly stepped forward with a story about Sheridan to relieve her. "Did I not see Moore's Life of Sheridan, in the drawing-room?" inquired his lordship.—"You did," answered the lady: "I mean to read it to you this evening, provided we get through Southey's Book of the Church in tolerable time." Lord Robert bowed his gratitude, and continued: "I am surprised that so clever a man as Mr. Moore should have omitted the story of Sheridan and the plate-warmer. Your servant's recent rencontre with that machine reminds me of the anecdote." Mrs. Lum looked towards the door, and, finding it still closed against the second course, smilingly requested to hear it. "Sheridan," resumed Lord Robert, "was dining at Peter Moore's with his son Tom"—"Whose son Tom?" inquired Mr. Mudford.—"Sheridan's, of course," answered his lordship.—"Oh I did not know," said Mr. Mudford; "I thought Peter Moore might have a son Tom—he was your last antecedent."—"Well," resumed Lord Robert, "poor Tom was at that time in a very nervous debilitated state. The servant, in passing quickly between the guests and the fire-place, struck down the plate-warmer. This made a deuce of a rattle, and caused Tom Sheridan to start and tremble. Peter Moore, provoked at this, rebuked the servant, and added, 'I suppose you have broken all the plates?'—'No, Sir,' said the servant, 'not one.'—'No!' exclaimed Sheridan; 'then damn it, you have made all that noise for nothing.'" Lord Robert, while narrating this anecdote, like a skilful general, kept



his eye upon the door, which opened with a boiled turkey, as he uttered the words "nervous debilitated state." The narrator spoke in slow time, to allow of the deposit of the partridges and sweetbreads: came to "start and tremble" on the arrival of the trifle and plover's eggs; and concluded the anecdote with "noise for nothing" as the last dish was placed upon the table. "What kindness and humanity!" ejaculated Mrs. Lum to herself, "thus to draw off the attention of the company from an empty tablecloth! But his talents shall not go unrewarded. I will give him an extra evening's reading; he shall have Mc'Culloch's 'Political Economy,' all to himself."

Every guest at table secretly determined to make the most of this story: but, from lack of Lord Robert's *tact*, they none of them produced any effect from repeating it. Augustus Thackeray carried it off on the next evening into the city, to a dinner given by a Blackwell-hall factor, in King's-arms-yard, Coleman-street; and, aiming to extend Lord Robert Ranter's two-act piece into a five-act comedy, completely spoilt it. He thus prefaced it.—"Your mention, Sir, of Harley's peeping Tom reminds me of poor Tom Sheridan. My first acquaintance with him was on the coming out of Caractacus—a serious pantomime—at the late Drury-lane Theatre. I believe Tom wrote the wrestling scene between Wallack and Miss Bristowe—then two children. But of this I am not certain." At this period of his narrative, Thackeray had obtained "the ear of the court," as the phrase is in Westminster-hall—and had he "got over the ground," he might have "obtained his rule." "Mr. Dunder," said the late Lord Ellenborough to a barrister of the overlaying species, "the court is already with you, unless, by persevering to plead, you wish that it should be against you." A hint like this would have been of immense service to Thackeray, who thus went on—"On the night before its representation, Tom Sheridan was in the green room, and so was I. Tom was engaged to sup with Sir John Carr in the Temple, and asked me if I knew whereabouts his chambers were?—Yes, said I, in Garden-court. I am going that way, and will show you.—'Thank you,' said he. Poor fellow! I never saw him afterwards. Let me see, where was I?"—"In Garden-court, Sir," said a complaisant Bill-broker who sat on Thackeray's left hand. But by this time, from the length of his prologue, his audience had dwindled away, one by one, until, to adopt the Rev. Sydney Smith's phrase, "he had preached himself bare to the very sexton." Still, however, he proceeded, and was in the act of enlightening his solitary listening Bill-broker upon the subject of Sheridan and the plate-warmer, when a rival annalist set the table in a roar, and effectually drowned poor Tom Sheridan by the following story. "You all knew Charles Tessier—(*omnes*, "all all")—Well! after living some years in Austin-friars, he took to high life, and went up to Grosvenor-street. He was invited one day to dine with a dandy colonel (whose promissory note he had indorsed) in Upper Brook-street. In stalked little Charles, at seven; and meaning to do a bit of grandeur, exclaimed, "I can't think what could be the matter with my horses just now. The coachman could hardly manage them. He was obliged to drive them three times round Grosvenor-square to make them quiet."—"Why the fact is, Tessier," said Dawes the banker, "they were frightened—they did not know where they were. If they had been in Finsbury-square, they would have been quiet enough." This sally fell so harmoniously upon the ears of a

set of dwellers in Old Bethlem, Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury, and Savage Gardens, that poor Thackeray was regularly floored. The counter-laugh came upon him "like a roaring lion from Tophet," if I may be so bold as to steal a simile from the gay deceiver of Moorgate.

Sir Hans Dabs Oliphant went away from Mrs. Lum's with the anecdote in his sensorium, and thought himself perfectly sure of an audience in Lady Bromley, (a very quiet deaf old woman, who will listen to any thing,) in a private box at Covent-garden Theatre. Unluckily, Miss Paton performed Mandane; and Sir Hans, who has no taste for any thing but Shakspeare, was telling the story, while that lady was singing "Fly, soft ideas, fly." The state of Lady Bromley's auriculars rendered it necessary that Sir Hans should tell his tale rather in alt: this the audience, who have got a knack of being attentive when Miss Paton sings, took in dudgeon; and accordingly cries of "Silence, turn him out, throw him over," put Sir Hans's soft ideas to the rout; and Sheridan's plate-warmer was once more thrown prostrate.

Mr. Mudford took the anecdote to the table of a "serious" family at Gravesend; but being in the act of moulting his profane feathers (he has been since regularly evangelized by his wife), he told Sheridan's retort without the oath, and consequently "missed stays."—Colonel Nightingale conveyed it to a House dinner at the United Service Club; but unfortunately the company, jointly and severally, had gotten into that vile trick of telling a parcel of stories, one after the other, about Sheridan, consisting of the old hash of, composer of wine and importer of music—making a creditor trot his horse up and down Clarges Street, while he bolted into May Fair.—Cumberland and his new tragedy, —the Forty Thieves, which was nicknamed at the time Sheridan and his Thirty-nine Thieves—*et hoc genus omne*. In the midst of all this the poor plate-warmer could only "take its turn, and be forgotten." Mind I am not blaming the story-tellers: every man, especially at a club, has a right to tell his own story; but for myself, where conversation, or rather narration, takes that turn at table, I make it a rule to call for my hat. There is no enduring it. I really believe I know every story that ever was told. What would I not give to be possessed of less wisdom! Whenever a man asks me at table, "Did you ever hear the anecdote of—" I constantly interrupt him with "Yes," without waiting for his noun substantive.

Shakspeare talks of evil deeds, which "return to" plague the inventor." It is the same with stories. Lord Robert Ranter, on the day se'nnight which succeeded his narrative, actually had his own story told to him at table by a dull man from Dundee, who would not be stopped, do what his lordship would. "Did your lordship ever hear a remarkably good story about Sheridan?"—"Yes, sir, I have heard them all."—"It happened at Peter Moore's:—you must know poor Tom Sheridan was far from well, and—"—"I'd thank you for some bread;"—"So, sir, the servant in going too near the—"—"A glass of water, if you please;"—"Fire-place, knocked down—"—"Lady Somers, shall I have the pleasure of—"—"The plate-warmer—" Here Lord Robert called out the whole *posse comitatus*, and the narrative danced on to the following miscellaneous tune. "Upon which Peter Moore said—"—"No potatoes—"—"Feeling for Tom Sheridan—"—"Sherry for me, but take which you like—"—"I suppose you have broken all the—"—"Champagne by all means—"—"No gravy, but

I'll trouble Captain Watts—"No, sir," said the servant—"But<sup>4</sup> ---"Peter Moore"---"More brocoli and no butter." To such casualties will the most undaunted narrator be subject, who tells his stories when people are hungry!

After all, the pleasantest people at table are those who never tell stories at all. The merest trifle that springs from the occasion is worth a hundred of the best jokes or narratives that ever were transplanted. It is the same upon the stage. The moment when Mr. A. says to Mr. B. "Pray be seated;" and sprawling out his legs, commences with "It is now fifteen years since I first became acquainted with your father, then on foreign service. At the commencement of our friendship an incident occurred---" From that epoch I date a buzz of inattention from pit, box, and galleries. Not that I mean to banish story-telling from all places. There are several dull streets where they may be resorted to with propriety. Old Burlington Street and Stratford Place are very good story-telling streets, especially when the Opera House is not open. When that seat of song is accessible, people are plaguily apt to ring for their carriages, and leave you in the middle of your catastrophe. A friend of mine, in fact, out of the Opera season, was cut short in the midst of a lamentable fire of his, that happened at Birmingham, by seven men jumping up from table to go and hear "Cherry ripe" at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket. Ever since he has looked at the play-bill beforehand. The dinner-hour in London is now so late, and there are so many music lions and lionesses prowling about upstairs in the two drawing-rooms, seeking what of Mozart or Rossini they may devour, that it requires the agility of Mazurier himself to whip in an anecdote at table. I have two very good stories of my own, that I have been trying to tell these seven years without success. It is as difficult as getting a writership to India. One of them, however, I contrived to fire off in Drury Lane green-room, under the bust of Mrs. Siddons. I knew my cue as well as the actors who heard me. The play was the "School for Scandal," and I knew myself sure of Mrs. Candour, Lady Sneerwell, Sir Benjamin Backbite, Crabtree, and Maria. The call-boy, I was aware, would leave them alone for three long acts. They had no where but the green-room to go to. The story was as follows:---Old Wewitzer was joking and laughing at rehearsal, instead of minding the business of the scene. Raymond, who was then stage-manager, took him to task for this, and said, "Come, Mr. Wewitzer, I wish you would pay a little attention."---"Well, sir," answered Wewitzer, "so I am---I'm paying as little as I can."---My other story is about Sheridan and Delpini, the clown,---the man who, on the Prince of Wales's refusal to ask Harris to give him a benefit, said, "Very well, sir, den I must go to your Papa's Bench." This, however, is not the story in question. What I have been dining out so long to tell, relates to a quarrel between Sheridan and Delpini. There is no time like the present: I will tell it now. Sheridan and Delpini fell into high words relative to an arrear of salary due to the latter, as Man Friday in the "Robinson Crusoe" of the former. Sheridan, provoked at what he deemed the insolence of the pantomimist, told him that he had forgotten his station. "No, indeed, Monsieur Sheridan, I have not," retorted Delpini: "I know the difference between us perfectly well. In birth, parentage, and education, you are superior to me; but in life, character, and behaviour, I am superior to you!"

THE CHILDE'S DESTINY.

And none did love him,—not his lemans dear,—  
But pomp and power alone are woman's care ;  
And where these are, light Eros finds a feere.

LORD BYRON.

No mistress of the hidden skill,  
No wizard gaunt and grim,  
Went up by night to heath or hill,  
To read the stars for him ;  
The merriest girl in all the land  
Of vine-encircled France,  
Bestow'd upon his brow and hand  
Her philosophic glance ;  
“ I bind thee with a spell,” said she,  
“ I sign thee with a sign ;  
No woman's love shall light on thee,  
No woman's heart be thine !  
“ And trust me, 'tis not that thy cheek  
Is colourless and cold ;  
Not that thine eye is slow to speak  
What only eyes have told :  
For many a cheek of paler white  
Hath blush'd with passion's kiss ;  
And many an eye of lesser light  
Hath caught its fire from bliss :  
Yet, while the rivers seek the sea,  
And while the young stars shine,  
No woman's love shall light on thee,  
No woman's heart be thine !

“ And 'tis not that thy spirit, awed  
By Beauty's numbing spell,  
Shrinks from the force or from the fraud  
Which Beauty loves so well ;  
For thou hast learn'd to watch and wake,  
And swear by earth and sky ;  
And thou art very bold to take  
What we must still deny :  
I cannot tell ; the charm was wrought  
By other threads than mine ;  
The lips are lightly begg'd or bought,  
The heart may not be thine !

“ Yet thine the brightest smiles shall be  
That ever Beauty wore,  
And confidence from two or three,  
And compliments from more :  
And one shall give,—perchance hath given,—  
What only is not love ;  
Friendship,—oh ! such as saints in heaven  
Rain on us from above.  
If she shall meet thee in the bower,  
Or name thee in the shrine,  
Oh ! wear the ring, and guard the flower,—  
Her heart may not be thine !

“ Go, set thy boat before the blast,  
Thy breast before the gun ;—  
The haven shall be reach'd at last,  
The battle shall be won :

Or muse upon thy country's laws,  
 Or strike thy country's lute;—  
 And patriot hands shall sound applause,  
 And lovely lips be mute:  
 Go, dig the diamond from the wave,  
 The treasure from the mine;—  
 Enjoy the wreath, the gold, the grave,—  
 No woman's heart is thine!

“ I charm thee from the agony  
 Which others feel or feign;  
 From anger, and from jealousy,  
 From doubt, and from disdain:  
 I bid thee wear the scorn of years  
 Upon the cheek of youth,  
 And curl the lip at passion's tears,  
 And shake the head at truth:  
 While there is bliss in revelry,  
 Forgetfulness in wine,  
 Be thou from woman's love as free,  
 As woman is from thine!”

THE FAMILY JOURNAL.—NO. XI.

*Keeping Christmas.*

I HAVE always been of opinion, with some living writers, that our ancestors understood the art of keeping Christmas better than we do; and that their sports, holly-boughs, and wassail-bowls, are helps to a jolly edification, which we should do well to study. My friend Will Hitter, who is accustomed to patronize my jovialities, differs with me in this. He agrees with Tom Washy; who is of opinion (that is to say, who is of some other man's opinion, for he has no real opinion of his own,) that the merry-makings of the times of Elizabeth and the Stuarts originated solely in an instinctive understanding between master and man; that the rich encouraged them as a means of patronage and superiority, and that the poor accepted them as an oil to their chain or a happy rivet of their dependence. Boys doating on a joke of the schoolmaster, or paupers of the present day accepting tickets for soup, are types of a satisfaction which Tom Washy contemplates with pleasure, and my friend Will with alarm; for though they agree in the fact, these gentlemen differ widely in the spirit with which they regard the example. Washy loves to insinuate to his brother-pretenders, that old times were best because they were least free; Will is anxious to warn his brother-reformers, that a merry season is dearly purchased by servility all the rest of the year.

I confess I love to read of the old English doings at Christmas, and should be glad to see the best part of them restored; but as I have none of the sneaking kindness of Tom Washy for the aristocratical glory he discerns in them, so I feel none of the horrors experienced by my friend Will at the idea of the rich putting their fingers in the pie. When all the literature of the poor was in the hands of an Autolykus, and people believed any thing because a magistrate set his hand to it, the case was different; but now-a-days, bring rich and poor together as we please, roast as many oxen as there are villages to do it in, and let one general wassail-bowl set the hearts of great and small dancing

all over England ; and as long as there are *Mechanics' Magazines*, and the gentry are obliged to look to their keeping a-head in the race of knowledge, there is no fear that people will be too thankful for a sirloin of beef, or melt with maudlin souls into the overflow of a beer-barrel. There is, in fact, no necessity for their accepting either. Sports may be revived ; wassail-bowls may abound ; the poor may cultivate their strength and spirits with gymnastic exercises, and the rich assuredly be no nearer to an undue influence. If the rich wish to see the increasing spirit of knowledge continue a kindly one, this, indeed, is one of the modes of preserving it in good temper ; and the wisest on both sides will be glad to study the general advantage with cheerfulness, and thus realize the ends of knowledge as they go.

At Bowering Park and the village we manage these things capitally. There is a sense on all sides of mutual service, and no obligation ; or rather, obligation is felt and acknowledged as it ought to be by those who have spirit great enough to afford it ; but only as implying the necessity of being kind in return, not as a painful matter of debt and subjection. The responsibility is a willing one, like the answers of love ; not forced and full of penalty, like those of a creditor before his commissioners. We may be said to keep Christmas-day with all the joviality of old times, and the diffused intelligence of the new. Some of the liberals may doubt this, when they hear that we go to church in the morning ; but not if they agree with others of their denomination, who see a difference between Christianity contradictory and Christianity at peace with its doctrines. Our pastor, we confess, would be thought an ill Christian by those who are interested in substituting faith for practice, and who delight to warm their brotherly love by threats of eternal punishment. We should, and do, make some persons very angry with the unbounded notions we entertain of the beneficence of the Supreme Being. Our neighbours at B., poor fellows, whose masters and spiritual guides do the best to render the world unhappy to them, and then make it a point of religion to call it a vile one, are very sore at our contradicting them in that matter both in faith and practice. In short, if Christianity (as some unfortunate persons seem to imagine) cannot exist but in company with the very "anger, hatred, and all uncharitableness" which it objects to, or at least with the exclusiveness, intolerance, and theological wars, which beget all these, then are we in a very bad way, and have to beg pardon for loving God and man so entirely. But if Christianity consists in having the welfare of our species at heart, in abolishing mistakes and advocating improvements ; in believing in the real paternity of the Creator, the universality of his heaven, and the beauty of the lilies of his fields,—then if there is a place upon earth, where the ark of Christianity, lopped of its apparent glories, and eased of the unnatural burdens of its instruments of warfare, might find a resting-place from the bitter waters, and show itself more beautiful in its simple shell and innocent white colour, than ever it had done in the days of its pomp, M. is one of those green summits of attraction. The white spire would announce the change and the perpetuity, still pointing to heaven, without spot or dilapidation.

But I shall be hazarding a charge of rhetoric, while the love of our village is only warming my common tongue. What I mean is, that I can contemplate the change in polemics or establishments, under which

a population, imbued with the real spirit of Christianity, might assemble to hear the doctrines delivered by our excellent clergyman. He was told one day, in argument, that the interests of Christianity were opposed to universal enlightenment. I shall not easily forget his answer. "The interests of Christianity," said he, "are the same as the interests of society. It has no other meaning. Christianity is that very enlightenment you speak of. Let any man find out that thing, whatever it be, which is to perform the very greatest good to society, even to its own apparent detriment, and I say *that* is Christianity, or I know not the spirit of its founder. What?" continued he, "shall we take Christianity for an arithmetical puzzle, or a contradiction in terms, or the bitterness of a bad argument, or the interests, real or supposed, of any particular set of men? God forbid. I wish to speak with reverence (this conclusion struck me very much)—I wish to speak with reverence of whatever has taken place in the order of Providence. I wish to think the best of the very evils that have happened; that a good has been got out of them; perhaps that they were even necessary to the good. But when once we have attained better means, and the others are dreaded by the benevolent, and scorned by the wise, then is the time come for throwing open the doors to all kindness and to all knowledge, and the end of Christianity is attained in the reign of Beneficence."

In this spirit our pastor preaches to us always, but most particularly on Christmas day; when he takes occasion to enlarge on the character and views of the Divine person who is then supposed to have been born, and sends us home more than usually rejoicing. On the north side of the church at M. are a great many holly-trees. It is from these that our dining and bed-rooms are furnished with boughs. Families take it by turns to entertain their friends. They meet early; the beef and pudding are noble; the mince-pies—peculiar; the nuts half play-things and half-eatables; the oranges as cold and acid as they ought to be, furnishing us with a superfluity which we can afford to laugh at; the cakes indestructible; the wassail-bowls generous, old English, huge, demanding ladles, threatening overflow as they come in, solid with roasted apples when set down. Towards bed-time you hear of elder-wine, and not seldom of punch. At the manor-house it is pretty much the same as elsewhere. Girls, although they be ladies, are kissed under the mistletoe. If any family among us happen to have hit upon an exquisite brewing, they send some of it round about, the squire's house included; and he does the same by the rest. Riddles, hot-cockles, forfeits, music, dances sudden and not to be suppressed, prevail among great and small; and from two o'clock in the day to midnight, M. looks like a deserted place out of doors, but is full of life and merriment within. Playing at Knights and Ladies last year, a jade of a charming creature must needs send me out for a piece of ice to put in her wine. It was evening and a hard frost. I shall never forget the cold, cutting, dreary, dead look of every thing out of doors, with a wind through the wiry trees, and the snow on the ground, contrasted with the sudden return to warmth, light, and joviality.

I remember we had a discussion that time, as to what was the great point and crowning glory of Christmas. Many were for mince-pie; some for the beef and plum-pudding; more for the wassail-bowl; a

maiden lady timidly said, the misletoe ; but we agreed at last, that although all these were prodigious, and some of them exclusively belonging to the season, the *fire* was the great indispensable. Upon which we all turned our faces towards it, and began warming our already scorched hands. A great blazing fire, too big, is the visible heart and soul of Christmas. You may do without beef and plum-pudding ; even the absence of mince pie may be tolerated ; there must be a bowl, poetically speaking, but it need not be absolutely wassail. The bowl may give place to the bottle. But a huge, heaped-up, *or* heaped-up, all-attracting fire, with a semicircle of faces about it, is not to be denied us. It is the *lar* and *genius* of the meeting ; the proof positive of the season ; the representative of all our warm emotions and bright thoughts ; the glorious eye of the room ; the inciter to mirth, yet the retainer of order ; the amalgamater of age and sex ; the universal relish. Tastes may differ even on a mince-pie ; but who gainsays a fire ? The absence of other luxuries still leaves you in possession of that ; but

Who can hold a fire in his hand  
With thinking on the frostiest twelfth-cake ?

Let me have had a dinner of some sort, no matter what, and then give me my fire, and my friends, the humblest glass of wine, and a few penn'orths of chestnuts, and I will still make out my Christinas. What ! Have we not Burgundy in our blood ? Have we not joke, laughter, repartee, bright eyes, comedies of other people, and comedies of our own : songs, memories, hopes ? [An organ strikes up in the street at this word, as if to answer me in the affirmative. Right, thou old spirit of harmony, wandering about in that ark of thine, and touching the public car with sweetness and an abstraction ! Let the multitude bustle on, but not unarrested by thee and by others, and not unreminded of the happiness of renewing a wise childhood.] As to our old friends the chestnuts, if any body wants an excuse to his dignity for roasting them, let him take the authority of Milton. " Who now," says he, lamenting the loss of his friend Deodati,—“ who now will help to soothe my cares for me, and make the long night seem short with his conversation ; while the roasting peat hisses tenderly on the fire, and the nuts burst away with a noise,

“ And out of doors a washing storm o'erwhelms  
Nature pitch-dark, and rides the thundering clms ?”

Alas ! my paper tends, in spite of me, to a melancholy conclusion. I cannot have been used to any thing, however common, but in its departure it will remind me of all my losses. Spirits, much too noble for it, arise and attend its funeral. After Christmas-day comes the last day of the year ; and I confess I wish the bells would not ring so merrily on the next. I have not become used enough to the loss of the old year to like so triumphant a welcome to the new. I am certain of the pleasures I have had during the twelvemonth : I have become used to the pains. In a few days, especially by the help of Twelfth-night, I shall become reconciled to the writing 6 instead of 5 in the date of the year. Then welcome new hopes and new endeavours. But at the moment—at the turn—I hate to bid adieu to my old acquaintance. Besides, for out it must, (and I have persuaded myself that there exist



about a dozen readers who will be sorry to hear it,) the Family Journal is no more! The hive is smothered! The memories of our honey-making generation hover no longer about the flowers. Dick Honeycomb sips no further in the court-gardens, nor labours Nathaniel for his graver republic. My cousin Cerintha promises not again to lead out her charming colony. Coming to Bowering Park with my family manuscripts loose in the carriage, a careless rascal (more careless rascal myself not to prevent it!) took them out and laid them in an anteroom where he saw a heap of other manuscripts lying! O profane and calamitous mistake! Those other manuscripts were the sermons of a former vicar of M., a violent theologian, and had just been handed over to the cook, to light a more genial fire than they talked of. Not two minutes afterwards, the cook—a fellow with a sweeping pair of hands—comes to get fuel for his Christmas fire; and the Family Journal lying in his way——

I saw a love-song on Betty Honeycomb at the back of one of the tarts!

Let the reader judge of my generosity in praising Christmas after this. The loss, in a family point of view, is too painful to think of; but having become used by this time to busy myself with the New Monthly, what I should have done, even for occupation, I know not, had not Mr. Colburn, with the feelings of a neighbour when one's house is burnt down, thrown open its pages to me, and hospitably invited me to make myself at home.

So up I look'd, and twitch'd my devils blue—  
To-morrow to fresh hopes, and subjects new.

#### RUSSIAN TRAVELLING SKETCHES.\*—NO. III.

##### *Suburbs of Moscow.*

IN No. I. and II. of my "Travelling Sketches," I have thrown out certain general remarks on Russia, and I have endeavoured to give illustrations of the *real character* of the Russians, on some particular points, during my perambulations in the vicinity of their ancient capital, or as their own historian Karamzin declares it to be "*the true capital*," of the empire. The inhabitants of Petersburg are composed of so many nations, and have so intermarried with each other, as nearly to obliterate the national character. It is true that many Russians are attached to the court; but no sagacious individual would ever draw the general character of a people from such a source. The Russian court, like all other courts, is composed of the *grande*es and individuals most distinguished in the nation—whether it be for talents, utility, diplomacy, or cunning; and like all European courts, it exhibits the most specious and refined manners, an excess of compliments which mean nothing, and pretensions of friendship without sincerity. Besides, the courtiers at Petersburg live under the guardianship—I had almost said, the *penetrating police*—of the Emperor; and on that account they are extremely cautious. They live under a restraint which runs counter to the strong aristocratic feelings in which they are reared, and to the unlimited authority which they have been accustomed to

\* Continued from page 217.

exercise on their estates, in their establishments, and in their houses. At Moscow, on the contrary, the nobles are not immediately under the eye of their sovereign, and they generally keep on good terms with the superior officers of the police; who, by the by, are frequent guests at their tables. I of course gladly seized the opportunity of being a visitor at their parties in that city, which was afforded me by numerous invitations in consequence of the recommendations formerly mentioned. I was advised to visit the country estates of the nobles, and every means were used by my friends to procure me this pleasure. The Russian nobles seemed flattered at my ready compliance with the smallest hint that they "should be glad to see me at ———;" and so they might, as I was generally at considerable expense for carriage hires: only a few of them having conveyed me themselves to their country-seats, or having sent a carriage to fetch me. By these frequent visits, by constant observation, and through the assistance of some friends at Moscow, I have been enabled to give descriptions of the estates near that city. These descriptions, however, may be reckoned mere introductions to a notice of some of the principal characters and most distinguished families of the empire—a *liaison*, as the French would say, between places and men—between the theatre of actions and the actors themselves. Perhaps, from my Sketches, the reader will be led to think more favourably of the Russians than he might do if he had implicit confidence in the reports of some late authors;\* but the truth shall be told, and the reader left to form his own deductions. In the narratives of travellers, a few good substantial facts are more valuable, especially in the estimation of character, than volumes of reports, reasonings, and speculations.

I must now suppose that the reader accompanies me in my peregrinations, and listens to the topographical sketches of country residences, as well as to some account of their noble proprietors.

*Rojestvenskoyé* is a fine estate, situated thirty-five versts north-west from Moscow, and by the banks of the river Moskvá. The site of its elegant mansion is very elevated, and it commands an extensive view. The gardens have been laid out by an Englishman with a great deal of taste.

*Rojestvenskoyé*, however, chiefly deserves notice on account of its proprietor, Count I. P. Kutaisof, whose fate has been very singular. This personage, I am informed, was made a prisoner during the wars with the Turks, was set at liberty, remained in Russia, and at length filled the *honourable station of Kamerdiner*, or body-servant to the Emperor Paul. Being a man of much good sense, of a shrewd understanding, and possessed of a due share of cunning, he took every opportunity of ingratiating himself with his imperial master, who profusely lavished favours upon him, and who ultimately gave him the title of count, and estates and money to support his new rank. Such are the whims of fortune, and the Count Kutaisof was only one of many who benefited by Paul's caprice.

According to Dr. Lyall, this new-made noble was the cause of Sir James Wyllie's rise in life. After his elevation, the count maintained

\* See Clarke's Travels—Lyal's Works—Cochrane's Pedestrian Journey—and Holman's Travels in Russia, Siberia, &c.

his ascendancy in the opinion of Paul, no doubt, in consequence of having carefully seen the developements of his mind, and studied how to please and to soothe him, when he was in an humble sphere of life. At a time when Sir J. Wylie was but little known in Russia, this nobleman was taken exceedingly ill, and his life despaired of, though, by desire of Paul, he had been attended by all the court physicians. Sir J. Wylie was at length sent for; and at the moment the patient was threatened with suffocation, he opened a large abscess in the fore part of the neck, by which operation immediate relief was obtained: a complete recovery followed. On the communication of the event to Paul, he sent for Sir J. W. and appointed him to the court. This relation explains the report "that Dr. Wylie had made his fortune by cutting Count Kutaisoff's throat."\*

*Archangelskoyé*, or more properly *Archangelskoyé Sélo*, is reckoned one of the most noble estates in the Russian empire, and certainly not without good cause. It is well worthy of observation on account of its former and its present proprietors, and for the collection of paintings preserved there, which belonged to the late Prince Dmitrii Michailovitch Galitsin, one of the most noted noblemen of Russia, and famous on account of his conduct at an important juncture. The Empress Anne had concluded some negotiations with the Government Secret Council, and an assembly of the nobles had taken place to celebrate the event; when suddenly, even amid their glad exclamations, she broke up the meeting. The prince then addressed the astonished spectators in these few but significant words: "Gentlemen! the feast was prepared—the guests were called—no one showed himself—Farewell!"†

The learned and well-known General and Field-marshal Prince Galitsin lived also at Archangelskoyé, where he kept his active mind in constant employment.

Archangelskoyé now belongs to Prince Nikolai Borissovitch Yusúpof, who seems to be particularly alluded to in Lyall's "Character of the Russians," as a great admirer of the fair sex, and who is immensely rich. Having read in Karamzin's Works that this villa was "famous not only for its situation but also for its gardens;"‡ that "the taste and magnificence of its gardens might surprise even an English lord:"§ and having heard it continually spoken of at Moscow in the highest terms, I was naturally anxious to see it, as I am particularly fond of rural scenery and of collections of paintings.

Archangelskoyé lies at the distance of eighteen versts, or about thirteen miles, to the south-west of Moscow, and by the course of the river Moskva.

Having made an appointment with a friend, hired an equipage on the preceding evening, and previously obtained the necessary order of admission from Prince Yusúpof, early on a beautiful summer morning we were in motion for this nobleman's estate. We soon left the city by the Petersburg gate, and quitting the great road which connects the two capitals, we got into the road to Zvenigórod—a place famous during the French invasion. After travelling a few miles we

\* See Outlines of Sir J. Wylie's Life, in Lyall's Travels, vol. ii. p. 466.

† See Karamzin's Works.

‡ Vol. ix. p. 298.

§ Vol. viii. p. 166.

left it, got into a smaller road, twice crossed the Moskvá by bad floating-bridges, and reached an avenue which conducted us to the palace of Archangelskoyé. The cloth fabrics and peasants' houses of the prince, so immediately in its vicinity, greatly hurt the appearance of this fine estate. We were rather surprised to find the situation of Archangelskoyé so flat, and that the house was at some distance from the river.

The palace is a building of considerable size, erected in a plain style of architecture. A portico of fine Ionic columns, a belvidere rising from the centre of the roof, overtopped by a flag-staff, inspire ideas of grandeur becoming such a place. Behind the house, run two beautiful colonnades, which join, on the opposite side of a square, with the picture-gallery; the under story of which is perforated in the centre by a grand gate.

The interior of the mansion is very handsome. A splendid double suite of rooms, in the under story, conduct quite round it; in most of which the walls are hung with paintings and tapestry, and are highly ornamented. Besides, statues, marble tables, vases, &c. &c. are to be seen on every side. But my limits do not allow me to give a description of these objects, though I may hereafter notice some of the best paintings, in speaking of collections in Russia. I must, however, simply mention, that one of Canova's productions merits particular regard. It is the famous group of "The Loves and Psyche," executed in beautiful white marble, and reckoned one of that artist's best efforts.

We wished to visit the library, which is said to contain 15,000 volumes, but were not permitted, because "it was all in confusion." We visited a new theatre in the gardens, which was erected in the year 1816; a handsome establishment of the kind for a private nobleman.

We also remarked an ugly column, which commemorates the visit of the Emperor Paul to this estate soon after his coronation; and a second column, surmounted by the imperial eagle, on which is inscribed that the present autocrat, Alexander, visited and dined at Archangelskoyé on the 24th August, 1816; and that the Empress and the Dowager-Empress dined there on the 14th May, 1818.

Prince Yusúpof is one of the principal grandees of Russia; his revenues are said to amount to a million of roubles a year; and he is the head of the *Kremlin Expedition*, under which the Kremlin itself, and all the palaces and other possessions of the crown at Moscow, are placed. He is a very shrewd man, and possesses good talents and much taste. He is spoken of as being stingy by those he employs, and is not distinguished for public liberality.

*Petrovskoyé*, the village and country-seat of the late Count Leo Kířilovitch Razumóvskii, and now of Prince Yuri Vladimirovitch Dolgorukii, though it does not occupy one of the many romantic spots around Moscow, is yet perhaps the most magnificent villa, in respect of its gardens, to be seen any where. It formerly belonged to the Count Kiril Grigorievitch Razumóvskii, who was hetman of the Kozáks of the Ukraine, and who played a very important part on the theatre of his country during the reign of the Empress Elizabeth. He was her favourite for many years, and she lavished treasures and

honours upon him; and thus gave an unhappy example to her successors, which was followed by Catharine to a degree that surpasses credibility.

Petrovskoyé is situated about six or seven versts (four miles) northwest of the St. Petersburg-gate (*Tverskaya Zastáva*) of the ancient metropolis, on an extensive plain, with very gentle elevations, and diversified by dense woods and lakes, corn-fields and pastures. The site being flat, the triumph of art is so much the greater in having rendered Petrovskoyé a splendid villa—nay almost an imperial residence.

The mansion-house is not large, and, though neat enough and embellished with columns, is not at all remarkable for its architecture. Its appearance is much disfigured by the contiguity of a number of sombre wooden and brick houses, which, however, is quite *à-la-mode Russe*; for close to almost every nobleman's dwelling in the country you find a village of peasants. The view of the back façade is by far the most attractive, because it is opposite the gardens. The interior is elegantly fitted up, and the inner apartments open into a finely arranged but small flower-garden, inclosed by a low balustrade. I may remark, *en passant*, that the Russians show their well-known taste for masses of gaudy and splendid colours, even in their gardens. Every where about Moscow, as well as in the city, and in the interior of Russia, I observed immense clusters of roses, peonies, poppies, hollyhocks, sweetwilliams, tulips, jonquils, lilies, pinks, carnations, larkspurs, columbines, Indian cresses, sun-flowers, marygolds, hyacinths, bell-flowers, &c. &c. intermixed at times with other flowers of less vivid colours, or ranged in parterres, and frequently disposed with considerable effect.

The gravel-walks at Petrovskoyé are made in the English style, are very broad, and kept in excellent order. They wind, to a great extent, by the banks of a large and beautiful lake—which encircles a number of islands, and bears a small fleet of boats on its bosom—as well as through lawns and woods of luxuriant foliage. Temples, summer-houses, statues, vases, and fine orangeries diversify the scenery. Cropt trees, and avenues of fantastic figures, sometimes destroy, however, all the charms of good taste and of nature.

The Petrovskoyé gardens are open at times to the public, particularly on Sundays, and the visitors there enjoy fine promenades, which are often enlivened by music. The estate has now most likely passed for ever from the Razumóvskii family; Prince Dolgorukii having paid 300,000 roubles for his purchase—a very large sum of money in the northern empire.

\* The fate of Count Leon Razumóvskii was in some respects very melancholy. In the year 1818, he was attacked with a carbuncle on the back, of which he died, after great sufferings, and after undergoing the most extraordinary mismanagement. Many are of opinion that he was the victim of the *healing art*, and maintain that, if the Count had been a poor man, he would have recovered from his malady. Indeed, according to the accounts I received, never did an individual suffer more from the opposite opinions of medical men, and the consultations of physicians and surgeons. His fate reminds me of a play which was acted in America at the time the disputes ran high between the merits of the

Cullenian and the Brunonian systems of medicine. A patient is seen on his bed with a physician of each of the schools in attendance, who after a protracted examination of the symptoms, retire to another chamber to consult, or rather to argue the question. A couple of hours afterwards, when they re-enter the sick man's chamber to carry their plans into execution, they find the attendants laying out the dead body. Thank God, in our day, people are again more and more convinced of the results of experience in the healing art, and are less wedded to theories and systems than their predecessors, unless it be in Germany, where the physicians are chiefly Brunonians. But to return to the subject.

Soon after Count L. Razumóvskii fell ill, a consultation was called by his medical attendant, the late Dr. Hunt : it consisted of British and German practitioners, and their *mixed* plan of treatment was adopted. The Count became daily worse, and every day some other practitioner, physician or surgeon, was called in, so that the number of medical attendants amounted to about a dozen. The opposing plans of this incongruous assemblage led to the most animated debates, while the Count became the subject of experiment. To-day one method was pursued, to-morrow another, and next day a third. Still the relations and friends had their favourite disciple of Æsculapius to recommend ; and the patient, whose mind was now greatly debilitated, fond of life, listened to them all, and was guided by their counsels. At length all the physicians and surgeons were suddenly dismissed, and they were heartily glad of the tidings, if I may credit the reports of two of them. But they could not at first comprehend the gist of this treatment. It arose from the presumptive boldness of Mr. O—, a practitioner of somewhat quackish reputation, who had the hardihood, on being called in alone, to promise that his Excellency would reap so much advantage from his treatment as to be able to remove to Moscow in a few days. So far the prediction was fulfilled ; the body of the Count reached his city residence within the allotted period, but the soul had returned to Him who gave it.

Every individual acquainted with the nature of Count Razumóvskii's disease, and the manner in which he was treated, spoke of it with horror.

Count L. Razumóvskii was a man of good parts, of considerable talents, and of a refined taste. Much of his leisure was devoted to the improvement of his mind. He had more good sense than many of his countrymen ; and however extravagant he may have been in one part of his life, he wished to avoid getting into debt toward its conclusion. The following anecdote illustrates this truth. On the arrival of the Court at Moscow in 1817, it was anticipated, that the governor, according to custom, and by desire of the Emperor Alexander, would send notice to all the nobility, whose "dinner or balls he would grace with his company." The Count fearing his name would be in the list, and aware of the expense he should be led into, is said to have purposely gone from home before the Imperial party reached Moscow : and thus, I believe, his Excellency escaped the festival, and the throwing away much money. The Empress and the Dowager-Empress were entertained, however, by the Countess at a *dejeuné à la fourchette*, which cost only a few thousand roubles.

On his return from Petrovskoyé the visitor may make a short *detour* to a place which was once more remarkable than it is at present. The *Petrovskoi Palace* (in Russ *Petrovskoi Dvoréts*) is a clumsy Gothic building, situated at the distance of two versts, or about a mile and a quarter, from the St. Petersburg gate of Moscow (the *Tverskaya Zastáva*); and was erected in the year 1776 by order of the Empress Catharine II. From the time of its completion till the French invasion, the sovereigns of Russia, on their journeys from St. Petersburg, were accustomed to halt a day or two, before making their solemn entrance into Moscow. During that event it was the temporary residence of Napoleon. It was afterwards burned; but the greatest part of the walls remain entire, and have been covered over to preserve them against the weather. In Clarke's Travels the curious reader will find an excellent view of this palace, as it was before the invasion; and he will remark another among twelve views which were published by Ackermann. James's Travels contain a representation of it taken after the conflagration of Moscow. It was rumoured by some that it is to be rebuilt in its former style, but I should hope not, as in many parts it exhibits the *ne plus ultra* of bad taste, and the pillars of the portico are of so non-descript a kind as to baffle explanation, and so ugly that I was glad to turn my eyes from them. It was said by others that it was to be altogether demolished. By doing so the Emperor would show good sense, for its situation on a plain, and backed by *sombre* woods, is by no means inviting, and there are hundreds of more eligible sites for an imperial palace.

I shall now conduct my readers to the opposite side of Moscow.

*Kuskóvo*, also sometimes named *Spásshoyé Sélo*, is well known to the natives of Russia. There, according to Karanzin, the hero Sheremétov, and the contemporary of Peter the Great, reposed upon his laurels; there Count Peter Borissovitch Sheremétov entertained Catharine II. and Count Falkenstein (i. e. Joseph II. of Germany): and thither, every Sunday, from May to September, the flower of the Moscow nobility rode to the country-house of a Russian noble!!

Kuskóvo afterwards belonged to the late Count Nikolai Petróvitch Sheremétov, and now appertains to his son and heir Count Dmitrii Nikolaivitch; to both of whom I have already alluded in the description of Ostánkovo.

Kuskóvo is eight versts to the south-east of Moscow, and lies upon a plain where Nature has done little for its embellishment. The noble mansion-house is very commodious, is built in a good plain style, and rises amidst lawns and gardens, woods and pastures. Its interior is arranged with much neatness, taste, and splendour. The apartments are spacious, finely painted in *fresco*, and well finished. The furniture, urns, vases, chandeliers, lustres, and many other ornaments, are costly and elegant. Here is a small collection of paintings by the most celebrated masters, and worthy of attention.

In a large saloon is an extensive and fine collection of European and Asiatic fire-arms, sabres, and horse-trappings; among which is the saddle of the King of Sweden, Charles the Twelfth, which was taken with his horse at the battle of Poltáva.\* There Peter the Great did

\* Vide p. 212, in the description of Ostánkovo.

himself immortal honour, and verified his own saying, made many years before that ever memorable event, that his brother Charles, by defeating them so often, would teach the Russians to vanquish him.

In the extensive and regularly planned garden, which is surrounded on three sides by a deep canal and high rampart, and on the fourth by a stone wall, a marble obelisk is elevated to the Empress Catharine the Second. In this garden are found cedars bearing fruit, and in summer laurels, lemon-trees, orange-trees, &c. which are removed from the *orangeries*.

The embellishments of this garden are innumerable. Among them, are a square labyrinth; two theatres, one of them in the open air; a grotto adorned with beautiful and valuable shells; temples built after the Chinese, English, Dutch, and Italian styles; hermitages, a *harousal*, or kind of regular circus, and other edifices, constructed in an elegant manner, may be mentioned.

Here is also a park which contains many wild animals, and foreign races of wolves; ponds well stocked with fish, and a small lake, provided with a quay, on which a yacht rides, armed with cannon, besides various small sailing and rowing boats.

On Sundays and festivals, there is a *gulanté*, or promenade, at which are generally present the most distinguished nobles, merchants, and common people. On these occasions, sometimes, splendid entertainments are given. Indeed Kuskóvo is surpassed by few pleasure-seats in Europe, in grandeur and magnificence.

Although I speak in the present tense, I may say, such had been the state of Kuskóvo for at least thirty years. After the death of the late Count Sheremétov, in the year 1809, the estate fell into some disorder; but as the young Count lately came of age, there is every probability that under his care it will regain its former splendour.

The reader will perhaps be astonished at my descriptions of such fine estates in the neighbourhood of Moscow, and in a country by many deemed not yet *demi-civilized*, but still *barbarous*. But the arts of architecture and gardening may have made greater progress here than other arts, or than the sciences. Besides, in a country like Russia, where every thing is of mushroom-growth, it no more follows that a fine house should contain a polished gentleman, than that a stable erected in the English style should contain English horses.

*Vassílotshoyé*, the charming villa of Prince Nikóli Borissovitch Yusúpof, from its magnificent situation on the elevated banks of the Moskvá, is seen from many points of the ancient capital, and calls forth the curiosity of the traveller. It lies about a verst, or nearly a mile from the Kalúga barrier, or about half-way between it and the far-famed Sparrow-hill.

The house has nothing magnificent in its appearance; indeed, it is a very plain building. It is only two stories in height, but has something very majestic in its air from its situation, and being surmounted by a fine belvedere, from which a splendid view both of Moscow and of the surrounding country is obtained. It stands on the very brow of the acclivitous bank of the river, which is here of considerable breadth, and flows beautifully at the foot of the hill.

The views from every side of this estate are highly deserving of attention, and the visitor will not regret his labour; but as the scenery



is the same which has been so often described, as seen from the Sparrow-hill, I shall not describe it.

When Prince Yúsúpof himself resided here, there were some good paintings. They have all been removed; and indeed of late years, the house has been let as summer-quarters, and generally to rich merchants.

Vassílovskoyé formerly belonged to Prince Dólgorukii-Krimskii, who obtained the latter epithet in consequence of repeated victories over the Turks in the Crimea, and of the conquest of that peninsula. At the time Coxe visited Russia, nearly fifty years ago, he remarked in the gardens, models of several fortresses which had been besieged and taken by the prince, particularly those of Yenikalé, Kertch, and Pérekop. In passing through the apartments of the house, and especially on surveying the portrait of the princess Catharine Dólgorukii, so pathetically described by Mrs. Vigor, the various reverses which befel her family forcibly occurred to my recollection\*. The princess's own fate affords one of the most affecting stories in the annals of history. After having been torn from the person she loved, she was betrothed, against her inclination, to the Emperor Peter II. On his decease she became a momentary sovereign, but she was almost as instantly hurried from the palace to a dungeon, where she languished during the whole reign of the empress Anne. She was released, however, at the accession of Elizabeth, married Count Bruce, and died without leaving any issue.†

The *Pustinya*, hermitage, or small convent, of Catharine deserves the notice of the curious, because it illustrates the superstition of the Russians. It was built, after the testamentary disposition of the Tsar Alexei Michailovitch, about the middle of the 17th century, because when that sovereign was there for the enjoyment of the chase, "*the great martyr Catharine appeared to him in a vision, while he was asleep, and in the same night God gave his Majesty a daughter, who was named Catharine.*"

The Russian history sufficiently evinces the riveted superstitions of the natives as to good and evil spirits, the protection of saints, the *second* sight, an evil eye, lucky and unlucky days, &c. and not only among the rude peasantry, but also among the merchants and the nobles; and perhaps these are all surpassed in credulity by the lower clergy.

Catharine's convent is in the Nikitskoi district, and is about 40 versts, or 27 miles, from Moscow.

*Micháلكovo Sélo* is a village and country residence, which appertained to the late Count Peter Ivánovitch Panin, a Russian nobleman of the first distinction, who signalized himself in the war against the Turks, by the taking of Bender, and afterwards by the defeat and capture of the celebrated, and for a while successful rebel Pugatchef, who caused extreme uneasiness to the Empress Catharine the Second. It afterwards came into possession of his son and heir Count Nikita Petróvitch Panin, one of the ablest statesmen and best-informed individuals Russia ever produced. It was reported by many that he acted an important part in the downfall of Paul, but whether true or false I

\* Letters from Russia, by a Lady.

† Vide Coxe's Travels.

am unable to determine. It is certain, after that event, that he, in some way, incurred the displeasure of the Emperor Alexander, and that for many years past, when the Dowager-Empress, a most striking example of conjugal attachment, comes to Moscow, this nobleman as regularly withdraws from the city. The Empress could never bear the sight, nor even to hear the name, of any of the persons who were concerned in the tragic deed to which I have just alluded.

Count Panin, of late years, has generally resided near Viasma, alternately occupied with rural sports, and the acquirement of general knowledge. The latest accounts of him reported that he had gone to Italy, having obtained his sovereign's permission, and after having sold Micháلكovo to a Russian merchant.

This estate is situated in the district of Moscow, and is ten versts distant from the capital. Though not embellished by any magnificent stone buildings, yet it displays a great deal of taste in a number of neat wooden edifices, and in the arrangement of the gardens, lawns, and woods.

What may be its fate in the hands of the Russian merchant I cannot pretend to know, but most likely he has a speculation in view, and has already calculated his profits.

*Perérva* deserves to be mentioned. During my rambles in the neighbourhood of Moscow, I had frequently remarked a fine golden dome rising from the middle of dark woods opposite to *Kolómenskoyé*, and on the bank of the *Moskvá*, about five miles south-west of Moscow; and at length I determined to visit it. Here I found a cathedral and a monastery: hence the place is sometimes called the *Perérvinskoi* Monastery, which was built by the patriarch Adrian, and is dedicated to St. Nicholas. There is nothing remarkable in its structure.

Here I also found a seminary, for the education of clerical students, which I believe is connected with the *Zaikonospasskoi* monastery at Moscow.

At *Perérva*, the late Platon, the metropolitan of Moscow, used at times to reside; and here it was that Dr. Clarke had an interesting interview with this divine.\*

*Lyublina*, the country-seat of the deceased Mr. Durássof, is about eight versts, or five miles, from Moscow, and not far from *Mélnitsa*, already described in my Second Sketch.

During Mr. Durássof's life this villa was quite the temple of pleasure; balls, concerts, plays, masquerades, dinner-parties, cards, billiards, &c. &c. continually took place, and a vast sum of money was thus expended, which, I believe, ultimately caused numerous difficulties to the owner; an extremely common occurrence among the Russian nobles, many of whom are deeply involved in debt.

The house consists of a central building, with four wings or branches stretching out from it like a cross; and the whole is inclosed by a circular colonnade. The situation is agreeable: a number of surrounding buildings, among which is a theatre, attract notice. Here national plays were acted by the proprietor's servants: *à la Russe*, tailors, lackeys, musicians, &c. became the actors.

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\* See p. 215, and Clarke's Travels in Russia.

## THE CHARMED FOUNTAIN.

O'ER the stream a willow tree  
 Leant, as if foredoom'd to be  
 Sign of sorrow, meant to wave  
 O'er some love-lorn maiden's grave.  
 Yet bowed branch, and pallid leaf,  
 Here are not the sign of grief.  
 Underneath, the bank is set  
 With the azure violet,  
 Each one bending like a bride,  
 Sweet and secret sigh to hide,  
 In a chestnut tree's green rest  
 Has the nightingale a nest,  
 Whence his richest tones come sweeping,  
 Like a lute's delicious weeping,  
 What time the pale moon discloses  
 His seraglio of wild roses,  
 While the falling dewdrops gem  
 Each sultana's diadem.  
 But 'tis not for its fair flowers,  
 'Though they breathe of June's first hours,  
 Not for its blue violet wreath,  
 For its gale's Arabian breath,  
 For its sunshine, for its shade,  
 Not for the sweet music made  
 By the song its tenants sing,  
 Would you seek that grove-hid spring.

But a curious sprite, whose dwelling  
 Is in the rich numbers swelling  
 From the bosom of some shell  
 Treasured in an ocean cell;  
 Or in the rich breathing sent  
 On the sunny element,  
 From the rose, as to complain  
 Of the April's sudden rain;  
 Or in the red lights that streak  
 Maiden's lip or burning cheek:—  
 Some such sprite has laid a spell  
 On the waters of this well.  
 Lover, if thy heart has known  
 One pure faith, and one alone,  
 Part the boughs aside, nor fear  
 That thy step should enter here;  
 For the fond and for the true  
 Spreads the fount its mirror blue.  
 But if thy false heart has changed,  
 Or thy fickle eye has ranged,  
 Take thy falsehood hence and flee,  
 It will yield no wave for thee.

L. E. L.



## ORIGINAL LETTERS OF BURKE.

## XIV.

MY DEAR GARRET,—I do not mean to apologize for my long silence, I must trust it to your good nature. I am sure, that all my actions, and all my omissions, cannot go before a more favourable tribunal. If there had been any thing very deserving of your attention either in the public affairs or in my own, you should have been the first to be acquainted with it. But things have, with regard to both, continued these five years nearly in the same situation. Since my brother came home he has not been negligent in the management of his contested purchase. How the matter may finally turn out, I know not. But hitherto he has gone on so successfully as to obtain a report of the Board of Trade recommending to the Council the disallowance of the Act of Provincial Assembly, which had put him out of possession and declared his title void. Thus far he has succeeded. Of the quiet and unmolested possession I do not despair; but as it is an affair of magnitude, so it will be a work of time and patience.

I believe Wat Nagle is returned to you. Things have turned out for him much better than I had any sort of reason to expect. Else I should have found myself in a very unpleasant situation, and he would have been in a much worse. Sir George Colebroke will send him out supercargo in a ship to Mocha and Bombay. This is a considerable and reputable employment. With reasonable good fortune and good management he may form a good establishment from it, and in a few years; but he must have some pecuniary assistance to enable him to enjoy these advantages. I like what I have seen of him. He appears to be a very sensible and well-behaved man; and I flatter myself that he will conduct himself properly in his employment.

Ned Nagle is still at Portsmouth. He goes into the Mediterranean with Captain Wilkinson, in the *Winchelsea*. He will go well recommended to Sir Peter Dennis, who commands on that station; and he is, I believe, put very well with his new captain. It happened rather unluckily that Captain Stott was out of commission when I sent Ned to the *Winchelsea*; there was then no appearance of his being speedily employed, and it was very pernicious to the boy to continue long on shore, as it weaned him from that activity which is necessary in his profession. However, Stott is lately put into commission, and is on the Mediterranean station. I can remove Nagle, undoubtedly; but I rather think that a new scene may be useful to him, and this connexion brings him rather nearer to the admiral, whose protection may be useful in qualifying him earlier for passing as lieutenant.

I fear I have something to answer for in not sending you the newspapers. I am, however, but just settled in the country. In town my hours are so very uncertain, that I find it not easy to regulate that affair. As to Tom English, he lives very near three miles from me, and I sometimes do not see him for a fortnight together. I will take care to put this matter in a better train for the future.

Here we are burned up to a coal. I am persuaded that hay will be towards five pounds a load next winter. If this weather continues much longer we shall not have a turnip; which is our great resource for winter feeding for both our oxen and our sheep. Peas and beans

have likewise failed almost universally. Barley is miserable. Wheat is the only promising crop, and I have never seen it better; without this we should have been threatened with nothing short of a famine. I have this year about fifty acres of wheat, of which five and thirty are, I think, extraordinary good. I have got, too, a very tolerable cutting of clover, about five and forty load. I let my meadow hay stand too long in hopes of rain; but this very hot and dry weather melted away the bottom, so that there was little left but dry husky bents. My not having cut my hay three weeks before I did, makes, I am persuaded, a difference of thirty pounds to me. Let me hear that you and all with you are well, and you will make me very happy. No man living wishes you better. Remember me to all on the Blackwater. We remember you very often.

I am, my dear Garret, with great truth and affection, your sincere friend and kinsman,

Beaconsfield, July 12, 1772.

EDM. BURKE.

### XV.

MY DEAR GARRET,—I do most heartily wish myself with you. I should wish it even if I were not put in mind by this burning weather of the breezy mountains, shady woods, and refreshing waters of Killarney. We have got a summer at last, and it is paying off its arrears of heat with compound interest. Indeed I long sincerely to see you; and if I were not held by various ties, and engaged in various occupations, (though neither very pleasant or important,) and if I were as rich as, I thank God, I am still healthy and active, I should this summer pay you a visit in your Woodhouse; that is to say, if you would deign to receive so humble a person after all your great and titled guests. If I see Lord Kenmare I shall certainly thank him for his civilities to you. I certainly am as much pleased with them as if they were offered to myself; and, indeed, a little more. My acquaintance with Lord Winchelsea is very slight; but I have known Lord Pembroke pretty intimately for some time. We may meet this summer, and we shall talk you over. I wish you had named me to him.

What you say of Lord Shelburne is more important. I very well remember your application to me some time ago; I remember, too, that I mentioned it to Colonel Barri. Nothing further came of it; I believe that agency was not vacant when you wrote. Between ourselves, and I would not have it go farther, there are I believe few who can do less with Lord Shelburne than myself. He had formerly, at several times, professed much friendship to me; but whenever I came to try the ground, let the matter have been never so trifling, I always found it to fail under me. It is, indeed, long since he has made even professions. With many eminent qualities he has some singularities in his character. He is suspicious and whimsical; and, perhaps, if I stood better with him than I do, perhaps my recommendation would not have the greatest weight in the world. This I mention as between ourselves. In the mean time, if an opportunity occurs, I shall do the best I can for you. I hope I am not inattentive to my friends to the best of my power; and let me assure you, that I have ever looked upon you as a friend, whose ease and welfare I have at heart as much as the

interest of any person whatsoever. But, indeed, there is little in my power; and if I can serve any person it is by mere accident. I gave assurances to Ned Barret, when I thought myself sure of an object for him, but I was disappointed; and few things have given me more concern. Both he and Frank Kiernan have informed me of your engagement for the woods. I trust it will turn out as much for your advantage as you expected.

Poor Ned Nagle, when he came from the Mediterranean, and had hopes of relaxing himself for a while on the home station, was suddenly ordered out; whither his ship is gone, is not yet certainly known; but the opinion is that she is ordered to cruise off Saint Helena to secure the East India ships against the American privateers. Wat is in London. I saw him some days ago. He is well; and I believe a good-natured worthy man. The Company has agreed to make him an allowance until he can be regularly employed again. As to Ned Nagle, he is perfectly liked by all the captains he has served under, as a very good officer. He may probably do good service in some better times, and in a course of employment which I may like better for him, than any which the present war affords.

My son is now at home with me at his vacation. I think you would like him if you were acquainted. Richard, the elder, is in town. If his business had prospered, you would have been one of the first to hear of it. But we do not trouble our friends except with pleasing news. He has had much wrong done to him; but the thing is not yet desperate. I believe that the commissioner who goes out will not have adverse instructions.

I have not been punctual in the newspapers, nor can I undertake it, we are so little regular. But I shall endeavour, now you are from home, to amuse you a little.

Wat Nagle was punctual about the money you ordered; I thank you for that and every thing; and am ever with the greatest regard,

My dear Garret, your affectionate kinsman, &c. &c.,

Beconsfield, August 2, 1776.

EDM. BURKE.

Mrs. Burke desires her love to you.

#### XVI.

DEAR SIR,—Patrick Clancy is an industrious man who has saved some little money, and does not know how to remit it home, and therefore applies to me. I have received from him eight guineas and a half, which I beg you will be so good to pay to him, and charge it to my account. I am, my dear Sir, most sincerely yours, &c.

Westminster, Nov. 14, 1776.

EDM. BURKE.

#### XVII.

MY DEAR GARRET,—The long want of any thing which can contribute to your satisfaction or entertainment, has made me a bad correspondent, but not a forgetful or a careless friend. I frequently hear from one person or other of your affairs, and of those of your family, about neither of which I am or can be uninterested. It gives me great pleasure to find James settled, and in every respect acting so as to do credit to himself and to give satisfaction to you.

As to public affairs, I attend to them because I must, not because

they give me any sort of pleasure ; for things are in such an unfortunate situation, that nothing can happen which can do more than diversify the mode of our misfortune. In truth, until the Session opens, I turn my mind as much from them, and every thing which relates to them, as I possibly can.

Our harvest is later this year than for many years past ; but a very few days of fair weather will enable us to get in every thing. The badness of the blooming time has made my wheat, and that all about, rather light ; but otherwise we have no reason to complain. The barley, where it stood very thick, has suffered, having been lodged before the ear was filled. Where it did not stand very thick it is admirably good ; and on the whole, there is a great burthen of that grain on the ground. The clover, which with us is almost always sowed with it, has this year prospered so well, that in some of my fields it equals nearly the quantity of barley straw ; indeed I never saw a finer plant of that grass. This year has been highly favourable both to that and the natural grass, in every particular, except the getting in. The weather was so long wet, that I could not get my ground in order for turnip seed in any reasonable time. I shall have little or none ; and this will fall heavy upon me in winter. The season has been favourable to beans and oats ; I have but about two acres of the former, if so much ; but they are very good ; of the latter about twenty-eight. Such is the state of the year with us. I am endeavouring to improve my breed of sheep. If I should like any of my rams next year, I shall endeavour to send you one ; though I am told Lord Doneraile has an admirable breed in your neighbourhood, so that possibly you may supply yourself, and it is not easy to get rams out of the kingdom.

You have seen Ned, with whom, I dare say, you are pleased. I never knew a young man who has a better character from his captains, both for ability and diligence in his profession. He ought to think of returning to his duty. I would not hurry him, but the sooner he comes the better. I believe Clohir owes me about two half years. You will be so good to supply Ned for his journey from it ; he can bring me what he does not absolutely need either in money or bill. I should prefer the latter. Mrs. Burke, my brother and son, salute you and yours affectionately. It grieves me to think that the old stock is wearing out. God send that their successors may be better. Assure yourselves, that nothing can do you all so much good, as keeping up your old union and intercourse, and considering yourselves as one family. This is the old burthen of my song. It will answer infallibly, at one time, or in one way or other. Adieu, my dear Garret,

Your sincere friend and affectionate kinsman,  
Beaconsfield, Sept. 3, 1777. EDM. BURKE.

### XVIII.

MY DEAR GARRET,—I am heartily obliged to you for your letter, and for your kind remembrance of me when you happened to see so many of my most particular friends in so remote and sequestered a spot as the Lake of Killarney. Ned Nagle told me that they were at your lodge, but your letter only expresses that you dined with them. Wherever you saw them I am sure that you passed a pleasant day, and I may venture to say, with no less certainty, that the satisfactions of the Lake of Killarney were heightened by meeting you there, and by

your obliging attention to them. You are now become the man of the Lough, and must be admitted to be the true *Garroit Jarlu* who is come at last. If you are not that Garret, he will never come, and the honest Kerry men will be disappointed from generation to generation. Don't you like Charles Fox? If you were not pleased on that short acquaintance, you would on a further; for he is one of the pleasantest men in the world, as well as the greatest genius that perhaps this country has ever produced. If he is not extraordinary, I assure you the British dominions cannot furnish any thing beyond him. I long to talk with him about you and your Lough. As to the thoughts of our visit to Ireland, it may possibly be in times more favourable to us both; but I am far from being able at present to engage for any such thing.

I shall certainly remember what you say of Lord Kenmare. The moment I get to town I shall wait upon him.

The captain, to whom you desire to be remembered, is one step nearer to a title to that appellation; for he was yesterday made a lieutenant, as the enclosed letter from Mr. Stephens, secretary to the Admiralty, will shew you. This gentleman has been always very good to our Edmund, and steady in his protection to him. He had but just served the time necessary for his qualification, and could not have been made sooner, if he had been the first man in the kingdom in point of rank and interest. Indeed, all circumstances considered, he has been very fortunate. I dare say you will drink Mr. Stephens's health, as well as success to our young officer. I hope you will live to see him an admiral. At least, this is the talk of friends, on any promotion of those they love. Poor Wat Nagle has got out of a most disagreeable scrape, into which any man living might have fallen, but for which every man might not have been prepared with equally satisfactory evidence. It was very lucky for him, that my brother was in town at the time. He procured bail for him and gave him letters for Bristol, and did every thing else which his disagreeable situation required. I also went to town; but my presence happily proved not necessary, as the grand jury threw out the bills. I wrote to his brother Garret to put him out of his pain on so very unpleasant an accident. Mrs. Burke and my brother and son desired to be cordially remembered to you and your son and family, and your worthy neighbours on the Blackwater. I find by Ned that the old spirit and character of that county is fully kept up, which rejoices me beyond measure. I am ever, my dear Garret, your affectionate kinsman and humble servant,

Beaconsfield, Oct. 26, 1777.

EDM. BURKE.

\*Received from Mr. Garret Nagle the sum of fifty-one pounds sterling, in a bill from Mr. King, of Cork, on account of the rents of Closhir, this 26th of October, 1777.

EDM. BURKE.



## THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,  
 They fill'd one house with glee—  
 Their graves are sever'd far and wide,  
 By mount, and stream, and sea!

The same fond mother bent at night  
 O'er each fair sleeping brow,  
 She had each folded flower in sight—  
 Where are those dreamers now?

One midst the forests of the west  
 By a dark stream is laid;  
 The Indian knows his place of rest,  
 Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,  
 He lies where pearls lie deep;  
 He was the loved of all, yet none  
 O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dress'd  
 Above the noble slain,  
 He wrapt his colours round his breast,  
 On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers  
 Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd,  
 She faded 'midst Italian flowers,  
 'The last of that bright band.

And parted thus, *they* rest who play'd  
 Beneath the same green tree,  
 Whose voices mingled as they pray'd  
 Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,  
 And cheer'd with song the hearth—  
 Alas for love, if *thou* wert all,  
 And nought beyond, on earth!

F. H.

## LETTERS FROM THE EAST.—NO. XX.

*Beirout.*

ON the summit of the mountains we stopped to take a farewell view of the celebrated plain at our feet, and then advanced over a barren tract till we came to a spot, watered by one or two rivers, and shaded with trees; a luxury of this kind is often a favourite retreat from the city. The road afterwards wound through wild and rocky defiles in the mountains, and by the steep side of a rapid torrent that flowed over its course beneath, till, towards evening, we came into a plain, and passed the night in the cottage of a peasant.

The next day was uncommonly fine, and we pursued our way in good spirits. The aspect of the country was more agreeable than on the preceding day, and the cottages were more numerous scattered. Soon after sunset we came to Zibolané, a large village finely situated, and surrounded with groves, and a river ran through the middle of it. The habitation of one of the villagers was again our home; they spread their best mat on the floor, in the midst of which the fire burned bright and cheerfully, and prepared a good supper of fowls and eggs,

followed by coffee and the chibouque; and we found the luxuries of Damascus had not spoiled our relish of this simple and friendly reception. Demetrie, the servant of Mr. G., was a bigoted Greek, and true to his country, though not a little of a rogue; and he was a great *gourmand*. Every evening he said his prayers to the Virgin, accompanied with crossings, which, after the Greek fashion, were drawn from his chin to his middle; and the constant subject of his prayers was, that the Virgin would give him plenty to eat and drink, and send him home safe to his family.

On the third day we came to the ruins of Balbec, which, on approaching from Damascus, are not seen till you are almost close to them. The village adjoining is very mean, and contains a few hundred inhabitants; it has a mosque and minaret. This place was situated just between the limits of the rival pachas, and was under the jurisdiction of neither. We made our way to the wretched residence of a Greek priest, who looked the picture of squalidness and poverty, and resided in this lonely spot to minister to two or three score of Christians. He drew a key out of his pocket, and unlocked with great care a waste and dark apartment a few yards from his own. We soon sallied out to visit the temple, but were encountered about half way by the governor or sheik of the village, who, with much clamour, refused to allow us to proceed till he understood who we were. We accordingly walked back, and in a short time he made his appearance at the priest's, accompanied by an armed soldier, and a number of the villagers gathered round. The sheik demanded money for permission to see the ruins, and after much altercation, and violent threats on his side, the sum was reduced to twenty-seven piastres, on receiving which he went away, and troubled us no more.

The sun set on the vast temple and the mountains around it with indescribable grandeur; the chain of Anti-Libanus in front was covered with snow, and the plain, wild and beautiful, stretched at its feet farther than the eye could reach. The pigeons, of many-coloured plumage, flew in clusters around the ruined walls, at the feet of which were a variety of trees and flowers, amidst which ran a clear and rapid stream. The outer wall that incloses the great area of the building to the north, is immensely high, and about six hundred feet long; the western wall is lower, being more broken; and midway of its height are three enormous stones, about sixty feet long, and twelve wide. The temple itself is near one hundred and eighty feet in length, and half that in width, and is surrounded by a single row of pillars, forty-four in number, nearly sixty feet high, and twenty-six feet in circumference; they are, as well as the temple, of a fine granite, of a light red colour; their capitals are of the Corinthian order, of exquisite workmanship, and are very little defaced; indeed, the entireness and preservation of the decorations of this superb temple are surprising. The architrave and cornice are beautifully carved; three or four of these columns, separated from the roof, recline against the wall of the temple, and on the south side, one noble pillar has sunk from its position into the clear and beautiful pool formed by the fountain beneath the temple, against the body of which half its length and rich capital still support themselves.

The magnificence of this corridor can scarcely be imagined: its

western aspect is towards the plain, and at your feet lie masses of broken pillars, capitals, and friezes, over which you must pass to approach the temple; from the north you look down on the vast area within the walls, the sides of which are lined with ruined chambers elegantly carved and adorned, and numerous niches for statues, now however empty. The south hangs over the fountain and sheet of water below, in whose bosom it is clearly reflected. The interior of the building is above a hundred and twenty feet long, but is narrow in proportion to its length. In the sides of the walls is a double row of pilasters, and between these are numerous niches where statues formerly stood. In many parts of the temple, around the place of entrance, and on the roof of the corridor, are sculptured in an exquisite manner figures of the heathen deities, of the eagle with out-spread wings, &c. The roof of the interior is entirely gone. The hands of the natives have, no doubt, committed many ravages here: Faccardine, prince of the Druses, destroyed or injured several parts of these ruins; but when he afterwards visited Italy and contracted a taste for its architecture, he bitterly lamented the sacrilege he had committed at Balbec. The Turks have, without doubt, used it as a fortification, as they have made additions to some parts of the walls, and left many vestiges of their barbarian architecture blended with the colossal remains of the temple.

About a hundred feet from this edifice is a row of Corinthian pillars, much loftier and more slender than those of the great corridor; they stand alone on an elevated site, and their rich capitals and architrave are still entire. Six only now remain, and their appearance is peculiarly elegant. On them the setting sun lingers the last of all the ruin, and their slender and dark red shafts, beheld at some distance in the purple light, as they stand high and aloof, have a solemn and shadowy appearance—as if they stood on the tomb of former greatness.

On the south-east side, nearer to the village, is a small circular building of marble, richly ornamented with sculpture, and supported by pillars; it is in a rather ruinous condition, but appears quite unconnected with the mass of buildings adjoining; its roof, in the form of a dome, though shattered, is still standing. About a mile down the plain is the quarry from which the enormous stones used in the construction of Balbec were hewn; one still remains, the chief part smoothed and prepared with great labour for building, but adhering by one of its sides to the native rock: it is of a coarse granite, and its dimensions are much superior to either of the three great stones in the middle of the wall. The labour of removing such enormous masses, and then of elevating them to so great a height, must have been immense; how the latter could have been achieved is marvellous. A few of the smaller pillars appear to be of a solid piece of coarse marble; but the large columns are composed of three or four pieces of the native material. Covered galleries, several hundred feet in length, the walls of prodigious thickness, are hollowed beneath the temple. The interior of the temple was divided into three aisles, but most of the pillars which formed them are destroyed: at the upper end, a few steps lead to the altar, or sacred place, but the idol formerly adored here is gone from its place, which, however, is adorned with a variety of beautiful sculpture. Exposed as this roofless temple has been for so many ages to

every storm, it is surprising the decorative parts of it have not suffered more; but the shafts of many of the pillars without, which face the north-east, have been rent and hollowed in some parts.

At Balbec, as at other eastern ruins, a traveller must luxuriate on the pleasures of imagination, for he will get no luxury more substantial. The darkness and misery of the good father's habitation were extreme; his hair hung long and bushy like that of a Santon; and his whole garb and person looked as if water had long been a stranger to them. He stood in extreme fear of the Turkish governor. Before sunrise in the morning we were at the ruin, and the spectacle soon was magnificent: as the purple light covered the snowy mountains in front, the line of vapour at their feet had so entirely the appearance of a river, that we could not, for some time, persuade ourselves it was not so. The description in Lalla Rookh of the plain and its ruins is exquisitely faithful; the minaret is on the declivity near at hand, and there wanted only the muezzin's cry to break the silence. The golden light now rested on the six lone and beautiful pillars, and gradually sunk on the temple and the various portals and broken masses that crowded the area around it.

We left Balbec towards evening, and proceeded over the extensive plain, which, in a few hours, afforded some pleasing scenes of villages and cultivated fields around them. We then again ascended the hills, the road became barren and wild, and the light had for some time left us when we arrived at a long and straggling mountain village, the inhabitants of which were very civil and friendly. We were accommodated in a hut, which, however, was very clean, and the walls whitewashed. The wine which the good fathers of the monastery had given us, had been finished long since, and we were fain to make some wretched stuff the villagers brought serve as a substitute. Numbers of the people crowded around us, and the fumes of their eternal pipes filled the apartment.

Before sunrise we quitted the village, and ascended some of the loftiest parts of Lebanon; the clouds gathered around us, the air became very chill; and about mid-day we reached a lonely habitation, in the rocky path, and were glad to find a fire kindled, and the cup of coffee ready to be offered. How could these people have lived before the discovery of this beverage, the elixir, the universal solace, the champagne of the East? In the most desolate khan it is put to your lips, and it is considered strange if you ever pass by and refuse it. As the clouds dispersed at intervals, glimpses of wild and varied scenery were enjoyed; regions of rocks and precipices, mingled villages, and an abundant verdure. In the evening we arrived at a small and wretched khan, that had previously been taken possession of by a caravan that had halted just before. After much altercation and difficulty, we procured room to lie down and sleep; and the morning light was welcome that woke us to pursue our journey to Beirout. The path now became more rich and verdant; and, descending a steep and narrow road, we beheld with joy the harbour and sweet gardens of the town far beneath.

Proceeding to the residence of Mr. A. the consul, we received a warm and hospitable reception; and spent a few days with him with great pleasure. We still entertained some thoughts of visiting Pal-

myra, but the war was kept up between the Pachas with more animosity than ever. Two or three times we had met bodies of soldiers in the service of the Prince of the Druses, proceeding to the scene of action. They were well armed, but marched in a tumultuous manner; it was indeed a mockery of warfare, but the effects fell heavily on the poor peasantry, as on one occasion we saw near two thousand sheep collected together, plundered from the natives by orders of the Prince of Acre. It was said that the Porte, wearied with the excesses of this young tyrant, had sent the Capidgé Başlı for his head; but, like his ancestor Djezzar, he kept on his guard, and refused to see the messenger.

In the midst of these disorders, Lady S—— remained perfectly secure; no hand ever dared to move against her tranquillity, or breath of reproach be raised. The missionaries hoped to enlist her in their cause, and powerful indeed would have been her interference; but from some unfortunate casualty or misunderstanding, the minister for the conversion of the Jews incensed her beyond forgiveness. Her favour in this land is better than the smiles of princes, but not so her anger. She ordered the servant of the missionary to be roundly chastised by her dragoman, and wrote his master a letter, which commenced thus, "It is astonishing that you should have dared to direct your steps to my residence; you, who have left a religion sublime, though defective, for that which is only a shadow." He was the son of a Rabbi, but had embraced Christianity.

In this war of the Pachas, the Greeks have been great sufferers, many who had fled from the Morea, as well as those who dwelt in the country, had placed their effects, for better security, in some of the convents in the mountains. The Chiefs of Acre and the Druses, having intelligence of this, sent some bodies of soldiers, who, in spite of the remonstrances of the monks, carried off all the booty, which was very rich.

We found an acquaintance, Mr. J. the English merchant, from Smyrna, in great trouble. His servant, a Greek, and quite a youth, was a good-looking fellow, and had grown a great favourite with some of the young and the married women of the place; and to support his expenses, he plundered his master during his absence in Damascus, and dashed away to his heart's content. Not long after he was arrested, and lodged in prison; one or two Moslems persuaded him to change his religion. He forthwith assumed the turban, and with it his liberty, and in his new dress was seen walking about the streets, free from all inquisition for his knavery, and his prospects brighter than ever.

The custom which the women of Lebanon have had from time immemorial, of wearing a silver horn on their heads, does not extend to Beirout: this horn is often a foot and a half high, with a variety of uncouth figures carved on it, and it is fastened by a silken string. They generally carry their veils over it, and let them fall on one side of the face, which has a graceful and theatrical appearance.

A circumstance took place here that amused us a good deal. A genteel, but rather wild looking young Swiss, one day came to the consuls: he appeared very fatigued and careworn, and happy to find a place of refuge, for he was just arrived from the mountains. The history of this poor gentleman affords a striking picture of religious

enthusiasm in its highest excess. He had been, he said, a great profligate in his own country, but had been reclaimed by the preaching of the celebrated Madame Krudener, and soon after considered it his duty to go and preach the gospel in the lands from which it was first promulgated; in fine, to turn the Arabs and the Orientals in general to Christianity. He landed at Alexandria, and his money being exhausted, Mr. Lee, the consul, gave him a small supply. With this he found his way by sea to Acre, and then wandered up the country towards the mountains. He found no one who cared to listen to his addresses, or to show him hospitality; owing, perhaps, to two reasons, that his finances were low, and that he knew not a word of the language; but this of course he was quickly to acquire. But one fine afternoon he came to a grove of trees in some part of Lebanon, in one of which was a girl gathering fruit. She was either handsome, or her dress attracted his attention; and being very near-sighted, he stood at the foot of the tree, with his spectacles on, gazing intently upwards. The girl, who had never seen a pair of spectacles before, became alarmed, and cried out; when two young men, who were at work not far off, came up, and charged him with using magical arts on the girl, as they had observed his spectacles and fixed gaze. They beat him unmercifully, and plundered him of all the money he had left, and in this plight he found his way to the consul at Beirout. We persuaded him to quit his projects of evangelizing the natives, and turn his face homewards without delay; and being reinforced with a little cash, this young enthusiast set off next day; and we afterwards heard he had reached Alexandria, but whether he bent his course back to Switzerland, and finally relinquished his plans, we never learned.

This was a premature and unsuccessful attempt; but too much caution cannot be used in the efforts, now so general and admired, of reclaiming the people of the East from their errors and superstitions. The cunning and knavery of the Syrians will often prove an overmatch for the simplicity of the missionary; father T. in Jerusalem, is one proof of this, and there were two brothers of Mount Lebanon, clever and designing fellows both of them, who agreed to be baptized and become useful agents, on the promise of some hundred pounds, to be paid them by a wealthy and zealous supporter of the cause. The noted Eusebius, bishop of Mount Lebanon, came to England about six years ago to set forth the dark and distressed state of the Syrian Christians: he was chaperoned through many of the colleges at Oxford by one of the masters, and was made much of by some ministers, though mistrusted by others. His short stature, his red hair and beard, were any thing but prepossessing, but he interested the feelings and hopes of numbers by his affecting details of the desolation of his country, and finally set off with a capital printing-press for printing copies of the Testament, and about eight hundred pounds in money. When we were at Sidon, we found that this eastern dignitary was living in a style of excessive comfort, and to his heart's content, at a few hours distance. With this money, which was a fortune in the East, he has purchased a good house and garden; not one farthing had ever gone to renovate the condition of the Christians of the East, and the printing-press, or some fragments of it, were known to have found their way to Alexandria.

A Roman Count, Signor —, arrived at Beirut a few days before. He came all the way from Rome, for the sole object of seeing Balbec. At the age of seventy, and without any companion, the poor old man had need of all his enthusiasm to support him under the fatigues of the journey. He had landed first at Cyprus, where he was almost immediately seized with a fever, that confined him two months. As soon as he was recovered, he took passage for Beirut, and arrived in safety. His conversation was full of energy and fire, when speaking of the ruined temple he was about to visit, which he looked forward to with the same delight and hope as the pilgrim of the desert does to the holy dome of Mecca. He set out in a few days, but we left Beirut too early to know if his journey was prosperous or not, or whether any of the straggling detachments of soldiery had intercepted him.

My old acquaintance W. had less of the spirit of curiosity, who spent three weeks at Cairo, and never went to see the pyramids. But his enthusiasm and zeal were directed to a different object. He set out one morning from Beirut in a deluge of rain, contrary to our persuasion, to climb the heights of Lebanon, in order to try to make a good Christian of the Prince of the Druses. The latter, "all things to all men," received him with much civility, listened attentively to his impassioned discourse, and assented with looks of gravity and wisdom to the perfect truth of it. He drank coffee and smoked the chibouque with his guest, and ordered dinner to be prepared for him. W. left the palace with feelings little short of rapture at the success of his visit, and travelled over the rocky paths and defiles of the mountain for a long time, till he lost his way. It was an evening in January, and it quickly became dark, the rain fell in torrents, and the wind blew with extreme violence, when the guide perceived the light of a solitary cottage amidst the acclivities. Fatigued, and drenched to the skin, W. found a friendly reception from the owner, who was a Maronite, and who soon spread before him some coarse fare. Another traveller, who chanced to be a Greek monk, soon after arrived, and the trio assembled with great good will round a fire that burned cheerfully in the middle of the floor. It so happened, that the subject of religion, and the state of the churches in the East was introduced; it was throwing down the gauntlet. The Maronite maintained the superior purity of his own doctrines—the Greek treated him as little better than a schismatic—and W. forgetting in a moment his extreme fatigue and exhaustion, descanted with great earnestness on the unhappy errors in which they were both involved. The storm, that raged furiously without, interrupted them not, and hour fled away after hour, till the dawn of morning, ere they thought of retiring to rest; and he complained on his return, of the obstinacy and difficulty of conviction of his fellow travellers.

The snow still rested on the interior summits of Lebanon; around which the air was extremely cold, and the habitations few. "The forests, the cedar trees, the glory of Lebanon," as scripture speaks of them, have, in a great measure, disappeared, to make way for innumerable plantations of vines. No mountain in or around Palestine, retains its ancient beauty so much as Carmel; two or three villages, and some scattered cottages, are found on it; its groves are few, but luxuriant; it is no place for crags and precipices, or "rocks of the

wild goats," but its surface is covered with a rich and constant verdure. In one of our visits to it, we had wandered for the whole day, and arrived late and fatigued at a cottage, that promised the rudest fare and lodging. But we were agreeably disappointed when the dirty floor of the naked apartment was covered with a small but handsome carpet and cushions, and a repast, consisting of delicious honey and clouted cream, as used in the west of England, was set before us, with coffee and the pipe, and the whole was seasoned with the kindest welcome. This was a convincing proof, that all was not barren in the land of promise, and that the traveller's step is not repulsed from its inhospitable doors.

[The present letter concludes the series of these very interesting articles upon Turkey, Egypt, and Palestine, the author being on the point of publishing them in a volume, together with an additional series containing his journey into Greece.]

TO THE FRENCH SKELETON.

Thou link connecting death and man—  
 Thou object standing scarce a span  
     Beyond the grave's domain,  
 Who raised thee up? Tell us thy story,  
 Thou spectre—thou *memento mori*—  
     Thou dead come back again!

Hast thou from charnel dungeons crept,  
 Where having long in mildews slept  
     With festering bones surrounded,  
 With sinews left and sunken eyes,—  
 Galvanic spells made thee arise,  
     And thus the world confounded?

Art thou a Goule,\* that having come,  
 Coarse epicure! nigh some fresh tomb  
     To gorge upon decay,  
 While too intent upon thy meal,  
 Suffer'd the body-thieves to steal  
     Thy sapless bones away.

Perhaps thou art from Surgeons' Hall,  
 Where Everard Home, by chemic call,  
     First made thee move, and go  
 From thy glass-case, and walk abroad  
 'Mongst fleshy men, who think it odd  
     Thou 'rt fled the realm below.

Mayhap thou art the compound thing  
 That Frankenstein by studying  
     In alchemy created;  
 And though death's image to the view,  
 Like the unlucky wandering Jew,  
     To die art never fated.

Be what thou may'st, no tongue can say  
 Sins of the flesh o'er thee have sway,  
     From these thou art Scot-free;  
 And thou must be most pure in mind,  
 Since even thy enemies, I find,  
     Thy very heart may see—

\* In the legendary lore of the East a race of beings who visit grave-yards to feed on the dead—a species of resurrection-man.



Ay, see thee through!—would fleshly men  
 Were as transparent to the ken,  
 The world might profit much—  
 Then hypocrites in state and stall,  
 Might fear to wear hearts black as gall,  
 And hollow to the touch.

Haply shrunk Famine was thy mother :  
 If so, she never bore another  
 Such grin and gaunt production,  
 Not in that bishop, legend says,  
 Fasted for forty and odd days,  
 And perish'd of reduction.

Bishops don't fast so now—but mum!—  
 Methinks thou'dst make a famous chum  
 For Romeo's 'poticary.  
 Didst ever see a looking-glass,  
 Make love, or try to kiss a lass—  
 I mean but in vagary?

For *beau idéal* of thin shapes  
 (That fashion oftentime so apes,  
 I wonder at the fool)  
 I fear for love thou'rt short of weight,  
 Since "fat and fair" even princes mate  
 Beneath the British rule.

In thy own country where men are  
 More wire-drawn from soup *margre* fare,  
 Thou'rt known from other rare ones,  
 And they choose women *en bon point*—  
 Go, try, in their opinion join—  
 Wed, and keep warm thy bones.

And rear young skeletons to flight  
 Bad mortals in the noonday light  
 With pictures of the grave,  
 Appalling beauty—aldermen  
 Haunting at feasts—shaking again  
 The pale soul of the kuave.

Or thy thin yellow legs and arms,  
 The sum of thy attenuate charms,  
 And horrid *tout ensemble*,  
 May recommend thee to a shrine,  
 Where all abortions live and shine,  
 Near Elliston and Kemble.

In Freischütz thou shalt major be—  
 Prime mouser of monstrolology,  
 Its prince of ghostly evils ;  
 For not St. Anthony, poor saint !  
 Was pester'd with a form more quaint  
 Among his fry of devils.

Farewell ! Anatomy, my song  
 Is grown, like thee, most spare and long,  
 Its feet begin to falter.—  
 I'll wish thee—what? to keep lean still—  
 Flesh being frailty, 'twould be ill  
 To wish that thou shouldst alter !

## THE HUNTING ALDERMAN.

"Now let us sing long live the king,  
And Gilpin long live he;  
And when he next doth ride abroad  
May I be there to see."

JOHN GILPIN.

"Who has e'er been at Paris must needs know the Grève," says Prior's song, and it is almost equally impossible for any one to have been in the neighbourhood of Taunton, at least if he have any venatorial blood in his veins, without knowing the worthy Squire Tasborough, the staunchest Nimrod left to us since Colonel Thornton, of sporting celebrity, was unfortunate enough to be in at his own death. "Fifty guineas to five," cried the Squire to a party of hunting companions, who were giving no respite to the magnums of claret at his own table,—"fifty guineas to ten, that the Alderman won't turn out with us next Friday." "Done!" cried old Major Cunningham.—"And five hundred guineas to fifty," roared the Squire, "that he won't be in at the death." "Done to that too," replied the Major; "I always take the long odds." It was a bet, and regularly entered in their pocket-books by the respective parties.

I am not at liberty to give any other clue to the Alderman in question, than by stating, that he purchased an estate about two years ago in Somersetshire, which will probably be a sufficient guide to my civic readers, and that as he was hardly ever known to have been on horseback in his life, the invitation to the hunt had been sent to him as a mere frolic, although it had produced the very serious bets I have recorded. Other wagers arose out of these, *ut mos est venatoribus*, and, as considerable interest had been excited by their ridiculous nature, I resolved to be in the field, and witness their termination. The day appointed for the hunt was one of those misty, dewy, drizzling mornings of October which seems to be an anticipation of the succeeding month, and to leave you in doubt whether it will settle into a confirmed rain, or sparkle up into a fresh, buoyant, invigorating day. Euston Common, the place of rendezvous, runs into a thicket of oaks and underwood, sloping down with an easy descent to Thorley Bottom. Through this copse a line winds and emerges into the lower common, where Squire Tasborough with his huntsmen, hounds, and merry men all, the greater part of them in scarlet coats and black velvet caps, were assembled, the former already triumphing over the Major, in the anticipated certainty of winning his wager; "What!" he exclaimed, "do you think old square-toes would turn out with a mist falling, and run the risk of damping his drab gaiters? No, no, Major,---you're done this time, depend upon it---cashed of your ten guineas---I wish it had been a thousand."

"Tasborough," said the Major, quietly putting his glass to his eye, "your sight is better than mine, what do you make that bird to be, hovering along the copse?" "Hang me if I can tell," replied the Squire; "flies like a wounded crow---can't see for the mist." The object in question was no other than the Alderman's hat tied down with a pocket handkerchief, and popping occasionally above the hedge as he jogged down the lane, at the extremity of which he presented himself mounted on a grey pony, and followed by his servant on a coach-horse, bearing a large umbrella. A general shout, in which the

Squire's voice was loudest, burst from the whole field at sight of this grotesque apparition, whose approach was greeted by a loud cry of Yoicks, Tally-ho! and a signal was made to the huntsman to wind his horn, by way of completing the *clat* of his reception. But old Chervil, who had no idea of a joke that interfered with serious business, shook his head, exclaiming---“ No, not when we are just going to throw into cover; she may start away t'other side for the four ponds, and so get among the rush beds, and keep us dodging in the water all day. I've known them do it a hundred times.”

By this time the Alderman had ~~come~~ <sup>come</sup> up, mopping his chest, arms, and long cloth gaiters with his handkerchief, and having spread out his umbrella, he exclaimed, “ Make it a rule to see every thing once in my life, Mr. Tasborough;---never went a hunting afore;---s'pose I shan't go now, for of course you won't go in the rain---no hackney coach to pop into---don't object to the country when the sun shines---but nothing like London in wet weather.” “ My good sir,” replied the Squire, “ nothing could be more favourable---a beautiful drizzle, and just enough to make the scent lie---but you're warm.”---“ Ay, ay,” cried Major Cunningham, “ he'll be warmer by the time he's in at the death.” “ No, no, Major,” resumed the Squire, speaking so as not to be overheard, “ I'm safe enough there, for that pot-bellied pony will be blown in ten minutes, so I shall only lose fifty, and that's more than the old codger's worth, to take him as he sits, umbrella, clothes, pony, gaiters and all.”

The object of these remarks now formed the centre of a gaping circle, the real knowing ones “ twigging him properly,” with a quiet sneer or a sly wink to direct one another's eyes to the various heresies of his appointment; while a few farmers assembled in a knot at a little distance, with their ragged ponies touching noses and dosing and nodding at one another, unanimously agreed that for “ a gemman and a sportsman, it were all to nothing the rummest turn-out ever they zeed.” In a few minutes a breeze sprang up, the sun burst forth, the mist disappeared, and as fresh sportsmen rose up from the hollow behind the ridge of the common, and stood out in full relief against the blue sky, while their horses came neighing and pawing down the slope, there were numerous bets as to the identity of each individual; for a genuine son of the turf never loses the opportunity of a wager.

“ Do you think she'll make for the Downs?” said the Squire, addressing a spare, elderly, half-dried huntsman, with a streaky patch of red upon either cheek, that gave him the appearance of a winter apple.

“ Lord love you, Sir, how can you dream of her running smack into the wind? No; she'll either run upon a side, or go right down the wind towards Chippendale, or the water-milks. Spread yourselves wide, gentlemen, and don't beat the bushes where the water lies, but keep the dogs higher up, or we shall only have a measly hare that will keep us crossing all day in the puddles and plashes. But, harkye, there's a challenge---there's Lightfoot giving tongue who's never wrong:---you had better mount, gentlemen, we shall have her out presently.” And scarcely were the words uttered when out jumps a fine hare, and scampers away over Thorley Bottom---the huntsman winds his horn, the whole field gives the view holla! the hounds come up, and the whole pack, as they burst away, set up a loud simultane-

ous and sonorous cry, the cheerful melody of which is wafted by the wind over the startled plains, meads, and woodlands,

“ While echo on high  
Gives reply to the cry,

As if they were chasing a hare through the sky.”

Unable to keep up with the speed of the first burst, the Alderman quitted the *melée*, cutting across the country in the direction of the dogs, and rejoining the hunt after a short amble, upon a newly ploughed field, where the whole party was “at fault.” “It’s this damned ploughed field where the scent has been lost,” cried the Squire.—“Not it,” replied the huntsman, pointing to some sheep stains—“this has done all the mischief—they spoil every thing—shouldn’t wonder we didn’t recover the scent all day. But pray be silent, gentlemen, keep together, and don’t meet a hound in the face, or you may turn him just when he’s picking it up. I hear a halloo!”

“So do I,” cried the Squire: “she’s found, depend upon it.”

Chervil’s unerring eye reconnoitred, when he shook his head, and pointed with his whip to a boy hallooing the birds away from the seed. “There’s another, did you hear it, Chervil?”—“Ay, ay, but it’s up the wind, and she can’t have doubled yet. But lookye yonder, Sir, d’ye see those sheep scudding away on the side of Penwick Hill? she’s among ’em, I’ll lay my life: the crows are all on the wing, and here comes a magpie chattering from the same field, we shall have the other presently; ay, I said so—she’s there sure enough. But stop, that’s Sweetlip’s cry in the next field, and Lightfoot follows her and gives tongue—found! found! found!”

At this cheering notice the whole field gave a glad holla, and made a simultaneous charge after the dogs. The Alderman ambled towards a gap in one corner, when a well-known brewer of the neighbourhood, who, I am afraid, had a heavy interest in disabling him from being in at the death, galloped towards the spot on his powerful hunter, with the brutal design of upsetting the pony and its rider. The sagacious animal, however, bolted suddenly on one side, by which he would infallibly have made a transfer of his rider, had the rider not appealed to the pummel and mane, when, accepting the omen of his pony’s ears, which now pointed homewards, he quitted the hunt, and ascended a little eminence whence he again commanded a full view of the field. From this point he saw the poor hare, after having exhausted her starting speed, and left the dogs a long way behind her, make her first double, and return upon a different track towards the form from which she had been dislodged. At intervals she halted, as if considering what stratagems and subterfuges she should adopt, after which hasty counsel with her own sad thoughts, she would describe a complete labyrinth of turnings and windings, and again spring forward in a straight line. But the sure and relentless hounds tracked her through all her crossings and doublings, forced her from a sheepcot into which she had stolen for refuge, and the Alderman presently saw her limping sorely and painfully towards him, stopping to listen, then tottering a little further, and again stopping, while the beleaguering cry, fraught with a hundred deaths, grew nearer and louder, and poured down her large open ears, and seemed to madden her very brain. At this spectacle his bosom melted with compassion; and as the

poor animal, with a last convulsive effort, leaped upon a clipped quick-set hedge close beneath him, and scrambled along its top to cheat her enemies of the scent, he hastily took out his purse, in the omnipotence of which he had great confidence, and offered five pounds to any one that would save her. But it was too late; the ravening dogs rushed in upon their prey as she tumbled from the hedge, and a short piteous shriek, that went to his very heart, announced the consummation of what is unfeelingly denominated—a day's sport.

Such were the Alderman's feelings, as he himself related them to me during our ride home together, ejaculating in conclusion, "It's a bad spec. sir, a Flemish account, a losing concern, this hunting; men, horses, and dogs all seized with a sudden madness, risking lives, destroying property; a whole district disturbed and up in arms to torture to death a little inoffensive hare. Every thing should be seen once, but I have seen enough, and too much of it; I have done with it."

"If every thing should be seen once," said I, "you will probably join our pheasant-shooting party to-morrow." "Not such an ass," exclaimed my companion bluntly. "Made my appearance among the Nimrods, but fight shy of the ramrods: don't stand going out to shoot, and coming home shot. He must be an awkward sportsman indeed that don't bring down one friend in a season. At our Life Assurance I proposed a clause—'Warranted not to go a shooting with any friend or friends,' but they scouted it—more fools they.—Then if your companions hit the birds and miss you, they take good care, in crossing a stile, or scrambling through a hedge, to deposit eighty or ninety shot snug under your hip-bone, or your pointer puts his paw upon your trigger, and very lovingly blows your eyes out; or you yourself, for fear of accidents, discharge your gun as you reach home, when it explodes in your hand, and you sit down comfortable in your own parlour, leaving your thumb a-top of a neighbouring tree, and having three fingers dangling by a little bit of skin. They who thus lay their own lives against that of a pheasant, may be making a fair bet; but I think mine worth a trifle more, and besides, I hate to be giving unnecessary trouble to a coroner."

Here we parted, and as I pursued my ride alone, I had leisure to reflect upon the folly of laying the long odds, for I had been one of the simpletons who had wagered pretty deeply against the Alderman's being in at the death, all which bets we were decided to have lost, although he had not regularly followed the hounds, and was only present by accident at the destruction of the hare. As I was pretty much in the predicament of the devil when he wished to be a monk, sick at least of betting, I made many sage resolutions against the practice in future, pointing out to myself, in a very satisfactory manner, all the objections to which it was liable. In fact, I was rendered so poetical, as well as poor and penitent by my losses, that by the time I arrived at my own door, I had arranged my didactics into the following stanzas:

Bets are the blockhead's argument,  
The only logic he can vent,  
His minor and his major;—  
'Tis to confess your head a worse  
Investigator than your purse,  
To reason with a wager.

The fool who bets too high, will have  
Temptation to enact the knave  
And make his friend his martyr;  
But they who thus would underhand  
Entrap, may be themselves trepann'd,  
And sometimes catch a Tartar.

Some slyly make the matter sure,  
And then propose with look demure,  
The bet at stake to double;  
Forgetting that whatever vogue  
The trick may have, the man's a rogue  
Whose betting is a bubble.

Tempt not yourself—still less your friends—  
Where bets begin, attachment ends,  
And up spring feuds and quarrels.  
Leave wagers to the black-leg tribe,  
Lest with their practice you imbibe  
A portion of their morals.

#### LOVE AND INGRATITUDE.

THE following anecdote,\* though belonging to our own unpoetical and unromantic times, and though perfectly correct in all its details, will not, I trust, prove the less touching. It comes unaccompanied, it is true, by those glowing descriptions that gem the romances of the *Great Unknown*. In it will be found no wild and wizard forest, no well got up tempest, no monstrous dwarf nor fountain fairy; but lacking these advantages, it has—what the lovers in the Scottish novels have not—that fervid passion and heart-felt sentiment which made of Mademoiselle Gellimert the most unhappy, the most amiable, and the most interesting of women.

A few years ago the minister who was at the head of affairs in France, was a person of the most unblemished integrity, but his want of capacity and his ignorance were such as few, except those who had personal knowledge of the man, would be inclined to credit. I allude to the Duke de Richelieu, first minister to Louis XVIII. Two facts will give the measure of his mental acquirements;—as to his bravery and probity they were universally acknowledged, and have never been called in question. One of the things that most annoyed him, particularly when he had to speak in the Chamber of Peers, was his incapability of reading fluently. He was so occupied with the operation of spelling when he endeavoured to read from the tribune, that he frequently forgot altogether the meaning of the words he pronounced. The following fact will show how little of a statesman he was. On one occasion he received a letter from the modern Nero, Ferdinand VII. This sage sovereign, in a paroxysm of outraged and impotent pride at the revolt of his colonies, wrote to him, "I wish for no agent between you and me. If you will give me twenty vessels of war, I will make over in full sovereignty to France for ever the Island of Cuba—a place that with four thousand French grenadiers you may render impregna-

\* This story will naturally recall to the reader's mind the recent sacrifice of a virtuous, rich, and lamented lady, to the same species of vicious heartlessness which is here displayed.

ble." The Duke de Richelieu lost no time in peremptorily refusing this offer—an offer, which, if accepted and carried into execution, would, by flattering the national vanity, have reconciled the French to the Bourbons. This president of Louis XVIII's Council seemed however to have formed a just estimate of his own capabilities, for the greater part of his time was passed in playing with a huge monkey, and in endeavouring to escape from the importunities of the Queen of Sweden, who, it was said, had conceived a violent passion for him. With these slender pretensions, he was, however, ambitious of remaining first minister: to accomplish which not very easy task, he got about him some men of tried talent, such as M. Meunier, who had been secretary to Napoleon. But amongst these the person whom I shall call M. Moranbert, was not the least remarkable. Between this gentleman and myself a considerable degree of intimacy, from a similarity of pursuits and frequent opportunities of meeting, existed. He lived in the Rue du Bac, close to the Minister's hotel; my abode was in the Rue de Varennes; and his mistress Mademoiselle Gellimert lodged in the Place du Corps Legislatif. I have no hesitation in naming her by her right name, first, because she is no more, and next, because many traits in her character cannot but secure to her memory the admiration and regret of every generous and feeling mind.

"But your voice falters as if you were going to weep?" said the philosopher Volney, to whom I was telling this anecdote.—"True, I think I yet see those large, black and languishing eyes, and hear that touching voice resounding in my ear and troubling my heart. Charming, unique creature! you are no more! Years have passed since the grave has hid you from my sight, and yet the recollection of you still stirs my inmost soul."—"You loved her then?"—"No—Oh! Gellimert, oh! Moranbert! you were both prodigies—one of woman's tenderness—the other of man's ingratitude. Mademoiselle Gellimert belonged to a respectable family, which she quitted to throw herself into the arms of Moranbert. He had nothing, and the little property she was entitled to was entirely sacrificed to supply the necessities and even fantasies of Moranbert. She regretted neither her dissipated fortune nor her ruined reputation—her lover was all the world to her."—"This Moranbert must have been a most seductive irresistible sort of person?"—"On the contrary, he was a little, morose, taciturn and sarcastic-minded man, with a shrivelled countenance, a dark sallow complexion and a poor meagre figure; in a word, downright ugly, if a man can be called so, the expression of whose countenance announced intellect and sagacity."—"And it was such a being that turned the head of this charming girl?"—"Does that surprise you?"—"Certainly."—"You?"—"Me."—"You forget then your adventure with Mademoiselle D——, and the utter despair into which you fell when that creature forbid you her house."—"Let us not think of that—go on with your story."—"When I asked you if she were beautiful, you mournfully replied, no. If she were witty, you answered that she was a simpleton. It must be her talents or accomplishments then that enchained you? You said she had but one—and on my asking what that rare, sublime and marvellous talent was, you replied, that it was that of rendering you a thousand times happier while in her society than you had ever been in that of any other woman. And why may not the warm-hearted tender Mademoiselle Gellimert have imagined that in the society of Moranbert, a happiness

awaited her similar to that which made you once exclaim, that if that creature D. persisted in refusing to see you, you would force your way into her presence and blow your brains out at her feet. Did you not say so?"—"I did, and even at this moment I cannot say why I did not do it."—"Acknowledge then."—"Oh I acknowledge every thing you wish—my friend, the wisest amongst us should thank his stars that he has not yet met with the woman, be she handsome or ugly, witty or silly, who may have the power of rendering him mad enough for chains and a dark room.—But to our story."

The Duke de Richelieu, having on his hands the affairs of all Europe, which at that time were treated of in Paris, and being unable to do any thing himself but play with his huge monkey, threw the whole weight of business upon the confidential persons in his office. The health of M. Moranbert soon felt the effects of this incessant application. To render his task less laborious, Mademoiselle Gellimert learned two foreign languages, and while her lover reposed, she sat up the greater part of the night making extracts from the reports of French agents and spies at St. Petersburg and several of the German courts. But a still more painful labour was that of decyphering the voluminous despatches in cypher addressed to the Duke de Richelieu by the weak-headed personages whom he had sent to all the capitals of Europe with the title of ambassador or minister plenipotentiary of the King of France. These gentlemen, few of whom were capable of writing a sensible letter on their own private affairs, knew not how to make a selection of what was important, from what they heard themselves, or were informed of by their agents at the courts where they resided. They therefore wrote down every thing, no matter how trivial or indifferent, which came to their knowledge; and as they attached a wonderful importance to their communications, they wrote them in the most secret cypher, which was supposed to be known only to the ambassador and the minister. This cypher, which was a *chef-d'œuvre* of mathematical calculation, and was the invention of one of the pupils of the celebrated Laplace, was changed from time to time. When poor Mademoiselle Gellimert had passed a whole night in transcribing in French thirty or forty pages, she had then to make an abstract of the contents in two or three. This was by no means an easy task, as it was indispensably necessary to preserve the utmost respect towards the noble friend of the minister who wrote to him from St. Petersburg or Vienna. She was therefore obliged to give an air of importance to what in itself had neither weight nor value, for she dared not state simply that such or such a despatch contained only idle reports or useless intelligence. Mademoiselle Gellimert, to keep *ennui* from taking possession of her lover, learned music, and took lessons in singing from one of the first Italian singing-masters. In a short time she was enabled to repeat all the favourite airs of the Opera Buffa, of which Moranbert was a passionate admirer. And often has it happened that after employing the whole night in translating Russian and German letters, and transcribing cyphered despatches, she passed the greater part of the next day in an effort to beguile her *sombre* humour of Moranbert, by singing Italian airs to him, till her voice failed her, and acute pains in the chest warned her of the injury she was doing herself. In this statement there is nothing exaggerated: Doctor C. L. who attended her in sickness, and succoured her when in distress, is



still alive to attest its truth. But I had almost forgotten to mention one of her first misfortunes—the persecution which she had to suffer from her family, who were indignant at the publicity of her attachment to Moranbert. Her relations, aided by the priests, pursued her from one quarter of Paris to the other, from house to house, so that for a considerable time she was forced, in order to escape their fury, to live at a distance from Moranbert, and to confine herself entirely to the house. During this time she passed all her days in translating or copying for her lover; and at night when we went to see her, the instant she beheld him all her sorrows, her fatigue and her inquietude vanished, and she was happy, perfectly happy. Nor did she cease to be, so till Moranbert became ungrateful.—“But it is impossible that ingratitude should have been the recompence of so many rare qualities, so many proofs of devoted tenderness, so many and great sacrifices.”—Ah! you deceive yourself, Moranbert was ungrateful. A day came when Mademoiselle Gellimert found herself alone in the world bereft of honour, of fortune, and of friends. On the morning of that day of agony and despair she came to my lodgings. She was pale as death; and though it was but the night before that the cruel blow was struck, she had all the appearance of one who had suffered long and grievously. Her eyes were dry, but it was evidently from abundant weeping. She threw herself into an arm-chair. She tried, but in vain, to speak; and, stretching out her arms towards me, she uttered a cry of anguish. “What is the matter,” said I; “is he dead?”—“Ah, worse than that; he loves me no longer; he abandons me.”—“He loves you no longer?”—“No.”—“He abandons you!”—“Alas, yes; after all that I have done and suffered! Ah, sir, my brain is troubled; have pity on me; do not quit me; above all, do not leave me to myself.” On pronouncing these words, she seized my arm with a strong convulsive grasp, as if some one was approaching to tear her away. “You have nothing to fear, Mademoiselle. What is it that I can do for you?”—“First save me from myself. He loves me no longer; my presence annoys him; he hates me; he abandons me! he leaves me! he leaves me!” To the repetition of these last words succeeded a profound silence, which was followed by a burst of convulsive laughter, a thousand times more harrowing than the accents of despair or the screams of agony. After this came tears, sobs, and quivering lips, endeavouring, but in vain, to give articulate expression to the “o’erfraught soul.” This torrent of grief I was careful not to check, nor did I address myself to her reason until I saw that her heart was exhausted and rendered torpid by the violence of its agitation. I then said to her, “And who has told you that he hates and abandons you?”—“He himself.”—“Come, Mademoiselle, you must have better hopes and more courage. He cannot be such a monster.”—“You do not know him; but you will know him.”—“I cannot believe it.”—“You will see.”—“Does he love any one else?”—“No.”—“Have you given him any cause of jealousy or discontent?”—“None whatever.”—“What then can be the cause?”—“My inutility. I have no longer any property; I am of no use to him. He thinks of nothing now but his ambition. You know he was always ambitious. The loss of my health, of my charms—I have suffered and fatigued myself so much—*chui*, disgust.”—“But in ceasing to be lovers you may remain

friends."—"Impossible. I am become an insupportable object to him; my presence he looks upon as a misfortune. If you knew what he said to me, Sir!—he told me that if he were condemned to pass twenty-four hours in the same room with me, he would throw himself out of the window."—"But this aversion cannot be the work of a moment."—"How should I know? He is naturally so disdainful, so indifferent, so cold-hearted. It is so difficult to see to the bottom of such minds; and then one is so unwilling to read one's own death-warrant there. Of this, however, he informed me, and in the harshest terms!"—"This I cannot by any means understand."—"I have come here to ask a favour of you; will you grant it to me?"—"Certainly, whatever it may be."—"As he respects you, and as you know all that he owes to me, he will probably be ashamed to show himself before you as he really is."—"Yes, I do not think that he will have the effrontery or the power to do so. I am but a weak woman and he disregards me; but you, as a generous, just and honourable man, will have some influence over him. Give me your arm, and do not refuse to accompany me. I wish to speak to him before you. Who knows what effect my grief and your presence may have upon him?" I immediately consented, and sent for a coach, for Mademoiselle Gellimert was too weak to go on foot. On reaching Moranbert's house, the coachman opened the door of the coach, but Mademoiselle Gellimert was unable to come out. She was seized with a violent fit of trembling, her teeth knocking together, and her knees quivered as if under the influence of a sudden access of fever. "Pardon me, Sir; a moment; I cannot. What have I to do here? I have taken you from your business for no purpose. I am sorry for it; pardon me." I offered her my arm. She attempted to rise, but could not. At length recovering herself a little she rose and came forth, saying in a low voice, "I must go in, I must see him. Who knows what may happen? I may probably die at his feet." Not without considerable difficulty she crossed the court-yard, and ascended the staircase to Moranbert's apartment. We found him seated at his desk, in a morning-gown and night-cap. He saluted me with a motion of his hand, and continued to write. In a few moments he rose and came towards me, saying, "You must confess, Sir, that these women are extremely troublesome sort of persons. I have to make a thousand apologies to you for the extravagant conduct of this lady." Then turning to the poor creature, who was more dead than alive, he said to her, "Mademoiselle, what is it you now want of me? It appears to me that after the clear and positive manner in which I explained myself, every thing should be at an end between you and me. I have told you that I love you no longer. This I told you in private, but it seems to be your wish that I should repeat it before this gentleman: so be it: Mademoiselle, I love you no more. I can no longer find in my heart a trace of the passion I had for you; and I will add, if that can in any way console you, that I feel a like indifference towards all other women."—"But tell me why you do not love me."—"I am ignorant of the cause myself; all that I can say is, that I began loving you without knowing why, and I now cease to love you with as little reason, and I feel that it is impossible my passion should ever revive. It is a malady I have got rid of, and I felicitate myself at being perfectly cured."—"What

faults have I committed?"—"None."—"Have you any secret cause of objection to my conduct?"—"Not the slightest. You have been as constant, devoted, and affectionate a woman as any man could desire to possess."—"Did I ever omit doing any thing that it was in my power to do for you?"—"Never."—"Have I not sacrificed for you my family and friends?"—"Tis true."—"My fortune?"—"Certainly, and I deeply regret it."—"My health?"—"It may be so."—"My honour, my reputation, my repose?"—"All that you wish to say."—"And yet I am odious in your sight?"—"That is a harsh thing to say, and a harsher still to hear said; but since such is the fact, I must avow it."—"Odious to him! oh, God!" At these words a deadly paleness spread itself over her face; her lips became of an ashy hue, large drops of perspiration rolled down her cheeks and mingled with her tears; her eyes closed, and her head dropped helplessly on the back of the chair; her teeth became firmly fixed together, and a convulsive shuddering ran through her whole frame, till exhausted nature sought refuge in a fainting-fit, which appeared to me to be the accomplishment of the hope she had expressed at the gate of the house—that she should die at his feet. She continued in this state so long that I became seriously alarmed. I took off her cloak, undid her robe, loosened the laces of her corset, and sprinkled some drops of cold water on her face. After some time she half opened her eyes, and endeavoured to murmur "I am odious!" but could only articulate the last syllables of the fatal word, and sending forth a shrill but feeble scream, again relapsed into insensibility. During this agonizing struggle, Moranbert remained calmly seated in his arm-chair; his elbow resting upon the table and supporting his head. He looked on without the least emotion, and left me the care of recovering her. I said to him repeatedly, "But, Sir, she is dying. You should call for assistance." To which he replied, smiling and shrugging his shoulders, "Women have a faster hold of life than you think. They do not die for such trifles; it is nothing; it will soon be over. You do not know them; they can do with their bodies whatever they wish."—"But I tell you she is dying." And in fact she appeared deprived of all animation, and would have slipped off the chair upon the floor had I not supported her. Moranbert now started up, and paced about the apartment muttering to himself in an impatient, and ill-humoured tone, "I should willingly have been excused this scene, but I trust it will be the last. What the devil does this creature want? I did love her, 'tis true, but I love her no longer. This she knows at present, or she never will know it. Every thing that can be said on the subject is now said."—"No, Sir, every thing is not said. Do you suppose it to be the part of an honest man to waste a woman's property and then abandon her?"—"And what can I do? I am as destitute as herself."—"You should at least share in the misery to which you have reduced her."—"That is an easy thing to say, but she would not be the better for it, and I should be much the worse."—"Would you have acted in this manner towards a friend who had sacrificed every thing for you?"—"A friend! a friend! I have no great faith in friendship; and after this experience of passion and sentiment I shall henceforth have little to do with them."—"I am sorry not to have known this sooner; but is it just that this unfortunate woman should fall a victim to the error of your heart?"—"And how

do you know that a month, nay a day later, I should not have become a victim to the error of her heart?"—"Why, all that she has done for you, and the state I now see her in, assures me it never could have been so."—"Oh, as to what she has done for me, I take it to be fully balanced by the loss of my time."—"Oh, M. Moranbert, how can you for a moment put in comparison your time with all that this woman has sacrificed to you."—"I have as yet done nothing, I have yet no hold upon the world, I am now thirty years of age, and it is time for me to look to myself, and appreciate at their just value all these fooleries.\* I am only a clerk, and may be turned adrift tomorrow should a change in the ministry take place. The very confidence with which the Duke de Richelieu honours me would be a reason for his successor's dismissing me. And you must know, Sir, that notwithstanding this handsome apartment and the fine horses you see me ride, I have not this moment a hundred louis in the world."—"Impossible," I exclaimed; "I know that some time back you were in possession of forty thousand francs;"—"True enough; but, thinking from my knowledge of the minister's secrets that I might speculate safely at the *bourse*, I ventured the whole, and lost it. I must before six months become master of requests, and to accomplish that it is necessary to forswear women, their fainting-fits, and all such-like absurdities, about which I have already lost too much time." During this conversation, poor Mademoiselle Gellimert had a little recovered herself, and on hearing the last words she exclaimed with great vivacity, "What does he say of the loss of his time? Did not I learn two languages for the purpose of lightening his labour? have I not read hundreds of despatches, and decyphered for a long period upwards of three hundred pages a month? have I not written, translated, and copied day and night for him? have I not exhausted my strength, ruined my eyes, and dried up my blood with constant labour and application, and contracted a disease which will probably never leave me?" That is the cause of his disgust, though he will not avow it; but you shall see it." As she said this, she bared her shoulder, and showed me an eruption bearing all the marks of confirmed erysipelas. "There is the cause of his desertion," said she; "there is the effect of the numberless nights employed in writing for him." At this moment we heard the noise of approaching footsteps, and a servant entered to say that the Duke de Richelieu was coming upstairs. Moranbert turned pale. I entreated Mademoiselle Gellimert to leave the room. "No," said she, "I shall remain and speak to the Duke de Richelieu; I shall unmask before him this worthless being."—"And of what use will that be?"—"Of none," replied she.—"You are perfectly right, and you yourself would be the first to regret having done so. Let us leave him to his ingratitude; that is the only vengeance worthy of you."—"But not the only one that he deserves," she exclaimed, and then added, "but let us go instantly, for I cannot answer for myself what I may say or do." Mademoiselle Gellimert then quickly rushed out of the room. I followed her, and heard the door clapped to violently after us. I have since learned that strict orders had been given to the porter not to permit her to enter the house. I returned with her to her lodgings, where we found Dr. C. L. waiting to see her. The passion which he entertained for Mademoiselle Gellimert was almost as intense as that

which she felt for Moranbert. I related to him what had taken place at the house of the latter; and amongst the signs of anger, grief, and indignation which escaped him, it was not difficult to discover something like satisfaction at no reconciliation having taken place. Such is mankind, even the best of the species. In consequence of the scene here described, Mademoiselle Gellimert was affected with a long and dangerous malady, during which the generous and devoted Doctor watched over her more assiduously than he would have watched over the first woman in France. While the danger was imminent, he slept in her chamber upon a mattress. During her convalescence we formed plans for the employment of her time. As she understood English, and wrote her own language with great purity and grace, I made an arrangement for her with a bookseller for some translations from English poetry, which were executed in such a manner as left me little to correct. I showed her a little opera which I had written some years before. She remodelled it, particularly the *denouement*, and added a female character full of piquant originality. It was put into the hands of a composer, who unfortunately turned out to have no genius, but a world of science and a tolerable stock of hatred for Rossini. After a long course of the inevitable intriguing, manœuvring, &c. the piece was brought out at the *Opéra Comique*. The plot and dialogue were generally admired and praised; but thanks to the scientific and stupid music, our little opera had but twelve representations. Mademoiselle Gellimert had for her share of the profits a thousand francs. The excitation of this, for her, novel situation, restored somewhat of her former gaiety. Since the desertion of Moranbert, the passion of Doctor C. L. for Mademoiselle Gellimert had made wonderful progress. One day after dinner, as he was expressing the sentiments he felt towards her with the purity, tenderness, and *naïveté* of a child, and yet the  *finesse* of a man of talent, she interrupted him, and said with a frankness that did her infinite honour, "Doctor, it is impossible that the esteem I have for you can admit of any increase. I am indebted to you for a thousand good offices, nay for my life; and I should be as great a monster as he whom I shall not name, if I did not feel towards you the deepest gratitude. I entertain not only respect but admiration for your mind and talents. You speak to me of your love with so much grace and delicacy, that I should, I believe, regret your ceasing to speak on that subject. The idea alone of being deprived of your society, or losing your friendship, would render me miserable. You are a man of unalloyed worth, if any such there be; and I do not think that the heart of a woman could fall into better hands. I preach to mine from morning to night in your favour, but preaching is thrown away where there is not a true vocation. I am aware of your sufferings, and it pains me deeply that I cannot put an end to them. And yet there is nothing that I should not risk to render you happy—every thing that is possible for me to do, without exception. Nay, Doctor, if you will marry me, you have but to say so. This is doing all I can do; but you wish to be beloved, and that I cannot promise." The Doctor, who listened to her with his soul in his eyes, made no answer, but, seizing her hand, kissed it and covered it with his tears. As for me, I knew not whether to laugh or weep. Mademoiselle knew the Doctor well; for the next morning, when I said to her, "But, Mademoi-

selle, if the Doctor had taken you at your word?" She replied, "I should have done as I said; but that could not have happened, for my offer was of a nature not to be accepted by a man of the Doctor's character."—"Why not? If I had been in the place of the Doctor I should have married you, and trusted to time for the rest." "Yes," she replied, "but had you been in the place of the Doctor, Mademoiselle Gellimert would not have made you the same proposition."

About this time Mademoiselle Gellimert seemed to have attained a state of apparent resignation, which led us to hope that before long she would recover altogether her health and spirits. Through the interest of Doctor C. L. she obtained a situation in a great cotton-manufactory, near the charming valley of Montmorency. The proprietor, a wealthy man and fond of his leisure, finding that the zeal and assiduity of Mademoiselle Gellimert rendered his presence less constantly necessary, confided the management of the concern in a great measure to her care, and allowed her such a salary as would, with her frugal habits, have enabled her to lay up a handsome provision for her future years. About this time the Duke de Richelieu went out of office; and Moranbert, as he had surmised, lost his situation. In the conversations we had upon this event, Mademoiselle Gellimert spoke with respect of his talents, but with contempt of his selfishness. This was a further reason for our believing that she was thoroughly cured of her passion. Moranbert, on being dismissed, returned to his native province, where there are several extensive iron-works. The proprietor of one of the principal establishments of this kind, who was a distant relation of Moranbert, took him into his employment, and in a short time, from his activity, business-like habits, and useful knowledge (for he was a good chemist) he secured his entire confidence and good will, and was sent over to England to inspect the iron-works in that country, with a view to the adoption of any improvements they might suggest to him. On passing through Paris on his way to Calais, he made not the slightest inquiry relative to Mademoiselle Gellimert, though he met both the Doctor and me more than once. This circumstance seemed deeply to affect this unfortunate girl; for it appears that notwithstanding her apparent indifference and expressed contempt for his character, she had always looked forward with anxiety to the fall of the Duke de Richelieu's ministry,—hoping that, on a check being put to the ambitious projects of Moranbert, his heart might have reverted to her, and brought him a penitent to her feet. But when she learned that he was actively employed in his native province, and that his ambition, though it had changed its object, did not the less absorb all his thoughts, she appeared completely heart-struck, and sunk into a state of melancholy stupor that lasted several days. From this state, however, she aroused herself, but evidently by a great effort, and gradually assumed, at least outwardly, a philosophic resignation, which in an ordinary character might have passed for good-humour. The last time I saw her was at her lodgings in the Rue Montblanc, on a fourth story, which she made use of on her occasional visits to Paris. Doctor C. L. and two other friends were with her. She was speaking of her present fate and past happiness with apparent gaiety, when all of a sudden she exclaimed as if speaking to herself, "This has lasted too long;" and before we could be aware of her intention, she sprang

to a window at the other extremity of the room, got on the balustrade, pronounced the words, "*Adieu, docteur!*" and precipitated herself upon the pavement. Wild with horror we rushed down stairs, but on reaching the street found her lifeless. A crowd surrounded the body, from more than one of whom were heard the expressions, "*Mon Dieu! Qu'elle est belle! C'est un désespoir d'amour.*"

In a will which was found in her desk, she left her furniture, books, and a few thousand francs, the all she possessed, to M. Moranbert, director of the iron-works at ——. I have heard, but I hope for the honour of manhood that it is not true, that M. Moranbert showed not the slightest sign of emotion on learning the death of this devoted and interesting girl, "who loved not wisely but too well."

#### LONDON LYRICS.

##### *The Gunpowder Plot.*

As, on the fifth day of November,<sup>4</sup>  
 I walk'd down Bartholomew-lane,  
 I heard a poor Stock-market member  
 Thus vent to the pavement his pain.  
 The boys had Guy Faux by the girdle,  
 Intending to roast him red hot;  
 The broker look'd blank at the hurdle,  
 And thus sang the Gunpowder Plot.  
 "Away with yon' 'Gunpowder Percy,'  
 Commit the old rogue to the flames,  
 Grill, barbecue, show him no mercy,  
 For plotting to blow up King James.  
 That two of a trade wrangle ever,  
 I often have heard—who has not?  
 How vain his fantastic endeavour  
 To cope with *our* Gunpowder Plot!  
 "By us the Welsh Railway's impeded,  
 Mine Searchers are baulk'd in their dip,  
 The call to 'cash up' is unheeded  
 By holders of Mexican Scrip.  
 Montezuma we've cut a head shorter,  
 The New patent Paper we blot,  
 London Brick's uncemented by mortar,  
 And all through our Gunpowder Plot.  
 "British Silk we have put out of favour,  
 Our wives scorn to wear it in cloaks,  
 British Salt we have spoil'd of its savour,  
 Our Real del Monte's a hoax:  
 Shareholders, grown wiser, the risk count,  
 Determined to know what is what,  
 Colombian Scrip's at a discount,  
 When singed by our Gunpowder Plot.  
 "Gwennappe, with its tin and its copper,  
 Has now in its shaft sprung a leak,  
 The shareholders don't think it proper  
 Directors should play hide and seek.  
 Greek Bonds are cast into the gutter,  
 Cheam Soap to a discount has got:  
 Metropolitan Alderney butter  
 Runs off in our Gunpowder Plot.

" Pearl-divers lie strangled below sea,  
 Red rubies won't come at a wish,  
 Gold sticks like a leech to Potosi,  
 And Myers gives up 'London fish.'  
 Huge logs lie unshipp'd at Honduras,  
 The Company leaves them to rot;  
 The schemes are lay'd sprawling, as sure as  
 A gun by our Gunpowder Plot.  
 " Then haste, boys, your faggots burn brighter;  
 And if, in the midst of your sport,  
 Some fragment of charcoal and nitre  
 Shall blow into air Capel-court;  
 The shareholders, cruel as Nero,  
 Will laugh at our merited lot,  
 And cry, 'Mr. Guy, you're a hero!  
 Long life to your Gunpowder Plot!' "

## MERRY ENGLAND.

" *St. George for merry England!* "

THIS old-fashioned epithet might be supposed to have been bestowed ironically, or on the old principle—*Ut lucus a non lucendo*. Yet there is something in the sound that hits the fancy, and a sort of truth beyond appearances. To be sure, it is from a dull, homely ground that the gleams of mirth and jollity break out; but the streaks of light that tinge the evening sky are not the less striking on that account. The beams of the morning-sun shining on the lonely glades, or through the idle branches of the tangled forest, the leisure, the freedom, "the pleasure of going and coming without knowing where," the troops of wild deer, the sports of the chase, and other rustic gambols, were sufficient to justify the well-known appellation of "Merry Sherwood,"—and in like manner we may apply the phrase to *Merry England*. The smile is not the less sincere because it does not always play upon the cheek; and the jest is not the less welcome, nor the laugh less hearty, because they happen to be a relief from care or leaden-eyed melancholy. The instances are the more precious as they are rare; and we look forward to them with the greater good will, or back upon them with the greater gratitude, as we drain the last drop in the cup with particular relish. If not always gay or in good spirits, we are glad when any occasion draws us out of our natural gloom, and disposed to make the most of it. We may say with *Silence* in the play, "I have been merry ere now,"—and this once was to serve him all his life; for he was a person of wonderful silence and gravity, though "he chirped over his cups," and announced with characteristic glee that "there were pippins and cheese to come." *Silence* was in this sense a merry man, that is, he would be merry if he could, and a very great economy of wit, like very slender fare, was a banquet to him, from the simplicity of his taste and habits. "Continents," says Hobbes, "have most of what they contain"—and in this view it may be contended that the English are the merriest people in the world, since they only show it on high-days and holidays. They are then like a school-boy let loose from school, or like a dog that has slipped his collar. They are not gay like the French, who are one eternal smile of self-complacency, tortured into



affectation, or spun out into languid indifference, nor are they voluptuous and immersed in sensual indolence like the Italians; but they have that sort of intermittent, fitful, irregular gaiety, which is neither worn out by habit, nor deadened by passion, but is sought with avidity as it takes the mind by surprise, is startled by a sense of oddity and incongruity, indulges its wayward humours or lively impulses, with perfect freedom and lightness of heart, and seizes occasion by the forelock, that it may return to serious business with more cheerfulness, and have something to beguile the hours of thought or sadness. I do not see how there can be high spirits without low ones; and every thing has its price, according to circumstances. Perhaps, we have to pay a heavier tax on pleasure, than some others: what skills it, so long as our good spirits and good hearts enable us to bear it?

"They" (the English) says Froissart, "amused themselves sadly after the fashion of their country"—*ils se rejoissoient tristement selon la coutume de leur pays*. They have indeed a way of their own. Their mirth is a relaxation from gravity, a challenge to dull care to be gone; and one is not always clear at first, whether the appeal is successful. The cloud may still hang on the brow; the ice may not thaw at once. To help them out in their new character, is an act of charity. Any thing short of hanging or drowning is something to begin with. They do not enter into their amusements the less doggedly, because they may plague others. They like a thing the better for hitting them a rap on the knuckles, for making their blood tingle. They do not dance or sing, but they make good cheer—"eat, drink, and are merry." No people are fonder of field-sports, Christmas gambols, or practical jests. Blindman's-buff, hunt-the-slipper, hot-cockles, and snap-dragon, are all approved English games, full of laughable surprises and "hair-breadth 'scapes," and serve to amuse the winter fire-side after the roast-beef and plum-pudding, the spiced ale and roasted crab, thrown (hissing-hot) into the foaming tankard. Punch (not the liquor, but the puppet) is not, I fear, of English origin; but there is no place, I take it, where he finds himself more at home or meets a more joyous welcome, where he collects greater crowds at the corners of streets, where he opens the eyes or distends the cheeks wider, or where the bangs and blows, the uncouth gestures, ridiculous anger and screaming voice of the chief performer excite more boundless merriment or louder bursts of laughter among all ranks and sorts of people. An English theatre is the very throne of pantomime; nor do I believe that the gallery and boxes of Drury-lane or Covent-garden filled on the proper occasions with holiday folks (big or little) yield the palm for undisguised, tumultuous, inextinguishable laughter to any spot in Europe. I do not speak of the refinement of the mirth (this is no fastidious speculation) but of its cordiality, on the return of these long-looked for and licensed periods; and I may add here, by way of illustration, that the English common people are a sort of grown children, spoiled and sulky perhaps, but full of glee and merriment, when their attention is drawn off by some sudden and striking object. The May-pole is almost gone out of fashion among us: but May-day, besides its flowering hawthorns and its pearly dews, has still its boasted exhibition of painted chimney-sweepers and their Jack o' th' Green, whose tawdry finery, bedizened faces, unwonted gestures, and short-lived pleasures

call forth good-humoured smiles and looks of sympathy in the spectators. There is no place where trap-ball, fives, prison-base, foot-ball, quoits, bowls are better understood or more successfully practised; and the very names of a cricket bat and ball make English fingers tingle. What happy days must "Long Robinson" have passed in getting ready his wickets and mending his bats, who when two of the fingers of his right-hand were struck off by the violence of a ball, had a screw fastened to it to hold the bat, and with the other hand still sent the ball thundering against the boards that bounded *Old Lord's cricket-ground*! What delightful hours must have been his in looking forward to the matches that were to come, in recounting the feats he had performed in those that were past! I have myself whiled away whole mornings in seeing him strike the ball (like a countryman mowing with a scythe) to the farthest extremity of the smooth, level, sun-burnt ground, and with long, awkward strides count the notches that made victory sure! Then again, cudgel-playing, quarter-staff, bull and badger-baiting, cock-fighting are almost the peculiar diversions of this island, and often objected to us as barbarous and cruel; horse-racing is the delight and the ruin of numbers; and the noble science of boxing is all our own. Foreigners can scarcely understand how we can squeeze pleasure out of this pastime; the luxury of hard blows given or received; the joy of the ring; nor the perseverance of the combatants.\* The English also excel, or are not excelled in wiring a hare, in stalking a deer, in shooting, fishing, and hunting. England to this day boasts her Robin Hood and his merry men, that stout archer and outlaw, and patron-saint of the sporting-calendar. What a cheerful sound is that of the hunters, issuing from the autumnal wood and sweeping over hill and dale!

—"A cry more tuneable  
Was never halloo'd to by hound or horn."

\* "The gentle and free Passage of arms at Ashby" was, we are told, so called by the Chroniclers of the time, on account of the feats of horsemanship and the quantity of knightly blood that was shed. This last circumstance was perhaps necessary to qualify it with the epithet of "gentle," in the opinion of some of these historians. I think the reason why the English are the bravest nation on earth is, that the thought of blood or a delight in cruelty is not the chief excitement with them. Where it is, there is necessarily a *reaction*; for though it may add to our eagerness and savage ferocity in inflicting wounds, it does not enable us to endure them with greater patience. The English are led to the attack or sustain it equally well, because they fight as they box, not out of malice, but to show *pluck* and manhood. *Fair play and Old England for ever!* This is the only bravery that will stand the test. There is the same determination and spirit shown in resistance as in attack; but not the same pleasure in getting a cut with a sabre as in giving one. There is, therefore, always a certain degree of effeminacy mixed up with any approach to cruelty, since both have their source in the same principle, *viz.* an over-valuing of pain.† This was the reason the French (having the best cause and the best general in the world) ran away at Waterloo, because they were inflamed, furious, drunk with the blood of their enemies, but when it came to their turn, wanting the same stimulus, they were panic-struck, and their hearts and their senses failed them all at once.

† Vanity is the same half-witted principle, compared with pride. It leaves men in the lurch when it is most needed; is mortified at being reduced to stand on the defensive, and relinquishes the field to its more surly antagonist.

What sparkling richness in the scarlet coats of the riders, what a glittering confusion in the pack, what spirit in the horses, what eagerness in the followers on foot, as they disperse over the plain, or force their way over hedge and ditch! Surely, the coloured prints and pictures of these hung up in gentlemen's halls and village alehouses, however humble as works of art, have more life and health and spirit in them, and mark the pith and nerve of the national character more creditably than the mawkish, sentimental, affected designs of Theseus and Pirithous, and Æneas and Dido, pasted on foreign *salons à manger*, and the interior of country-houses. If our tastes are not epic, nor our pretensions lofty, they are simple and our own; and we may possibly enjoy our native rural sports, and the rude remembrances of them, with the truer relish on this account, that they are suited to us and we to them. The English nation, too, are naturally "brothers of the angle." This pursuit implies just that mixture of patience and pastime, of vacancy and thoughtfulness, of idleness and business, of pleasure and of pain, which is suited to the genius of an Englishman, and as I suspect, of no one else in the same degree. He is eminently gifted to stand in the situation assigned by Dr. Johnson to the angler, "at one end of a rod with a worm at the other." I should suppose no language can show such a book as an often-mentioned one, "Walton's Complete Angler,"—so full of *naïveté*, of unaffected sprightliness, of busy trifling, of dainty songs, of refreshing brooks, of shady arbours, of happy thoughts and of the herb called *Heart's Ease*! Some persons can see neither the wit nor wisdom of this genuine volume, as if a book as well as a man might not have a personal character belonging to it, amiable, venerable from the spirit of joy and thorough goodness it manifests, independently of acute remarks or scientific discoveries: others object to the cruelty of Walton's theory and practice of trout-fishing—for my part, I should as soon charge an infant with cruelty for killing a fly, and I feel the same sort of pleasure in reading his book as I should have done in the company of this happy, child-like old man, watching his ruddy cheek, his laughing eye, the kindness of his heart, and the dexterity of his hand in seizing his finny prey! It must be confessed, there is often an odd sort of *materiality* in English sports and recreations. I have known several persons, whose existence consisted wholly in manual exercises, and all whose enjoyments lay at their finger-ends. Their greatest happiness was in cutting a stick, in mending a cabbage-net, in digging a hole in the ground, in hitting a mark, turning a lathe, or in something else of the same kind, at which they had a certain *knack*. Well is it when we can amuse ourselves with such trifles and without injury to others! This class of character, which the Spectator has immortalized in the person of Will Wimble, is still common among younger brothers and gentlemen of retired incomes in town or country. The *Cockney* character is of our English growth, as this intimates a feverish fidgety delight in rural sights and sounds, and a longing wish, after the turmoil and confinement of a city-life, to transport one's-self to the freedom and breathing sweetness of a country retreat. London is half suburbs. The suburbs of Paris are a desert; and you see nothing but crazy wind-mills, stone-walls, and a few straggling visitants in spots where in England you would see a thousand villas, a thousand terraces crowned with their own delights, or be stunned with the noise of bowling-greens

and tea-gardens, or stilled with the fumes of tobacco mingling with fragrant shrubs, or the clouds of dust raised by half the population of the metropolis panting and toiling in search of a mouthful of fresh air. The Parisian is, perhaps, as well (or better) contented with himself wherever he is, stewed in his shop or his garret; the Londoner is miserable in these circumstances, and glad to escape from them.\* Let no one object to the gloomy appearance of a London Sunday, compared with a Parisian one. It is a part of our politics and our religion: we would not have James the First's "Book of Sports" thrust down our throats: and besides, it is a part of our character to do one thing at a time, and not to be dancing a jig and on our knees in the same breath. It is true the Englishman spends his Sunday evening at the ale-house—

—————"e'en on Sunday  
 —drank with Kirton Jean till Monday"—

but he only unbends and waxes mellow by degrees, and sits soaking till he can neither sit, stand, nor go: it is his vice, and a beastly one it is, but not a proof of any inherent distaste to mirth or good-fellowship. Neither can foreigners throw the carnival in our teeth with any effect: those who have seen it (at Florence, for example,) will say that it is duller than any thing in England. Our Bartholomew-Fair is Queen Mab herself to it! What can be duller than a parcel of masks moving about the streets and looking as grave and monotonous as possible from day to day, and with the same lifeless formality in their limbs and gestures as in their features? One might as well expect variety and spirit in a procession of waxwork. We must be hard run indeed, when we have recourse to a pasteboard proxy to set off our mirth: a mask may be a very good cover for licentiousness, (though of that I saw no signs,) but is a very bad exponent of wit and humour. I should suppose there is more drollery and unction in the caricatures in Gilray's shop-window, than in all the masks in Italy, without exception.†

The humour of English writing and description has often been wondered at; and it flows from the same source as the merry *traits* of our character. A degree of barbarism and rusticity seems necessary to the perfection of humour. The droll and laughable depend on peculiarity and incongruity of character. But with the progress of refinement, the peculiarities of individuals and of classes wear out or lose their sharp, abrupt edges; nay, a certain slowness and dulness of understanding is required to be struck with odd and unaccountable appearances, for which a greater facility of apprehension can sooner assign an explanation that breaks the force of the seeming absurdity, and to which a wider scope of imagination is more easily reconciled. Clowns and country people are more amused, are more disposed to laugh and make sport of the dress of strangers, because from their ignorance the surprise is greater, and they cannot conceive any thing to be natural of

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\* The English are fond of change of scene; the French of change of posture; the Italians like to sit still and do nothing.

† Bells are peculiar to England. They jingle them in Italy during the carnival as boys do with us at Shrovetide; but they have no notion of ringing them. The sound of village bells never cheers you in travelling, nor have you the lute or cittern in their stead. Yet the expression of "Merry Bells" is a favourite and not one of the least appropriate in our language.

proper to which they are unused. Without a given portion of hardness and repulsiveness of feeling the ludicrous cannot well exist. Wonder, and curiosity, the attributes of inexperience, enter greatly into its composition. Now it appears to me that the English are (or were) just at that mean point between intelligence and obtuseness, which must produce the most abundant and happiest crop of humour. Absurdity and singularity glide over the French mind without jarring or jostling with it; or they evaporate in levity:—with the Italians they are lost in indolence or pleasure. The ludicrous takes hold of the English imagination, and clings to it with all its ramifications. We resent any difference or peculiarity of appearance at first, and yet, having not much malice at our hearts, we are glad to turn it into a jest—we are liable to be offended, and as willing to be pleased—struck with oddity from not knowing what to make of it, we wonder and burst out laughing at the eccentricity of others, while we follow our own bent from wilfulness or simplicity, and thus afford them, in our turn, matter for the indulgence of the comic vein. It is possible that a greater refinement of manners may give birth to finer distinctions of satire and a nicer tact for the ridiculous: but our insular situation and character are, I should say, most likely to foster, as they have in fact fostered, the greatest quantity of natural and striking humour, in spite of our plodding tenaciousness, and want both of gaiety and quickness of perception. A set of raw recruits with their awkward movements and unbending joints are laughable enough: but they cease to be so, when they have once been drilled into discipline and uniformity. So it is with nations that lose their angular points and grotesque qualities with education and intercourse: but it is in a mixed state of manners that comic humour chiefly flourishes, for, in order that the drollery may not be lost, we must have spectators of the passing scene who are able to appreciate and embody its most remarkable features,—wits as well as *butts* for ridicule. I shall mention two names in this department, which may serve to redeem the national character from absolute dulness and solemn pretence,—Fielding and Hogarth. These were thorough specimens of true English humour; yet both were grave men. In reality, too high a pitch of animal spirits runs away with the imagination, instead of helping it to reach the goal; is inclined to take the jest for granted when it ought to work it out with patient and marked touches, and it ends in vapid flippancy and impertinence. Among our neighbours on the Continent, Moliere and Rabelais carried the freedom of wit and humour to an almost incredible height; but they rather belonged to the old French school, and approach and even exceed the English licence and extravagance of conception. I do not consider Congreve's wit (though it belongs to us) as coming under the article here spoken of; for his genius is any thing but *merry*. Lord Byron was in the habit of railing at the spirit of our good old comedy, and of abusing Shakspeare's Clowns and Fools, which he said the refinement of the French and Italian stage would not endure, and which only our grossness and puerile taste could tolerate. In this I agree with him; and it is *pat* to my purpose. I flatter myself that we are almost the only people left who understand and relish *nonsense*. We are not “merry and wise,” but indulge our mirth to excess and folly. When we trifle, we trifle in good earnest; and having once relaxed our hold of the helm, drift idly down the stream,

and delighted with the change are tossed about "by every little breath" of whim or caprice,

"That under Heaven is blown."

All we then want is to proclaim a truce with reason, and to be pleased with as little expense of thought or pretension to wisdom as possible. This licensed fooling is carried to its very utmost length in Shakspeare, and in some other of our elder dramatists, without, perhaps, sufficient warrant or the same excuse. Nothing can justify this extreme relaxation but extreme tension. Shakspeare's trifling does indeed tread upon the very borders of vacancy: his meaning often hangs by the very slenderest threads. For this he might be blamed if it did not take away our breath to follow his eagle flights, or if he did not at other times make the cordage of our hearts crack. After our heads ache with thinking, it is fair to play the fool. The clowns were as proper an appendage to the gravity of our antique literature, as fools and dwarfs were to the stately dignity of courts and noble houses in former days. Of all people, they have the best right to claim a total exemption from rules and rigid formality, who, when they have any thing of importance to do, set about it with the greatest earnestness and perseverance, and are generally grave and sober to a proverb.\* Poor Swift, who wrote more idle or *nonsense* verses than any man, was the severest of moralists; and his feelings and observations morbidly acute. Did not Lord Byron himself follow up his Childe Harold with his Don Juan?—not that I insist on what he did as any illustration of the English character. He was one of the English Nobility, not one of the English People; and his occasional ease and familiarity were in my mind equally constrained and affected, whether in relation to the pretensions of his rank or the efforts of his genius.

They ask you in France, how you pass your time in England with-out amusements; and can with difficulty believe that there are theatre in London, still less that they are larger and handsomer than those of Paris. That we should have comic actors, "they own, surprises them." They judge of the English character in the lump as one great jolt head, containing all the stupidity of the country, as the large ball at the top of the Dispensary in Warwick-lane, from its resemblance to a gilded pill, has been made to represent the whole pharmacopœia and professional quackery of the kingdom. They have no more notion, for instance, how we should have such an actor as Liston on our stage, than if we were to tell them we have parts performed by a sea-otter; nor if they were to see him, would they be much the wiser, or know what to think of his unaccountable twitches of countenance or non-descript gestures, of his teeth chattering in his head, his eyes that seem dropping from their sockets, his nose that is tickled by a jest as by a feather and shining with self-complacency as if oiled, his ignorant conceit, his gaping stupor, his lumpish vivacity in Lubin Log or Tony Lumpkin; for as our rivals do not wind up the machine to such a determined intensity of purpose, neither have they any idea of its running down to such degrees of imbecility and folly, or coming to

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\* The strict formality of French serious writing is resorted to as a foil to the natural levity of their character.

an absolute *stand-still* and lack of meaning, nor can they enter into or be amused with the contrast. No people ever laugh heartily who can give a reason for their doing so : and I believe the English in general are not yet in this predicament. They are not metaphysical, but very much in a state of nature ; and this is one main ground why I give them credit for being merry, notwithstanding appearances. Their mirth is not the mirth of vice or desperation, but of innocence and a native wildness. They do not cavil or boggle at niceties, and not merely come to the edge of a joke, but break their necks over it with a wanton "Here goes," where others make a *pirouette* and stand upon decorum. The French cannot, however, be persuaded of the excellence of our comic stage, nor of the store we set by it. When they ask what amusements we have, it is plain they can never have heard of Mrs. Jordan, nor King, nor Bannister, nor Suett, nor Munden, nor Lewis, nor little Simmons, nor Dodd, and Parsons, and Emery, and Miss Pope, and Miss Farren, and all those who even in my time have gladdened a nation and "made life's business like a summer's dream." Can I think of them, and of their names that glittered in the play-bills when I was young, exciting all the flutter of hope and expectation of seeing them in their favourite parts of Nell, or Little Pickle, or Touchstone, or Sir Peter Teazle, or Lenitive in the Prize, or Lingo, or Crabtree, or Nipperkin, or old Dornton, or Ranger, or the Copper-Captain, or Lord Sands, or Filch, or Moses, or Sir Andrew Aguecheek, or Acres, or Elbow, or Hodge, or Flora, or the Duenna, or Lady Teazle, or Lady Grace, or of the gaiety that sparkled in all eyes, and the delight that overflowed all hearts, as they glanced before us in these parts,

"Throwing a gaudy shadow upon life,"—

and not feel my heart yearn within me, or couple the thoughts of England and the spleen together ? Our cloud has at least its rainbow tints : ours is not one long polar night of cold and dulness, but we have the gleaming lights of fancy to amuse us, the household fires of truth and genius to warm us. We can go to a play and see Liston ; or stay at home and read Roderick Random ; or have Hogarth's prints of *Marriage à la Mode* hanging round our room. "Tut ! there's livers even in England," as well as "out of it." We are not quite the *forlorn hope* of humanity, the last of nations. The French look at us across the Channel, and seeing nothing but water and a cloudy mist, think that this is England.

—— "What's our Britain

In the world's volume ? In a great pool a swan's nest."

If they have any farther idea of us, it is of George III. and our Jack tars, the House of Lords and House of Commons, and this is no great addition to us. To go beyond this, to talk of arts and elegances as having taken up their abode here, or to say that Mrs. Abington was equal to Mademoiselle Mars, and that we at one time got up the "School for Scandal," as they do the "Misanthrope," is to persuade them that Iceland is a pleasant summer-retreat, or to recommend the whale-fishery as a classical amusement. The French are the *cockneys* of Europe, and have no idea how any one can exist out of Paris, or be alive without incessant grimace and *jubber*. Yet what imports it ? What ! though the joyous train I have just enumerated, were, per-

haps, never heard of in the precincts of the Palais-Royal, is it not enough that they gave pleasure where they were, to those who saw and heard them? Must our laugh, to be sincere, have its echo on the other side of the water? Had not the French their favourites and their enjoyments at the time, that we knew nothing of? Why then should we not have ours (and boast of them too) without their leave? A monopoly of self-conceit is not a monopoly of all other advantages. The English, when they go abroad, do not take away the prejudice against them by their looks. We seem duller and sadder than we are. As I write this, I am sitting in the open air in a beautiful valley near Vevey: Clarens is on my left, the Dent de Jaman is behind me, the rocks of Meillerie opposite: under my feet is a green bank, enamelled with white and purple flowers, in which a dew-drop here and there still glitters with pearly light—

“And gaudy butterflies flutter around.”

Intent upon the scene and upon the thoughts that stir within me, I conjure up the cheerful passages of my life, and a crowd of happy images appear before me. No one would see it in my looks—my eyes grow dull and fixed, and I seem rooted to the spot, as all this phantasmagoria passes in review before me, glancing a reflex lustre on the face of the world and nature. But the traces of pleasure, in my case, sink into an absorbent ground of thoughtful melancholy, and require to be brought out by time and circumstances, or as (the critics tell you) by the *varnish* of style!

The *comfort*, on which the English lay so much stress, is of the same character, and arises from the same source as their mirth. Both exist by contrast and a sort of contradiction. The English are certainly the most uncomfortable of all people in themselves, and therefore it is that they stand in need of every kind of comfort and accommodation. The least thing puts them out of their way, and therefore every thing must be in its place. They are mightily offended at disagreeable tastes and smells, and therefore they exact the utmost neatness and nicety. They are sensible of heat and cold, and therefore they cannot exist, unless every thing is snug and warm, or else open and airy, where they are. They must have “all appliances and means to boot.” They are afraid of interruption and intrusion, and therefore they shut themselves up in in-door enjoyments and by their own firesides. It is not that they require luxuries (for that implies a high degree of epicurean indulgence and gratification), but they cannot do without *their comforts*; that is, whatever tends to supply their physical wants, and ward off physical pain and annoyance. As they have not a fund of animal spirits and enjoyments in themselves, they cling to external objects for support, and derive solid satisfaction from the ideas of order, cleanliness, plenty, property, and domestic quiet, as they seek for diversion from odd accidents and grotesque surprises, and have the highest possible relish not of voluptuous softness, but of hard knocks and dry blows, as one means of ascertaining their personal identity.



LAMENT OF ALCÆUS<sup>†</sup> UPON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS  
REJECTION BY SAPPHO.\*

IN vain, alas ! in vain,  
My native main,  
Thy glad waves roll in light and music nigh :—  
Unlike himself of yore,  
Alcæus seeks thy shore  
To muse on Sappho's lyre and Sappho's eye.  
Once more the day of gloom,  
Whose mournful doom  
Gave me to tears, renews their bitter flow ;  
Once more Affection mourns,  
As o'er its wreck returns  
The wave that laid its treasured all below.  
Albeit none living e'er  
The strain may hear,  
It soothes to weave the sorrow-breathing song—  
Though vain as is the dirge,  
Borne o'er the reckless surge,  
For those who rest the gray deep's caves among.  
Lone lady of my soul !  
Long years may roll,  
But still, oh still, my heart will all be thine :—  
Still, as these hours return,  
Shall purer incense burn,  
And holier myrtles wave around thy shrine !  
Oh, as this day floats by,  
Will not one sigh  
Be given to him, through time and change thine own ?  
Will not thine eye be dim  
With one bright tear for him,  
Whose love yet lasts, though Phaon's love be flown ?  
Sad heart ! it is thy lot  
To be forgot—  
But never to forget the golden past :—  
Of thee no relics dwell  
In her young memory's cell—  
No shade on her one thought of thee will cast !  
Yet still that magic name  
Shoots through my frame,  
And wakes my heart, as breezes sweep the lyre ;  
Still, still, alas ! I feel  
The wound no time can heal,  
And in sweet madness feed the wasting fire.

J.

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\* There is a tradition, with which every scholar must be familiar, that the poet Alcæus was enamoured of Sappho—and in vain. True or otherwise, it is sufficient for all the purposes of poetry, that such a tradition exists. The circumstance may be imaginary, yet it is by no means improbable. He was not only her contemporary, but her compatriot ; and the love of the lyre was common to both. Is it, therefore, too romantic to imagine, that the poet might have given something more than admiration to the genius and beauty of his celebrated countrywoman ?

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## CENNINO CENNINI'S TREATISE ON PAINTING.

THIS is an Italian work, nearly four centuries old, upon the materials and mechanism of the art. Three copies in MS. are known to exist; and it was first printed in Rome, from the one in the Vatican, in 1821. Cennini was a pupil of Agnolo Taddeo, whose father painted under the celebrated Giotto for four and twenty years; and it is therefore not only the earliest work of the kind, but it lets us into the secrets of that peculiar school. It has not been printed as a mere object of curiosity; on the contrary, its editor appears to consider it as of no value except as a book of reference for modern artists, where they may meet with useful hints, hitherto concealed, or be confirmed in rules so long established. Besides, when we are acquainted with all the colours then in use, the exact mode of their preparation, and the whole process of their laying on, we can possibly discover, by a careful examination of the works of Giotto and his followers, the cause of their present change in some parts, and in others of their lasting brilliancy; a study that may lead to important results for the durability of painting. Leonardi da Vinci, as far as we are aware of, several of his works being lost, has written chiefly on the theory of painting. Armenini picked up his information from many schools; and his book is of use, as it is not difficult to trace his instructions in any of the masters he mentions, especially Fra. Bartolomeo; but Armenini, comparatively speaking, is a modern writer.

The treatise is little more than a collection of recipes, called chapters, and there are a hundred and seventy-one of them. The first thirty-four are occupied in instructions for drawing. After mentioning that he who approaches the art from the love of fame, and with an honourable feeling, is to be preferred to such as seek for worldly gain; and recommending that he should come adorned with the garment of love, fear, obedience, and perseverance, and "as soon as thou canst, place thyself under the guidance of a master,—as late as thou canst, leave thy master;" he then enters upon drawing in outline, and makes known the methods adopted in his time as succedaneums for our modern lead-pencils and paper. Some of these are curious: a style of silver, or of copper with a silver point, is recommended to draw with on wooden tables prepared with calcined bones; and one of lead, mixed with one-third of pewter, on parchment, or on a sort of cotton stuff (*bambagina*.) But without following him through his minute details, even to the making a pen out of a goose-quill, we must notice a passage which modern Italian pupils, and some English ones, who are apt to think they do enough in copying their masters, would do well to consider; nothing can be better than this advice, and it shows how earnestly Nature was studied by the oldest painters:

"Observe that thy best director, thy perfect guide, is Nature. Copy from her. In her paths is thy triumphal arch. She is above all other teachers; and ever confide in her with a bold heart, especially when thou beginnest to feel there is a sentiment in drawing. Day after day, never fail in drawing something, which however little it may be, will yet in the end be much; and do thy best."

He proceeds in the following chapters to describe the colours then in use, commending some, and condemning others for their liability to

fade. This is interesting to artists; and it is worthy of remark that the old masters painted with very few colours, and that, generally speaking, those that are approved of by them, have maintained their brilliancy. His receipt for the preparation of ultramarine, at present a mystery, is perhaps similar to that from which the colourmen of Rome derive so great a profit.

We have afterwards twenty-two chapters on fresco-painting, an art utterly neglected in England. Here Cennini takes an opportunity of dilating on the proportions of the male figure, not a little different from the Grecian; we have no quarrel with him on that score, nor with his belief that the man has one rib less on the left side than the woman, but we must protest against the astonishing assertion of "I do not treat of the proportions of female form, because they are in no way perfect!" This is worse than his errors in the rules of perspective.

The first of a set of chapters entitled—"The mode of working in oil on a wall, on wood, iron, and where thou wilt," will surprise those who have hitherto believed that the Italians did not paint in oil until a later period. This part of the treatise entirely overthrows Vasari's account of the introduction of that invention into Italy by Antonello da Messina, said to have learnt it in Flanders from John Van Eyck. Cennini's editor, a Roman Cavaliere, occupies a large portion of a long preface, not only in refuting Vasari, but in stripping Van Eyck of the honour of the invention, and conferring it on the Italians. This is a question that has already been canvassed by many writers, and we hope to be excused for not entering into the heat of the argument. After all, the Cavaliere admits that perhaps we are indebted to Van Eyck for having brought oil-painting into general use, and for having discovered the excellent properties of nut-oil; still, however, contending for the honour of his countrymen, that the Italian monk, Teofilo Ruggieri, who lived in the eleventh century, wrote directions for painting in oil, and adds a Latin quotation to that effect from the monk's works. It is well to notice that Cennini recommends the heat of the sun in preference to fire for the baking of linseed-oil, and that the Florentines, to this day, are in the habit of preparing their nut-oil in the sun. Some of our own artists have adopted the same method, as they find that the oil, by such a process, remains clearer, and by no means of so dark a colour.

Cennini then treats of painting in distemper, whether on wood or plaster. He afterwards gives a variety of receipts for ornamental work, for gilding pictures or their frames, for illuminating books, and other things of a similar nature; and concludes his work with instructions for taking plaster casts from the life, and for casting in metal.

No apology, we conceive, can be necessary for having given a description of the matter contained in this interesting volume,—at least towards lovers of the art. Our other readers, if such there should be, probably may find amusement in some of the peculiarities in the manner of it. As it was the fashion in that age to commence an important work with an account of the creation of the world, Cennini, who certainly did not imagine his work inferior to any in importance, does the same; and it is curious to observe how he winds the creation round to his own purposes. We give a correct translation of his commencement,—a portentous first step towards the art and mystery of painting :

"In the beginning, when the omnipotent God created heaven and earth, superior to all things that live or vegetate, he created man and woman in his own image, endowing them with every good gift. Then through evil chance, arising from envy of Adam, Lucifer, with malice and cunning, deceived him into sin, against the commandment of God,—that is to say, he deceived Eve, and then Eve Adam; wherefore God was provoked at Adam, and caused him by an angel to be driven, him and his companion, out of paradise, saying unto them,—‘Since ye have transgressed the commandment, which God had given you, in labour and fatigue shall ye pass your lives.’ Then Adam, aware of the fault he had committed, and being endowed by God so nobly, as the origin and father of us all, soon found means, taught by knowledge and necessity, of living by his hands. And thus he began with the spade, and Eve began to spin. Then he followed many useful arts, each differing from the other; and there was, and now is, a greater degree of science in some above the others; for all cannot be equal. Therefore, as science is the most worthy, that which follows in order, as the next worthy, is its direct descendant, founded thereon, together with the operation of the hand, and this is an art which is called *painting*,” &c.

We had absolutely forgotten his—what can we call it?—his dedication. It is in the highest spirit of Catholicism, such as is unknown in these regenerate days; and so great is his admiration of the art, which was truly part and parcel of all devotion in his time, that he places “the great master” Giotto, Taddeo, and his own master Agnolo, amidst the very Saints, possibly in the full persuasion that they also should be canonized. Lo! the dedication:

“Beginneth the Book on the Art, written and composed by Cennino da Colle, in reverence of God, and of the Virgin Mary, and of St. Eustace, and of St. Francis, and of St. John the Baptist, and of St. Anthony of Padua, and generally of all the male and female Saints of God, and in reverence of Giotto, of Taddeo, and of Agnolo the master of Cennino, and for the use, and good, and gain of those who shall desire to succeed in the said Art.”

This is not the only instance of his calling on the Saints; and at last he includes (strangely omitted in his former invocations) St. Luke the Evangelist, and painter. How, without a doubt to perplex him, does he yield up his soul to all the dogmas of the Church! His was not a faith, it was a certainty. So far does his conviction waft him beyond our notions, that he is verily assured the Madonna, his Queen of Heaven, will be gratified at being well painted and adorned in fresco or distemper! There is a particular recipe for the colouring of her mantle; and afterwards (chap. 96) he counsels a painter to make use of fine gold and good colours, “especially for the figure of our Lady;” promising him either to be amply repaid for the extra cost by some rich purchaser, or “that God and our Lady will benefit him for it both in soul and body.”

He has another whimsical passage, of the aristocratic kind. Among the instructions for taking a plaster cast from the face of a living person, he introduces these of honourable distinction:

“And bear thou in mind, should the person from whom thou takes a cast be of great importance (such as a lord, a king, a pope, an emperor), mix the plaster with *rose water*, warmed a little; and for other

persons, any kind of water, from the fountain, the well, or the river, made a little warm, is enough."

Little is known of the life of Cennini. Were it not for his treatise, his name might have been forgotten. He wrote it in his old age, at about eighty years, a prisoner for debt in Florence. It is impossible to discover whether his misfortunes arose from the neglect of his patrons, or his own imprudence; for there is no further evidence of the fact than the date at the end of his book, in an attempt at Latin, mixed up with Italian,—"*Finito libro referamus gratia Christi, 1437 a di 31 di luglio. Ex \*Stincorum f.*" Vasari notices his treatise at some length, and says, "Besides the works which he executed together with his master in Florence, there is a picture, under the *loggia* of the hospital of Bonifazio Lapi, of our Lady with certain Saints, coloured in such a manner, that it is even at this time in excellent preservation." This picture, upon the rebuilding of the hospital by Leopold, was placed in the Chapel, on the right-hand side of the altar. We have seen it there, and can attest to its excellent preservation two hundred and seventy years since Vasari saw it. The colouring is unusually vivid for so old a painting. It is divided by arches into five compartments; in the middle one is seated our Lady with the infant in her lap; and there are eight saints, in couples, under the arches on each side of her. Cennini appears to have considered Giotto's style as the perfection of art, as indeed he intimates throughout his book, and no attempt is made in this picture to improve upon him. There is all the quaintness and angular drawing of that school, with less of its energy; at the same time it has its simplicity of attitude, and its quiet expression of a holy feeling. The Virgin is graceful, and the harmony of colour, particularly in her figure, is well preserved. St. George with a dragon, not much bigger than a lizard, is a mistake, and the child is strangely out of proportion. We have not heard of any other paintings ascribed to Cennini, though there are doubtless many of his among the numerous works of the Giotto school, which it is impossible for the best judges to attribute to any particular hand.

To do justice to Giotto, we ought to look at the works of Cimabue. Raphael did not excel his master Perugino, more than Giotto excelled his predecessor. Besides, Raphael had other and better teachers than his master: it is well known he carefully studied the works of Leonardo da Vinci; he was personally instructed by Fra. Bartolomeo; the treasures of Grecian sculpture were then brought to light; and his contemporaries were Michael Angelo and the host of Italy's wonderful painters. He surpassed them all in the perfection of the art—its poetry. His forms are not only graceful and beautiful, they are replete with sentiment, with thought, in every feature, in every limb, and he breathed a soul throughout the creations of his fancy. This praise, in a less degree, in spite of his stiffness and weak drawing, is due to Giotto. In him we see a constant yearning after beauty and sentiment, often successful, and never utterly failing. A modern critic, speaking of the Campo Santo at Pisa, where, among others, there are several frescoes by Giotto, says,—“The best idea, perhaps, which I can give an Englishman of the general character of the paintings, is by referring

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\* *Le Stinche*, the common prison for debtors in Florence.

him to the engravings of Albert Durer, and the serious parts of Chaucer. There is the same want of proper costume—the same intense feeling of the human being, both in body and soul—the same bookish, romantic, and retired character—the same evidences, in short, of antiquity and commencement, weak (where it is weak) for want of a settled art and language, but strong for that very reason in first impulses, and in putting down all that is felt." There are numerous specimens of Giotto scattered in Italy; but we advise travellers, in addition to the Campo Santo at Pisa, to visit the Cathedrals of Padua and Assisi, where there are some of his best works, and the Refectory of the Convent of Santa Croce, in Florence, where there is a "Last Supper" by him, from which Leonardo da Vinci has borrowed largely for his fresco on the same subject.

A translation of Cennino Cennini, together with one of Armenini, would be of the highest importance to artists. Notes should be added to the volume, making as much known as possible respecting the modern discoveries. Palmaroſi's edition of Mazzocchi, on the chemical and other properties of colours used in Italy at the present day, would be of great assistance. We are aware it will be difficult, among our own countrymen, to obtain all the information they can afford for these notes; as many of our painters, and of the first class, endeavour to keep their secrets, if they have any, to themselves. They allege, as their apology, that every man has a right to his own discoveries; and that, in keeping them secret, they follow the example of Titian. For the first, they may be answered, that their argument does not sound so well for a liberal as an illiberal art; and as for their other excuse, if what they urge against Titian is true, why not rival him in his colouring rather than in his selfishness and envy?

## A FRAGMENT.

THE brain is like a cavern wherein lies  
 A lake unfathomably dark and deep,—  
 The heart is a red river which doth sweep  
 Raging along o'er point and precipice,  
 Mingling with amorous cries and pulsing drums,  
 Immeasurably mad;—yet, when it comes  
 To that rich lake, whose shadowy secrets sleep  
 Deeper than death, it stops,—sometimes to weep,  
 Sometimes because those stagnate waters rise,  
 Gazing upon its course with piercing eyes,  
 And fling upon its crimson waves a light,  
 As luminous stars transform the sable night;  
 And sometimes these two mingle (lake and stream);  
 And then soft mists arise, and many a dream  
 Is shaped and floats upon its airy way;—  
 And so is born, as poets' voices say,  
*Imagination!*—

MYSTICUS.



## WIT MADE EASY, OR A HINT TO WORD-CATCHERS.

A.—HERE comes B. the liveliest yet most tiresome of word-catchers. I wonder whether he'll have wit enough to hear good news of his mistress.—Well, B., my dear boy, I hope I see you well.

B.—I hope you do, my dear A., otherwise you have lost your eyesight.

A.—Good. Well, how do you do?

B.—How? Why as other people do. You would not have me eccentric, would you?

A.—Nonsense. I mean, how do you find yourself?

B.—Find myself! Where's the necessity of finding myself? I have not been lost.

A.—Incorrigible dog! come now; to be serious.

B.—(*Comes closer to A. and looks very serious.*)

A.—Well, what now?

B.—I am come, to be serious.

A.—Come now; nonsense, B., leave off this. (*Laying his hand on his arm.*)

B.—(*Looking down at his arm.*)—I can't leave off this. It would look very absurd to go without a sleeve.

A.—Ah, ha! You make me laugh in spite of myself. How's Jackson?

B.—The deuce! How's Jackson! Well I never should have thought that. How can Howe be Jackson? "Surname and arms," I suppose, of some rich uncle? I have not seen him gazetted.

A.—Good bye.

B.—(*Detaining him.*)—"Good Bye!" What a sudden enthusiasm in favour of some virtuous man of the name of Bye! "Good Bye!"—To think of Ashton standing at the corner of the street, doating aloud on the integrity of a Mr. Bye!

A.—Ludicrous enough. I can't help laughing, I confess. But laughing does not always imply merriment. You do not delight us, Jack, with these sort of jokes, but tickle us; and tickling may give pain.

B.—Don't accept it then. You need not take every thing that is given you.

A.—You'll want a strait-forward answer some day, and then——

B.—You'll describe a circle about me, before you give it. Well, that's your affair, not mine. You'll astonish the natives, that's all.

A.—It's great nonsense, you must allow.

B.—I can't see why *it* is greater nonsense than any other pronoun.

A.—(*In despair.*)—Well, it's of no use, I see.

B.—Excuse me: *it* is of the very greatest use. I don't know a part of speech more useful. *It* performs all the greatest offices of nature, and contains, in fact, the whole agency and mystery of the world. *It* rains. *It* is fine weather. *It* freezes. *It* thaws. *It* (which is very odd) is one o'clock. "*It* has been a very frequent observation." *It* goes. Here *it* goes. How goes *it*?—(which, by the way, is a translation from the Latin, *Eo, is, it; Eo, I go; is, thou goest; it, he or it goes.* In short——

A.—In short, if I wanted a dissertation on *it*, now's the time for it. But I don't; so, good-bye.—(*going*)—I saw Miss M. last night.

B.—The devil you did! Where was it?

A.—(*To himself*)—Now I have him, and will revenge myself. Where was it? Where was it, eh? Oh you must know a great deal more about it than I do.

B.—Nay, my dear fellow, do tell me. I'm on thorns.

A.—On thorns! Very odd thorns. I never saw an acanthus look so like a pavement.

B.—Come now, to be serious.

A.—(*Comes close to B. and looks tragic.*)

B.—He, he! Very fair, egad. But do tell me now where was she? How did she look? Who was with her?

A.—Oh, ho! *Hoo* was with her, was he? •Well, I wanted to know his name. I could not tell who the devil it was. But I say, Jack, *who's Hoo*?

B.—Good. He, he! Devilish fair! But now, my dear Will, for God's sake, you know how interested I am.

A.—The deuce you are! I always took you for a disinterested fellow. I always said of Jack B., Jack apt to overdo his credit for wit; but a more honest disinterested fellow I never met with.

B.—Well, then, as you think so be merciful. Where is Miss M.?

A.—This is more astonishing news than any. *Ware* is Miss M. I know her passion for music; but this is wonderful. Good Heavens! To think of a delicate young lady dressing herself in man's clothes, and leading the band at a theatre under the name of Ware.

B.—Now, my dear Will, consider. I acknowledge I have been tiresome; I confess it is a bad habit, this word-catching; but consider my love.

A.—(*Falls in an attitude of musing.*)

B.—Well.

A.—Don't interrupt me. I am considering your love.

B.—I repent; I am truly sorry. What shall I do?—(*Laying his hand on his heart.*)—I'll give up this cursed habit.

A.—You will?—upon honour?

B.—Upon my honour.

A.—On the spot?

B.—Now, this instant. Now, and for ever.

A.—Strip away then.

B.—Strip! for what?

A.—You said you'd give up that cursed habit.

B.—Now my dear A. for the love of every thing that is sacred; for the love of your own love——

A.—Well, you promise me sincerely?

B.—Heart and soul.

A.—Step over the way, then, into the coffee-house, and I'll tell you.

*Street-Sweeper.*—Plase your honour, pray remember the poor swape.

B.—My friend, I'll never forget you, if that will be of any service. I'll think of you next year.

A.—What again!

B.—The last time, as I hope to be saved. Here, my friend; there's a shilling for you. Charity covers a multitude of bad jokes.

*Street-Sweeper.*—God send your honour thousands of them!

B.—The jokes or the shillings, you rascal?



*Street-Sweepers.*—Och, the shillings. Divil a bit the bad jokes. I can make them myself, and a shilling's no joke any how.

A.—What! really silent! and in spite of the dog's equivocal Irish face! Come, B., I now see you can give up a jest, and are really in love; and your mistress, I will undertake to say, will not be sorry to be convinced of both. Women like to begin with merriment well enough; but they are mightily fond of coming to a grave conclusion

## D RECORDS OF WOMAN.—No. IV.

### *The Indian City.\**

ROYAL in splendour went down the day  
On the plain where an Indian City lay,  
With its crown of domes o'er the forest high,  
Red as if fused in the burning sky,  
And its deep groves pierced by the rays that made  
A bright stream's way through each long arcade,  
Till the pillar'd vaults of the banian stood  
Like torch-lit aisles midst the solemn wood,  
And the plantain glitter'd with leaves of gold,  
As a tree midst the Genii-gardens old,  
And the cypress pointed a blazing spire,  
And the stems of the cocoas were shafts of fire.

Many a white pagoda's gleam  
Slept lovely round upon lake and stream,  
Broken alone by the lotus-flowers,  
As they caught the glow of the sun's last hours  
Like rosy wine in their cups, and shed  
Its glory forth on their crystal bed.  
Many a graceful Hindoo maid  
With the water-vase from the palmy shade,  
Came gliding light as the Desert's roe,  
Down marble steps to the Tanks below;  
And a cool sweet plashing was ever heard,  
As the molten glass of the wave was stirr'd,  
And a murmur, thrilling the scented air,  
Told where the Brahmin bow'd in prayer.  
There wander'd a noble Moslem boy  
Through the scene of beauty in 'breathless joy;  
He gazed where the stately city rose  
Like a pageant of clouds in its red repose,  
He turn'd where birds through the gorgeous gloom  
Of the woods went glancing on starry plume,  
He track'd the brink of the shining lake,  
By the tall canes feather'd in tuft and brake,  
Till the path he chose, in its mazes wound  
To the very heart of the holy ground.

And there lay the water as if enshrined  
In a rocky urn from the sun and wind,  
Bearing the hues of the grove on high,  
Far down through its dark still purity.  
The flood beyond, to the fiery west  
Spread out like a metal-mirror's breast,

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\* See Forbes's Oriental Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 337, in which this story is related of Dhuboy, a city in Guzerat.

But that lone bay, in its dimness deep,  
Seem'd made for the swimmer's joyous leap,  
For the stag athirst from the noontide chase,  
For all free things of the wild wood's race.

Like a falcon's glance on the wide blue sky,  
Was the kindling flash of the boy's glad eye ;  
Like a sea-bird's flight to the foaming wave,  
From the shadowy bank was the bound he gave ;  
Dashing the spray-drops cold and white,  
O'er the glossy leaves in his young delight,  
And bowing his locks to the waters clear—  
—Alas ! he dreamt not that fate was near.

His mother look'd from her tent the while  
O'er heaven and earth with a quiet smile :  
She, on her way unto Mecca's fane,\*  
Had stay'd the course of her pilgrim train,  
Calmly to linger a few brief hours,  
In the Brahmin City's glorious bowers ;  
For the pomp of the forest—the wave's bright fall,  
The red gold of sunset—she loved them all.

## 2.

The moon rose clear in the splendour given  
To the deep-blue night of an Indian heaven,  
The boy from the high-arch'd woods came back—  
—Oh ! what had he met on his lonely track ?  
The serpent's glance, through the long reeds bright ?  
The arrowy spring of the tiger's might ?  
No !—yet as one by a conflict worn,  
With his graceful hair all soil'd and torn,  
And a gloom on the lids of his darken'd eye,  
And a gash on his bosom—he came to die !  
He look'd for the face to his young heart sweet,  
And found it, and sank at his mother's feet.

—“Speak to me !—whence doth the swift blood run ?  
What hath befallen thee, my child, my son ?”

The mist of death on his brow lay pale,  
But his voice just linger'd to breathe the tale,  
Murmuring faintly of wrong and scorn,  
And wounds from the children of Brahma borne  
This was the doom for a Moslem found,  
With foot profane, on their holy ground,  
This was for sullying the pure waves free  
Unto them alone—'twas their God's decree.

A change came o'er his wandering look—  
The mother shriek'd not then, nor shook :  
Breathless she knelt in her son's young blood,  
Rending her mantle to staunch its flood,  
But it rush'd like a river which none may stay,  
Bearing a flower to the deep away.  
That which our love to the earth would chain,  
Fearfully striving with Heaven in vain,  
That which fades from us, while yet we hold  
Clasp'd to our bosoms its mortal mould,  
Was fleeting before her, afar and fast—  
—One moment—the soul from the face had pass'd.

\* This pilgrimage was undertaken from the interior parts of Hindostan.

Are there no words for that common woe ?  
 —Ask of the thousands its depths that know !  
 The boy had breathed in his dreaming rest,  
 Like a low-voiced dove, on her gentle breast ;  
 He had stood when she sorrow'd, beside her knee,  
 Painfully stilling his quick heart's glee ;  
 He had kiss'd from her cheek the widow's tears,  
 With the loving lip of his infant years ;  
 He had smiled o'er her path like a bright spring-day—  
 —Now in his blood on the earth he lay !  
*Murder'd !*—Alas ! and such woe can dwell  
 In a world where we fear not to love so well !  
 She bow'd down mutely o'er her dead—  
 They that stood round her watch'd in dread ;  
 They watch'd—she knew not they were by,  
 Her soul sat veil'd in its agony.  
 On the silent lip she press'd no kiss,  
 Too stern was the grasp of her pangs for this ;  
 She shed no tear, as her face bent low  
 O'er the shining hair of the lifeless brow !  
 She look'd but into the half-shut eye,  
 With a gaze that found there no reply,  
 And shrieking, mantled her head from sight,  
 And fell, struck down by her misery's might.  
 And what deep change ? what work of power,  
 Was wrought on her secret soul that hour ?  
 How rose the lonely one ?—she rose  
 Like a prophetess from dark repose !  
 And proudly flung from her face the veil,  
 And shook the hair from her forehead pale,  
 And amidst her wondering handmaids stood,  
 With the sudden glance of a dauntless mood.  
 Aye, lifting up to the morn's clear sky,  
 A brow in its regal passion high,  
 With a close and rigid grasp she press'd  
 The blood-stain'd robe to her heaving breast,  
 And said—"Not yet—not yet I weep,  
 Not yet my spirit shall sink or sleep,  
 Not till yon city, in ruins rent,  
 Be piled for its victim's monument.  
 —Cover his dust, bear it on before !  
 It shall visit those temple-gates once more."  
 And away, in the train of the dead she turn'd—  
 The strength of her step was the heart that burn'd,  
 And the Brahmin groves to the Orient smiled,  
 As the mother pass'd with her slaughter'd child.

## 3.

Hark ! a wild sound of the Desert's horn  
 Through the woods round the Indian City borne,  
 A peal of the cymbal and tambour afar—  
 —War ! tis the gathering of Moslem war !  
 The Brahmin look'd from the leaguer'd towers—  
 He saw the wild archer amidst his bowers ;  
 And the lake that flash'd through the plantain shade,  
 As the light of the lances along it play'd ;  
 And the canes that shook as if winds were high,  
 When the fiery steed of the waste swept by ;  
 And the camp as it lay, like a billowy sea,  
 Wide round the sheltering banian tree.

There stood one tent, from the rest apart—  
That was the place of a wounded heart.  
Oh! deep is a wounded heart, and strong  
A voice that cries against mighty wrong;  
And full of death, as a hot wind's blight,  
Doth the ire of a crush'd affection light.

Maimuna from realm to realm had pass'd,  
And her tale had rung like a trumpet's blast.  
There had been words from her pale lips pour'd,  
Each one a spell to unsheath the sword;  
The Tartar had sprung from his steed to hear,  
And the dark chief of Araby grasp'd his spear,  
Till a chain of long lances begirt the wall,  
And a vow was recorded that doom'd ~~As~~ fall.

Back with the dust of her son she came,  
When her voice had kindled that lightning flame,  
She came in the might of a queenly foe,  
Banner and javelin and bended bow;  
But a deeper power on her forehead sate—  
*There* sought the warrior his star of Fate;  
Her eye's wild flash through the tented line  
Was hail'd as a spirit and a sign,  
And the faintest tone from her lip was caught,  
As a sibyl's breath of prophetic thought.

Vain, bitter glory!—the gift of Grief,  
That lights up vengeance to find relief,  
Transient and faithless!—it cannot fill  
So the deep void of the heart, nor still  
The yearning left by a broken tie,  
That haunted fever of which we die!

Sickening she turn'd from her sad renown,  
As a king in death might reject his crown;  
Slowly the strength of the walls gave way—  
*She* wither'd faster, from day to day.  
All the proud sounds of that banner'd plain,  
To stay the flight of her soul were vain;  
Like an eagle caged, it had striven, and worn  
The frail dust ne'er for such conflicts born,  
Till the bars were rent, and the hour was come  
For its fearful rushing through darkness home.

The bright sun set in his pomp and pride,  
As on that eve when the fair boy died;  
She gazed from her couch, and a softness fell  
O'er her weary heart with the day's farewell,  
She spoke, and her voice in its dying tone  
Had an echo of feelings that long seem'd flown.  
—She murmur'd a low sweet cradle song,  
Strange 'midst the din of a warrior throng,  
A song of the time when her boy's young cheek  
Had glow'd on her breast in its slumber meek,  
But something which breathed from that mournful strain,  
Sent a fitful gust o'er her soul again,  
And starting as if from a dream, she cried,  
—"Give him proud burial at my side!  
There by yon lake, where the palm-boughs wave,  
Where the temples are fallen, make there our grave."

And the temples fell, though the spirit pass'd,  
That stay'd not for victory's voice at last,  
When the day was won for the martyr-dead,  
For the broken heart, and the bright blood shed.

Through the gates of the conquer'd the Tartar steed  
Bore in the avenger with foaming speed,  
Free swept the flame through the idol-fanes,  
And the streams flow'd red, as from warrior veins,  
And the sword of the Moslem, let loose to slay,  
Like the panther leapt on its flying prey,  
Till a City of Ruin spread round the shade,  
Where the Boy and his Mother at rest were laid.\*

Palace and tower on that plain were left,  
Like fallen trees by the lightning cleft,  
The wild vine mantled the stately square,  
The Rajah's throne was the serpent's lair,  
And the jungle grass o'er the altar sprung—  
—This was the work of one deep heart wrung!

F. H.

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GUATEMALA†.

AMERICA, just raised to independence, and which, as a discovery, laid open by the calculations of genius, fixed the attention of the sixteenth century, deserves no less to occupy the undivided consideration of the nineteenth. Some of the new republics have already employed the pen of the politician; and several of them have lately been visited and described by travellers. One of them, however, *The Federal Republic of Central America*, in consequence perhaps of its having been the last to emancipate itself, has not yet attracted the notice of writers. Isolated in the midst of the New World, and without commercial relations, in consequence of its harbours being closed, the bare existence of the kingdom of Guatemala was all that was known respecting it. But two years have elapsed since that vast region elevated itself to the rank of an independent republic, and assumed the title, not yet generally disseminated, of "The Republic of Central America." This beautiful country, as an elegant writer of Guatemala‡ expresses himself, was till then *a rose shut up in its bud* § ! At present, not only by reason of its new political aspect, but also on account of its valuable and multifarious productions, to say nothing of its extent, it demands a distinct place in the geography of modern America, and claims forcibly the attention of the commercial world.

The geographical position of Guatemala is most favourable, and conducive to the extension of its riches and power. It is situated in the centre between North and South America, having on one

\* Their tombs are still remaining, according to Forbes, in a grove near the city.

† These details respecting the Federal Republic of Central America, are given upon the authority of the journal which Dr. Lavagnino, who travelled during the last summer in that part of America, had the kindness to communicate to us; upon secondly, the writings and statistical observations of Senor del Valle, one of the most learned and eminent citizens of that republic; upon the verbal information which Senor Herrera, Ex-Deputy of the Constituent Assembly of Guatemala, has had the politeness to communicate to us; and lastly, upon the acts of the government, and other official documents in our possession.

‡ Senor del Valle.

§ "Una rosa encerrada en su capello."

side the Republic of Colombia, and that of Mexico on the other. It is washed equally by the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and thus admirably placed so as to carry on those extensive relations which it will establish with all the nations of the Old and New World at some future day. The superficial extent of Guatemala is 26,152 square leagues, varying much in quality, height, exposure, temperature, and fertility. From this superficies it may be seen that it is larger than Spain in Europe, or the Republic of Chili in the new world. From the summits of the mountains which cross the territory of Guatemala, numerous rivers descend, that fertilise the soil through which they flow, refreshing the atmosphere, and discharging themselves into the Northern and Southern oceans. Some of these rivers are partly navigable, such as the Motagua, L'Ulua, L'Aguan, &c. many others might easily be made so, were the scheme encouraged by the government, or were it an object of private speculation: and no doubt, we shall behold the government seriously occupying itself with this important improvement as the prospects and resources of the nation unfold themselves. The great lake of Nicaragua, which is one hundred and fifty leagues in circumference, lies in the territory of this republic: a circumstance that will perhaps be one of the active concurring causes to make it an emporium of commerce, if the design of opening a communication between the Pacific and the Atlantic, by means of that lake and of the river San Juan de Nicaragua, be carried into effect. This undertaking several mercantile houses in London and North America are even now desirous of entering upon. The territory of Central America is accessible by numerous harbours. Towards the North are the ports of the Gulf, Omoa, Truxillo, San Juan, and Matina; and on the South those of Ricoia, Realexo, Conchagua, Acajutla, Iztapa, &c. The productions of the soil are almost innumerable; nature never appearing tired of conferring her bounties; and the succession of the fruits and produce of all kinds is uninterrupted through the year.

*E mentre spunta l'un l'altro matura!*

TASSO.

The two productions most known to commerce, and most esteemed, are indigo and cochineal. In the province of Soconusco, the cocoa for the especial use of the Court of Madrid, was formerly gathered. There are many mines of silver in the provinces; and, as these are at present the favourite speculation of British adventurers, we will hereafter give a description of them.

According to Baron Humboldt, in 1822, the population of the ancient kingdom of Guatemala did not exceed 1,600,000 souls. These calculations, however, by the acknowledgment of M. Humboldt himself in a letter to Bolivar, are only vague conjectures, which require to be rectified by accurate statistical data. Senor del Valle is of opinion that the population of Guatemala cannot be less than 2,000,000. He remarks that no pestilential diseases have occurred in that country for many years; that it has not been exposed to devastating wars like Buenos Ayres, Chili, Peru, Colombia, and New Spain. Articles of provision are to be met with there at lower prices than in Mexico; and marriages are more prolific. According, therefore, to the opinion of Senor del Valle, which appears by no means ill founded, the popula-

tion of Guatemala may be estimated to exceed that of Venezuela, Peru, Chili, and perhaps of Buenos Ayres.

Guatemala remained subject to Spain till 1821. From 1821 to 1823, the epoch of its absolute independence, it went through various eventful changes worthy of record. The new-born Republics of America may be likened to the slaves who, escaping from the prisons of Algiers, excited to such a pitch the public curiosity respecting the story of their late misfortunes, that every one was anxious to accost and interrogate them regarding the sufferings they had endured, and their past perils:—a curiosity honourable to the human heart. But what feeling should be more intensely interesting to mankind than the desire of knowing by what changes, perils, and anxieties, a people have obtained the imprescriptible right of liberty? We will therefore give a rapid delineation of Guatemala as a colony, and the figure it now assumes as a free and independent nation.

Sometime before the year 1821 the minds of the inhabitants of Guatemala had been prepared for shaking off the yoke of Spain. The journals, the writings, and opinions of men of influence, had kindled in the breast of the natives, a love of their country: together with the charm of liberty, the dignity and advantages ever concomitant with independence, were demonstrated to them. The fire, which for a long time had lain smothered under the ashes, was at last fanned into a flame. On the 15th of September, 1821, the general wish for independence was openly manifested; and that day of the month became a solemn and beloved anniversary which the Constituent assembly decreed every year should be celebrated with patriotic festivities, religious pomp, and donations to the poorest young persons of the capital who had married during the preceding twelvemonth. The spirit of independence spread with the celerity of electric fire; and the Deputies of Guatemala, who took part in the Cortes of Madrid as the representatives for that nation, joining in the shout of joy raised by their countrymen,—echoed in Madrid, in December 1821, the cry of their country in a splendid banquet, and united their vows to those of their fellow citizens.\*

But before Guatemala had well shaken off one yoke, it was doomed to fall under another, less galling, however, and ignominious than the first. Mexico, which had proclaimed her independence at the same time, was desirous of forming one state in conjunction with Guatemala, and saw with displeasure that these provinces desired to constitute themselves a separate and independent nation. The government of Mexico, therefore, sent the Commandant Filisola, an Italian, with some troops to prevent the threatened separation. The machinations of the Captain-General, in unison with the views of the Mexican government; the wishes expressed by many towns and cities, gained over by cabal; and the rumour industriously propagated, that Filisola came with an imposing force, (when in reality he had no more than 700 men,) tended to make it appear that the union of Guatemala with Mexico was voluntary, although, in fact, that union was but the effect of deceit and violence. The efforts of many of the citizens to set aside

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\* See the letter of congratulation written on that occasion by three Deputies to the government of Guatemala.

that forcible and absurd connexion proved abortive; the voice of Senor del Valle on that occasion was not listened to, nor were the wishes of several patriots sufficiently favoured by fortune. These generous lovers of their country were not permitted to reap the fruit of their courage and eloquence, until two years afterwards—in 1823. The province of San Salvador, however, and a part of that of Nicaragua, refused, from the first moment, to submit to Mexico. They took up arms in defence of their independence; and, although assailed by the forces of Filisola, reinforced by the troops of the province of Guatemala, prolonged their resistance until the public opinion of all the provinces, on the 21st of June 1823, spoke out again in favour of complete independence.

Guatemala, united to Mexico by force and political cabal, followed, for some time, the fate of that empire, and sent deputies to the Mexican Congress; and when, on the 18th of October 1822, that Congress was dissolved by the powerful hand of Iturbide, Guatemala submitted to the yoke of the usurper.

The fall of Iturbide was the signal for the recovery of her independence; and, in consequence, on the 24th of June 1823, Guatemala declared herself an independent state. Every thing was now in her favour. The Commandant Filisola, who had had opportunities of knowing the true wants and wishes of the people of that country, instead of opposing the insurrection, gave all his assistance to help it forward; although the motive which induced him to give such co-operation, was not perhaps of the most generous nature.

Animated with the desire of becoming the chief of the new republic of Guatemala, he was in hopes, by such an adhesion, to open to himself the road to power. The Congress of Mexico, having become more wise from experience, and more just by reason of its own misfortunes, a few months afterwards acknowledged the independence of Guatemala. But the army, (that terrible element of modern society!) which had first given oppression, and subsequently liberty to the country, threatened again to overthrow the republic, and to place a usurper on its ruins. On the 14th of September 1823, a dangerous conspiracy against the government broke out among several corps of the army, and the fate of the republic was for two days undecided. During this time the sittings of the Constituent Assembly were suspended, broils and combats arose in the streets, while the hall of the Assembly served as a fort to the patriots against the attacks of the military. At last patriotism stood forth triumphant; and Captain Ariza, the contriver of the conspiracy against the government, was constrained to fly, while a serjeant of artillery, his accomplice, suffered the punishment of death, a penalty which he had most deservedly incurred. The troops which had rebelled were disbanded, praises were prodigally bestowed on the courage and patriotism of the inhabitants of Guatemala, and the names of those who, during these days, had sacrificed their lives in fighting for their country, were engraved on marble in the hall of the Congress. It may boldly be asserted, if we except this momentary storm, that the tree of Guatemalan liberty is almost the only one which has not been watered by a great effusion of blood.

Guatemala had scarcely raised the standard of independence, on the 24th of June 1823, when measures were taken to nominate a Consti-



tuent Assembly, by which the basis of a constitution, fit for a federal republic, might be arranged, and through the medium of which it might be presented for approval to the five states composing the nation.

After some months the labours of the Assembly were completed. The model which served to guide the legislators of Guatemala, was the republican form of the United States of America, together with that of Colombia. All the nascent republics of America felt the necessity of constituting the New World on one and the same principle.

A worthy and enlightened American, Senor Rocafuerte, (now *chargé d'affaires* of Mexico in London) some years ago, in a book entitled "*El Sistema Columbiano*," demonstrated the necessity of following the republican plan: and, coinciding with this view of the case, the Constituent Assembly of Guatemala adopted as their form of government the system of a representative federal republic; vesting the legislative power in a federal congress and a senate. The congress is elected by the people, and is half renewed every year. Each state sends a representative for every 30,000 inhabitants. The senate is composed of members popularly elected, in the ratio of two for each state. That body has the right of sanctioning all the resolutions made in congress; and a third part is renewed annually, the individuals going out being eligible to be re-elected. The executive power is exercised by a President nominated by the inhabitants of the different states of the Federation. The offices of President and Vice-President (both nominated in the same way) last for four years, and the individuals who fill them may, without any interval, be once re-elected. The constitution abolishes slavery, establishes individual liberty, and guarantees the freedom of the press. The republic is at present divided *into five states*; Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica. Each of these states is free and independent as to its provincial government and internal administration\*.

On the 20th of February 1825, the Constituent Assembly was dissolved, and the Federal Congress succeeded it, which swore to maintain the constitution on the 10th of last April. Senor Del Valle, who until that time had been President of the Executive Power, on resigning his office, pronounced an eloquent speech at the opening of that congress. It is impossible sufficiently to praise that estimable citizen, for the good which he has effected for his country. In the speech to which we have alluded, while reminding his auditory of the importance of the duties of

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\* Senor Barrandía, one of the most zealous patriots and eloquent orators of the republic, and president of the commission which prepared the project of the constitution, thus defends the federal form of government adopted by Guatemala:—"In framing this project," says he, "we have adhered, in most instances, to the model of the United States—a model worthy of imitation by every people just become independent. And, though we did not think fit to make any considerable alterations, or to create, if I may so speak, all that might have been deemed compatible with our circumstances, or reconcilable with the enlightened principles which, from the epoch of the rise of that nation, have in a great measure caused the advance of the legislative science: we kept also in our view the constitutions of Spain and Portugal, the federative and central one of Colombia, and all the constitutional legislative proceedings of France—that great nation, which, amidst a thousand celebrated writers, and philosophers of every class, made experiments in all the forms of government except the federal, and which, although unfortunate in its revolution, gave lessons to the world; still regenerated itself in an astonishing manner; and undoubtedly discovered and developed most interesting ideas for general reform, and the liberty of the human race."

a representative, he made use of the following eloquent language:—  
 “The people believe that, from the moment they have made choice of a citizen to be a representative, the private character of the man should cease, and nothing exist but his public capacity: that self should die, and nothing live in him but his country; that the individual should disappear, and his country only be seen; that all personal likes and dislikes should be annihilated, and nothing survive but the sublime and delightful sentiment of patriotism.”

The journals, the acts of the republic, and the speeches of many statesmen which we carry in our recollection, are so well composed, and so sound in principle, that they afford the best refutation of the assertions of those who (by way of desperate resistance to truth and fact!) declare the American people not sufficiently polished, enough matured, or too uncultivated to live under a free and independent form of government.

These few historical outlines of public events will serve as a groundwork whereon to finish the hasty picture which it is alone our intention to sketch. We will, therefore, now revert to the territory, and to a description of the country, its customs, and inhabitants. The Commercial Road, to which every traveller is wont to give the preference, leading from Omoa, a port on the Atlantic, to the city of Guatemala, is the first line of country we shall notice. This city is the capital of the republic. We shall transcribe, for this purpose, extracts from the Journal of Doctor Lavagnino.

“On the 26th April, 1825,” says the Doctor, “we arrived at Omoa; not without having experienced much inquietude from the pirates, who frequently made their appearance in the gulf of Honduras. Omoa lies at the extremity of a bay, and is inhabited by negroes living in huts. A few white merchants are resident there, who carry on business as agents. The climate is unhealthy, by reason of the stagnant waters in its neighbourhood; for this reason, we preferred remaining on board ship, in order to be less exposed to the influence of the putrescent vapours which exhale from the marshes. Were a channel cut to conduct those waters into the sea, which is close at hand, Omoa might become a pleasant place of residence. It possesses a fortress, built of stone, of regular formation, and surrounded by a fosse. A Black officer, who came on board our schooner, gave us but a sorry idea of the garrison of the place. He requested money from us under frivolous pretexts, took one bottle of wine from us in a shameful manner, and even offered to introduce us to ladies, if we would give him a second. The commandant of the place, who possessed the most polished manners, made ample compensation, however, for the disgust we felt at the conduct of this despicable negro.

“On the 28th we departed, at eleven in the morning for Izabel, and, at break of day on the 29th, arrived at the mouth of the river which disembogues itself from the Golfo Dolce (sweet gulf) into the sea; having traversed 22 leagues. On the same day we proceeded up the river. The country in this short journey was picturesque. We then entered the small gulf, and crossing a strait, which is commanded by fort San Felipe, found ourselves in the Golfo Dolce.

“On the 30th, very early in the morning, we descended to Izabel, a small village inhabited by negroes, which only began to be re-inhabited about a twelvemonth ago. Izabel was sacked and burned by some pirates, who came from the Island of Providence, and were supposed to have had an understanding with the Commandant of the fort of San Felipe. They made a booty of a million and a half of dollars; and also carried away the cannon of the fortress. We took up our abode in a hut, and found a few fowls, but all other kinds of provision it is requisite, nay indispensable, for travellers to carry

with them. In this village we sold our mattresses, and purchased a kind of bedding, which in this country is called *amache*. The climate is salubrious. The Commandant of the place, who has also the charge of the whole gulf, facilitated for us, by all the means in his power, the procuring every thing necessary. The distance from the mouth of the river to Izabel is 18 leagues.

"On the 2nd May, after a day's delay, we left Izabel at five in the morning, and arrived at Micho ● two in the afternoon. The journey is only seven leagues; and the road passes by a mountain called *Del Micho*, or the Mountain of Guatemala. The road we traversed on that day was horribly bad, and we often sank deep into the mud. In the rainy season the mules frequently perish in lakes of mud. Sometimes a traveller passes on the verge of precipices, where it is necessary to shut his eyes not to be terrified by beholding danger in its most frightful aspect. Then he is forced to trust entirely to the experience of the mules, which are wonderfully sagacious in selecting paths; but, notwithstanding their sagacity, they sometimes sank to the belly in holes of mud. At other times the traveller is compelled to pass on an inclined plane, from which he every instant appears doomed to slip and fall into quagmires. If his attention be diverted from his perils and difficulties, he hears the roarings of lions and tigers,\* and a confused noise arising from the howlings of animals, and the singing of birds, the beautiful and lively colours of whose plumage seem to be brought into view, in some sort to qualify the scene of horror and affright around. If the mind can but contemplate the magnificence and beauty of the vegetation of this country in tranquillity, an intense sentiment of admiration takes possession of the soul. When the traveller arrives at a certain distance from *El Micho*, the thick woods which skirt the path diminish, until at last the earth is totally stripped of trees, which are again shortly met with in abundance, under the description of large cypresses. We slept at Micho in a hut on our *amache*, boiled a fowl, and made some soup with biscuit.

"On the 3d, at eight in the morning, we set out from Micho. The road is on the top of the mountain, beautiful, and tolerably good; but the descent is somewhat inconvenient. The usual roaring of tigers resounded in our ears. On that day four labourers, who had gone to hunt tigers, had slain one, when another of that furious species of animals sprang upon one of the huntsmen, who with difficulty saved himself by climbing a tree. These mountains are covered with pines, and abound with fine pastures. We saw several horses and cows wandering at liberty upon them. We now traversed a delightful grove of wild palm trees, and it is impossible to describe the impression produced by the sight of them; the effect was like magic. The appearance of these trees, and the intertwining of their branches, were often so beautiful and fanciful, that Tasso might well have chosen one of these retreats for the abode of his Armida. Sometimes, on the contrary, the spot was so entirely savage, and conveyed such ideas of horror, that Byron might there have aptly enough placed his misanthropic Manfred. We arrived about one o'clock in the afternoon at *Encuentros*, where there is a post-house, and custom-house officers, though but few inhabitants. This little mean hamlet is situated immediately on the bank of the river Motagua, which we crossed by a ford, although it is there called *Rio Grande de los Encuentros*. The distance between El Micho and Encuentros is about six leagues.

"On the 4th, at eight in the morning, we departed; and at one in the afternoon arrived at Guana. The road uniformly proceeds on the mountains, and is pleasant and good; but it would be much shortened were it cut along the sides of the hills. Here the howlings of the wild beasts were heard no more. Vegetation is of a large growth, vigorous, and abundant. On the contrary, animated things, such, for instance, as wild quadrupeds, birds, insects,

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\* Lions and tigers, properly so called, do not exist in America; the jaguar is the animal usually denominated a tiger by the inhabitants of the New World.

&c. were small, and rarely met with. From Encuentros to Guana, is a route of four leagues. At three in the afternoon we left Guana. The road is pleasant, passing over small hills, and through the midst of woods. We came at eight in the evening to Gualam, from Guana to which place we reckoned four leagues. Gualam is a country containing 4000 souls: the district is daily increasing in prosperity and population, by reason of the river Motagua passing in its neighbourhood, by which stream all the merchandize from Omoa is transported to Guatemala.

"On the 5th, at nine in the morning, we again set forward on our journey, and halted at San Antonio, about two leagues distant. We found provisions moderate in price. A dozen of eggs cost us a real. At four in the afternoon we proceeded, after having eaten five hard eggs, in order to be able to resist the attacks of hunger. Without that precaution, famine might have assailed us on the way, as nothing was to be had on the line of our journey. I advise all travellers to carry with them their own provisions, a precaution which tends to make travelling in this country less unpleasant. The road is steep and stony; and the river Motagua is seen at a small distance: we were informed that alligators or crocodiles were to be found in it. We often met convoys of mules laden with merchandize. The bales are placed in a right line, and the mules, when unladen, are left to themselves, and sometimes stray as far as two leagues in quest of pasture. At every moment we saw tents, wherein merchandize was heaped up, guarded by one or two white men. The right in the soil begins now to be marked out in a particular manner. Vast extents of land, inclosed with artificial fences, in which herds of horses, oxen, and cows feed, sufficiently indicate a right of property. The country, nevertheless, is always uncultivated, and no trace of agriculture appears. The road is more beaten than formerly, which announces that the country begins to be more thickly inhabited than it was. We observed some Indians nearly naked, and loaded like beasts of burden. These Indians, called labourers, are very rare, because Indians in general are lazy. A traveller, while passing through these solitudes, and beholding the state of abandonment in which the virgin and fertile soil is left, cannot but feel indignation against the Kings of Spain. Thirty nations inhabited this part of America before the conquest by the Spaniards, all of which have been well nigh utterly destroyed by the Spanish rulers, for the empty pleasure of adding a new title to their style, and in order to call themselves "Kings of the Indies!" Catholic fanaticism was an accomplice in these devastations. Alexander VI. that monster decorated with the Tiara, drew a line on the map of the world, which was to form the limits assigned to the dominion of the Kings of Spain in America. With that documentary proof of property in their hands, the conquest was carried on with fire and sword, and twenty-six thousand square leagues of land (which is the superficial space of the republic of Guatemala) became a vast solitude. The foolish titles which the despots of Asia assume, such as, Emperors of the Moon, Brothers of the Sun, &c. did not cost humanity such torrents of blood, as were shed when the titles of "King of Jerusalem and of the Indies" were proclaimed to the world. Spain imposed taxes on her colonies, but never received any profit from the kingdom of Guatemala. The friars, soldiers, and persons employed in public capacities, consumed the whole amount of the tribute exacted from its miserable inhabitants.

"In these burning regions the sight of a hut is a real consolation; not only on account of the pleasure communicated by finding ourselves again in an inhabited place, but also because we are then in hopes to meet with a glass of water. We had been for many hours tormented with thirst, when fortunately we beheld some huts, towards which I anxiously guided my mule. An old Indian woman presented herself, and, at my request, ordered a young girl to bring me a draught of water. At the same time an old man advanced towards me, whose aspect, manner, and the extraordinary vivacity of his eyes, surprised and impressed me with respect. He first desired the girl to go to the water from the coolest place, and then observed to her, that I was *un blanco y* .

*caballero*, a white man and a gentleman. I thanked him; and he replied, 'There is no cause, Sir; a Castilian considers it a duty to be courteous to strangers.' Saying this, with a joyful gravity, he gave me his hand, and asked me if I were returning to Europe. I answered in the affirmative; upon which he said, 'My bones will rest in these deserts!' words which were uttered by the old man in the accent of unfeigned grief. I was greatly affected, and, thinking it a charity to avoid all further inquiries, having drunk the water, which at that moment was a high treat to me, I dropped his hand, which he held in mine, and spurred my mule into a gallop. What an enigma, said I to myself, is the love of country! Two Europeans of different nations in Europe are always strangers, and often enemies to each other; and in America they see and salute one another as countrymen! Long did I carry the venerable figure of that old man engraven on my memory. He was very eloquent. But the recollection of his country, instead of being a comfort to his heart, was like the apparition of a defunct mother which constantly presents itself tormentingly to the vision.

"At eight in the evening we reached San Pablo, an Indian village with a church. From San Antonio to San Pablo the distance is five leagues. There we reposed till eleven at night. Trusting to the moon, which was then risen, we set forward, and arrived at Zacapa at three in the morning, having journeyed three leagues.

"On the 6th I rested at Zacapa, by reason of a want of mules to pursue my journey. I there became acquainted with a young Frenchman, Monsieur Legette, who, having abandoned France for political opinions, had inhabited Guatemala during six months, where he had established a library.

"Zacapa is a large village, situated in a plain which extends as far as Simalappa, that is to say, eight leagues in length and four in breadth, gradually diminishing as you proceed. Zacapa reckons an amount of population of different castes not inferior to 6000 souls. It possesses a church, the architecture of which is somewhat of the Moorish kind, wherein two priests officiate. There are several houses in the village built of stone, but very low; and the commerce of the place is inconsiderable. Cocoa and coffee are extensively cultivated, but indigo and cochineal are rarely met with. The heat is excessive. We underwent great fatigue in search of mules to pursue our journey. They were extremely difficult to be got, because no fodder was to be procured for them on the road, by reason of the intense heat, and the sterile aridity of the soil, which invariably occurs whenever rain has not fallen for any length of time.

"At a short distance from Zacapa, on the road to Guatemala, the river called Zacapa is crossed, which, at about a league farther on, unites its waters with the river San Augustine. At the confluence of these two streams the river Motagua commences; and, after flowing nine leagues, as far as Gulani, it becomes navigable for large canoes down to the sea, a distance of forty leagues. The greater part of the indigo, cochineal, and all the other productions of the export, of which Guatemala stands in need, are transported by that river. The government intends to render it navigable to the confluence whence it begins, to which, several masters of canoes assured me, they had sailed the whole way. With a little outlay of money, it is thought that even the river San Augustine might be fitted for the purposes of navigation, as far as the town of the same name, a course of eight leagues. Should this ever be accomplished, the province of Chiquimula will derive infinite advantage from the circumstance. In that province is situated the celebrated mine of *Alotepaqué*. The mine of San Pantaleon, which is now inundated, at one time yielded an immense quantity of metal. In the Museum of Madrid, two chests with specimens from that mine are preserved. Several masses of stone are there bound together by bandages of pure silver, which are easily recognized, being suspended in the air. On account of the immense treasure contained in this mine, the Spanish government was induced to grant several privileges to the family of Zea, in order to induce them to work it. It might be

dried, by making a canal or drain at its base: a circumstance important to remark, inasmuch as it precludes the necessity of machinery, and consequently greatly diminishes the probable expenses attendant upon the enterprise. The mines of Santa Rosalia, Montanita, and San Antonio Abad, on the same vein, have yielded a great abundance of metal, and could again be put into activity at a small expense, as nothing more is wanting than to clear away the masses of earth which have fallen into some of the subterraneous galleries. The neighbouring Indians go to the mine, and collect silver, which they sell at four or five reals the ounce, to the Spaniards, who speculate in the commodity. Several families of the city of Chiquimula and the adjacent country, reap great profits from this commerce. The riches of the mine may be more easily conceived by stating that, in the report made to government by the Assayer of the Mint of Guatemala, it is proved that every quintal of ore yields seventeen marcs six ounces and three-eighths of an ounce of silver.\*

"The family of Zea became proprietors of this mine in 1800, and worked it with all the energy practicable from the fortune of private persons. It conveyed mineralogists and miners from Mexico; (400 leagues distant!) but the mistakes and bad faith of these people deprived the family of the profit which it had rationally expected to realize; and it was ruined by bad administration, while the artisans employed became rich. The mine now belongs to an English company, which intends to commence operations next spring, with all the advantages which the progress made in the study of mineralogy and mechanics, added to a wise administration, are likely to ensure them.

"On the 9th of May, after having lost a day by reason of the difficulty of procuring the requisite number of mules, we put ourselves in motion for Simalapa. The road is flat and pleasant. We halted at a hut about half an hour's distance from Simalapa, exhausted by thirst, hunger, and intolerable heat. We acted very unwisely in attempting to travel within fifteen degrees of the line, in the middle of the day, and without shade. Near Zacapa we passed the river of the same name; and met the American Consul on his way to Omoa. Shortly after, we crossed two other small rivers. The distance from Zacapa to Simalapa is eight leagues.

"On the 10th, at five in the morning, we again continued our journey. The road was beautiful, but the heat insupportable. We passed through Simalapa, which consists of some hundred small huts. On the road we perceived a great number of horses and cows dead from starvation, in consequence of the pastures being parched up for want of rain. Some pine-apples which we purchased from a party of Indians, invigorated us a little. At nine in the morning we reached Sobecas, where we found excellent lemons, of which the inhabitants take no account. Simalapa is four leagues from Sobecas.

"On the 11th, at half-past three in the morning, we left Guastatojas, where there is an aqueduct, and a large reservoir well stocked with fish. This town has a better appearance than Simalapa; and exhibits several stone houses. At ten in the morning we rested at Incontro, a place containing only two houses. In our progress we frequently crossed torrents of water. The road proceeds invariably at the bottom of the valleys, and on the sides of the mountains, covered with shrubs. We now found ourselves screened from the rays of the sun, and saw the earth uniformly clothed with green herbage, and veiled with the shade of the plants that it nourished, which gave us ideas of security, and made the road infinitely more pleasant. The temperature was also more mild. The distance from Sobecas to Incontro is six leagues. At three in the afternoon we left Incontro, and halted, after journeying a league, at a house called Roncadilla, there being no other houses till we reached Omoita.

"On the 12th we set off at seven in the morning, and proceeded along valleys shaded by noble trees, with woods on both sides of our path. At

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\* The marc is eight Castilian ounces; and the proportion between an English and Castilian ounce is as 100 to 104.

last, after having ascended a mountain, and passed over various hills in succession, we reached Montegrande, where we began to perceive some sugar-plantations and good houses. As we travelled onwards, the temperature became more and more moderate. It is worthy of remark that in this part, during some months of the year, the weather is cold, on which account the people are enabled to cultivate cochineal. We observed immense wens on the grown-up persons, and great bellies in the younger part of the population. Roncadilla is four leagues from Montegrande.

"At two in the afternoon we departed, and arrived at the estate of Father Caballeros at six in the evening. The road is excellent, and the sugar-plantations very frequent. On the plantation of Father Caballeros there was an aqueduct, wherein I bathed, and felt myself much the better for it; and I advise travellers to bathe as often as they can find an opportunity. From Montegrande to the estate of Father Caballeros is five leagues.

"On the 13th, we set out at five in the morning. The road is very narrow, and on the brink of a precipice, passing near a volcano, which has been extinguished for some time, whence run many rivulets of warm sulphureous water, the whole of which united disembogue themselves into a river which flows along the side of the volcano, and is called *Aqua Caliente*. At ten in the morning we reached the estate of San Jose, where the air is delightfully salubrious and cool. To arrive there we ascended a high mountain, from the summit of which we beheld a beautiful plain. The elevation above the sea must be very considerable, judging from the temperature, which may be compared to that of the advanced spring of Lombardy. We met, as we had frequently done before, a troop of Indians, of both sexes, loaded like beasts of burden, walking to the sound of a drum, in order perhaps to alleviate the fatigues of the road. We traversed five leagues from the estate of Father Caballeros till we reached San Jose. We took up our quarters for the night on the estate of San Diego, two leagues further on than San Jose.

"On the 14th, at half-past five, we proceeded again, on a road at first delightful, but which gradually grows worse and worse. At about a league distance from Guatemala that city is discovered; which, with its houses entirely white, and its numerous and beautiful churches, presents a most agreeable *coup d'œil*. It is situated in a plain, wherein are seen many villages inhabited by Indians. Agriculture has not made great progress. That plain, which in Europe would present a luxuriant cultivation, in Guatemala exhibits but few traces of culture, and the natural fertility of the soil gives rise to an abundant vegetation, consisting, for the most part, of useless plants."

On the road from Omoa to Guatemala, as described by Doctor Lavagnino, we have seen that, at short intervals, villages and bands of Indians are met with. The tribes of Indians in the republic of Guatemala form more than half of the population; and therefore, before we enter on a description of the city of Guatemala, the sittings of its federal congress, the plans of its government, or involve ourselves in political matters, we will give a succinct account of the Indians, which cannot fail to interest the philosopher and the philanthropist.

The Indians who people the republic of Guatemala have not a common origin. The descent of a great proportion of them may undoubtedly be traced from the Julteca Indians; who, after having conquered Mexico, extended their dominion even to the territory of the present Guatemalan republic. Nevertheless, before their conquests, that part of America was peopled by different nations; and the Jultecas, on entering the Mexican kingdom, found it occupied by the Chichimecas. Were all the Indians of this republic descended from the stock of the Jultecas, they would universally speak nearly the same dialect; on the contrary, as the natives of this country speak many and opposite languages, it is to be presumed that they are descended from divers

nations. In the provinces of Quiché and Potonicapon, in a part of Quezaltenego, and in the town of Rabinal, the inhabitants make use of the languages of Quiché; that is to say, of the Iultecas. In Gueguetenago, in a part of Quegaltenago, and in the province of Soconusco, the Mam or Pocoman language is spoken; and in no kingdom of the New World are so many and so different dialects heard, as in the confines of Guatemala. The languages which are known and have a name, as those of *Quiché, Mam, Pipil, Zoque, Chol, Lenca, Maga, &c.* alone, amount to twenty-six. Many of these languages, however, have some analogy to each other; and, generally speaking, are very difficult to acquire, having a strong, harsh, guttural sound, and the signification being changed by only laying a greater or less stress on the words.\*

Charles V. ordered the Dominican friars to instruct all the Indians in the Spanish language, merely to facilitate among them the introduction of the Catholic religion, since it could not have been supposed that the Castilian would ever become the organ of communication among the Indians themselves. But that wise enactment did not take effect in all parts; which is proved by some of the more uncultivated and savage Indians not understanding or speaking a word of Spanish.

Before the Spanish conquest the Indians were idolaters, and had their priests, who, on many occasions, acted as soothsayers. Subsequently, in 1524, when Don Pedro Alvarado had subdued for Spain the different kingdoms into which that vast part of America was divided, by means of the ministry of successive Spanish missionaries the different populations embraced the Catholic religion; and many and heavy were the difficulties and dangers that these missionaries had to surmount, in order to establish the gospel. Besides the ruggedness of the roads, thirst, famine, and bad health in unwholesome climates, they had often to encounter death, rendered hideous and appalling by torments invented by the barbarity and ferocity of their indocile neophytes. Nevertheless, these holy persons left nothing untried to attain their object. They lavished presents on the Indians; caressed them; and sometimes, by means of the converted part of their wild community, putting some part of the mysteries of religion into verse, caused these compositions to be sung; and thus attracted the curiosity of the Indians, who, allured by the singing, were anxious to know the details and issue of its history. Thus it was that they initiated them into the mysteries of the new worship.

Those Indians, who did not inhabit the great cities and fortresses, were not accustomed to live in towns, after our fashion. Their towns, before the conquest, were similar to some of those which exist in the present day (called *Pajuyuco*); in which the houses are so dispersed, and at such a distance from each other, that a town of 500 families not unfrequently occupies the space of a league. The missionaries, in order to baptize and instruct with more facility, collected these natives into villages, formed after the Spanish way; the church being erected in the centre, in front of which was a square with a chapter-house, jail, and other public buildings, with the houses distributed into square allotments, and rectilinear streets. Had the Spanish missionaries refrained from employing the bayonets of the soldiery, trusting their cause to the

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\* Compendium of the History of the City of Guatemala, written by Dr. Domingo Juarros. in the year 1812.



powers of persuasion, and had they not contaminated the minds of their converts with absurd superstitions and a farrago of ridiculous miracles, they would have rendered by their ministry an incalculable service to humanity.

Notwithstanding, however, the zeal of these missionaries, many Indians, a century after the conquest, were not converted to Christianity ; and others, towards the year 1725, abjured that belief, and put to death three missionaries who chanced to be among them, accusing religion and the Spanish friars of having been instrumental in their slavery.\* At present the greater proportion of these Indians profess the Catholic religion ; the most part of them, however, without understanding it. They are credulous and superstitious. In the state of Honduras, on the banks of the river Ulua, exist a tribe of Indians, from fifteen to twenty thousand, called Sicaques, who are quiet and hospitable in their disposition. They welcome most affectionately every stranger ; and if such persons show an inclination to become domiciliated among them, give them a hut, and provide them with agricultural utensils ; and after a year, if they have conducted themselves well, incorporate them with their community, giving one of their daughters in marriage to each of them.

The foreigner who receives these marks of favour and hospitality should take especial care never to speak of the missionaries, whom they detest, as having uniformly been the chief agents in the work of their oppression. In the state of Honduras also, the Mosquito Indians are resident,—rough in their aspect, dirty, and nearly naked. These are implacable enemies to the Spaniards, who never could subdue them. They are inhospitable, and carry on an insignificant commerce with the English alone, selling to them the small quantity of silver and gold which they pick up in the rivers and mines. Some of them are seen in the streets of Wallis (an English settlement), who appear like the gipsies among us, and live apart from all the other inhabitants, feeding on uncleanness and the offal which they find in the streets. Some will have them to be cannibals, but certain it is that they are still idolaters.

When we behold the disorder, narrowness, and total want of convenience in the houses of the natives of this country, and the state of misery in which they are now found, it appears incredible that the Indians before the conquest should have had palaces of such magnificence, cities so well constructed, fortresses and castles defended with so much art, and other edifices for mere ostentation and parade, of which many histories descant, and some traces still remain. The richest Indian has now nothing but a miserable house for his habitation, which, generally speaking, has only one chamber ; and, although sometimes their houses may contain several apartments, they are arranged without any continuity of order, and separated from each other ; so that there is no instance of an Indian possessing a house inclosed in walls with any vestige of taste, notwithstanding they have the abodes of the Spaniards constantly before their eyes.

" The Indians in the vicinity of Guatemala are as yet in a wild state : they speak the indigenous language, and clothe themselves like savages,

\* The Court of Rome, as usual, canonized, as saints, these three missionaries, and made them perform miracles.

if a piece of cloth with which they cover their middle, leaving all the rest of the body naked, can be denominated clothing. The females are not more covered than the men; but the bronze-like colour of their skins, and their coarse physiognomies, are antidotes against the seductions of such a dress. The Indians of the other provinces are more civilized, clothing themselves after the European fashion, and speaking the Spanish tongue.

It is generally remarked, that the Indians are naturally timid and cowardly,—a fact which is perfectly established by the history of the conquest. Don Pedro Alvarado\* conquered the numerous kingdoms which existed in his day with some hundred Spanish soldiers, and six thousand allied Indians from the province of Plaxaltecas. The armies of the Indian kings consisted of thirty, fifty, and sometimes eighty thousand men, if credit can be placed in the Spanish historians. But by degrees, as these Indians proceed in civilization, they acquire courage and valour; and in the last war many of them evinced great prowess. Their principal weapon is the sabre, and several of them know how to use muskets. Many of the tribes are armed with spears, and esteemed skilful in shooting with arrows.

By the present constitution, the Indians have acquired the right of citizenship, and are placed completely on an equality with the descendants of the Spaniards. They cannot, therefore, be otherwise than attached to the new system, and many of their entire towns are open partisans of the republican government.

Under the Spanish rule, these people lived in oppression. The government, to appearance, protected them; but, in reality, their laws tended solely to keep them in ignorance and inferiority. Thus the Spanish law considered the Indians as minors during their whole life, and subjected them to a perpetual tutelage. In order to prevent instruction from penetrating to them in any way, the Spaniards were prohibited from entering Indian villages. Dancing in their own houses was not permitted; and, to the end that they might not become accomplished in the exercises of war, they were debarred from even mounting on horseback, although their country was most abundant in horses. In fine, under the Spanish sway, they were liable to be compelled by the proprietors of mines to work in those subterraneous caverns for *two reals* a day. These people, therefore, have cause to bless the present constitution, which has emancipated them from a state of degradation; and their emancipation would always be a powerful obstacle in the way of the pretensions and attempts of Spain, even were that power in a state of capability to aspire to the reconquest of its colonies.

The historian Torquemada says, that these Indians, under their kings, had colleges and seminaries for children and adults, under the superintendence of approved, prudent, and able persons. Although, in the present day, no traces of these colleges remain, nevertheless Indian parents take great pains with the education of their children. The mothers suckle their offspring till it attains the age of three years; and there is no instance of their confiding their children to a strange nurse. They carry them slung over their shoulders, wrapped up in a

\* The descendants of that conqueror inhabit the state of Costa Rica. That family, excellent and enlightened citizens, has one of its members seated in the Federal Congress, and another in the Senate.

piece of cloth, which they tie before them. With this burden they wash, and grind, the movement of the mother serving as a gentle rocking to the child. They do not defend them from the inclemencies of wind, of rain, of sun, or of frost; nor have they any cradle but the hard ground, or at most a piece of cloth. As soon as the child can walk, they place burdens on him adapted to his strength, and at the age of five or six years, he is conducted to the fields to gather grass, or to collect wood. At a more mature age the father instructs his sons in hunting, fishing, labouring, using the bow and arrow, dancing, and other accomplishments. The mothers teach their daughters to grind, to spin cotton and *pita*, and to weave all kinds of cloths. They accustom them to bathe frequently, as often as twice or thrice a day. They are jealous of the honour of their daughters, and never suffer them to be absent a moment from their sight.

The Indians lead a life of great hardship, sleeping on the bare ground, with their heads wrapped in a woollen covering, and their feet exposed to the air. They eat from off the ground, without any cloth or napkin, and their chief aliment consists of maize; for, although they eat ox-flesh, game, and other mountainous animal food, it is taken in small quantities, and always accompanied with a *tortilla*, which is a cake of maize, thin, and baked on a *comal* or plate of clay, and seasoned with a small quantity of salt. They drink water, or else *chicha*, which is a beverage extracted from maize, bran, or different fruits. The *chicha* is a sweet drink, and also of a strong nature. The Indians are particularly partial to brandy, which they purchase in bottles, or make in their own houses from bran, or *panela*, which is a sort of sugar of a very vile quality. In some villages, a bottle of brandy costs two reals, and in others four. The government has always imposed a tax on this distillation.

When they pay visits, they make use of long harangues full of repetitions; and their sons, when they accompany them on such occasions, observe the strictest silence. The Indians preserve secrets with the greatest fidelity, and would suffer death rather than reveal them. When interrogated about any thing, they never reply determinately, but always in the way of a doubt, and with a *quizas si*, which signifies *perhaps*.\*

Among the Indians in the province of Guatemala, and those of Quetzaltenango, there are many who possess sheep in abundance. These persons avail themselves of the wool to weave stuffs of various kinds. The most common of these stuffs is that called *Serga*, which, for the most part, is a mixture of black and white wool, and is used by the Indians for clothes, as well as by other people who are employed in rough and hard labour. They weave a more ordinary sort of stuff, which scarcely deserves the name of cloth, and is destined for various purposes. The lowest price of these stuffs is a real the *vara*, which is nearly an English yard. The Indians also manufacture cotton cloth higher in price than the stuffs we have just mentioned, and of which the Indian women make use for dress, as well as the poorer classes of people in the cities.

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\* The most general occupation of the Indians is agriculture. Many of them work in the mines, and others employ themselves with their rough manufactures. The government has now ordered that each village shall have possession of land to the extent of a league around it, that the population may employ itself in agricultural pursuits, and so that every person may labour for himself.

It is by no means true, as some writers have asserted, that the Indians are inferior to Europeans in physical force, and in intellectual faculties; or at least some writers have assigned too low a criterion for judging of the natives of America. With regard to physical power, if the Indians are not to be compared with Europeans in the conventional beauties of figure, many of them are their equals, or superiors in strength, and are capable of carrying loads of two hundred pounds English weight. They also resist diseases better than Europeans. There is no doubt that the organization of the Indians is similar to that of the European inhabitants of America; and to prove that they possess the same facilities for acquiring any art or science, it is sufficient merely to reflect, that, from among those Indians who have been placed in contact with civilized society, and instructed by priests capable of guiding their understandings, many have stood forth eminently skilled in philosophy, in theology, in jurisprudence, and in other sciences which they have been taught. In the province of Nicaragua there was an Indian ecclesiastic, (not long dead) styled Doctor Ruiz, who was a scholar of no ordinary stamp. In general they make great progress in whatever studies they take up; and are particularly gifted with fluency of language and feelings of patriotism. They were the first, in 1812, to take part in the revolution of Independence; and in the first Constituent Assembly of Guatemala, in 1823, three Indian deputies took their seats, of whom two were ecclesiastics. Besides which, an Indian was elected Senator, and sat in the assembly of the republic, in the year spoken of; nor is it improbable, that in the first sittings of the Congress, several Indians will appear as deputies.

In the days of the Spanish government there were few schools for the use of the Indians; and those established were but ill endowed and miserably conducted, nothing being taught in them but Castilian reading and writing. At present, primary schools are increasing, and establishing with great spirit; and, when in a subsequent article we discuss what has been done, and is intended yet to be done, by the new Constitutional Government in favour of public instruction, we shall not omit to mention the measures it has already taken to introduce and disseminate schools on the Lancasterian system.

## SONG.

I vow'd a vow of faith to thee,  
By the red rose of June;  
I vow'd it by the rainbow,  
And by the silver moon.  
The red rose is departed,  
Fresh ones are blooming there,  
The rainbow has not left a shade  
Upon the azure air.  
And the crescent moon has swell'd  
Into a golden round,  
And a sign of chance and change  
On each and all are found  
Then say not I have broken  
The faith I vow'd to thee;  
Change was made for all on earth,—  
Was it not made for me?

L. E. L.

✂ A DEFENCE OF THE ALPHABET.

THERE does not exist, on the face of the earth, a worse used community than the alphabet. To judge the members by the reports that are daily circulated against them, one must take them for the most troublesome, immoral, wicked, profligate, abandoned set of wretches that ever formed a society. For "poisons, conspiracies, and assassinations--libels, pasquinades, and tumults," the very Abderites would have blushed for them. That they sometimes appear to be concerned in libels and pasquinades; that instances of religious, political, and literary prostitution may be adduced to their discredit, must, in fairness, be admitted; but it must also be remembered, in extenuation of their seeming offences, that in such cases they are not free agents, but the mere passive instruments of potent employers, against whose authority they are altogether unprovided with the means of resistance. That they would not willingly lend themselves to such vile and dirty purposes, there is no reason to doubt; for those most respectable members of the community, U and I, have frequently protested against all such misemployment of their services. Of wilful participation in the criminality of such proceedings, they must, therefore, stand acquitted; and if odium must attach to them, it can be only in the same degree, and upon the same unjust principle, that an army is made to share in the disgrace of a defeat occasioned by the incapacity or the misconduct of its leader.

If then there be so slight a foundation for such accusations as those against them, how deplorable must their situation appear, when it is considered that all other accusations, of what nature soever, are atrocious calumnies! Heavens! were it otherwise, there is not one among them from A to Izzard, for whom hanging, drawing, and quartering would not be excess of tenderness--the hurdle, the gibbet, and the stake, a paradise. Read the daily prints, and it will be found that not an elopement is planned; not an unsuspecting female is ruined; not a crim. con. is committed; not a prodigal son is guilty of an offence, at once, against his family and the state; in short, not a crime in the long catalogue furnished by human depravity is perpetrated; but some unhappy letters of the alphabet are denounced as the criminals! And innocent as they are, why should this be? Why should they, even for a day or an hour, be selected as the scape-goats, to bear the odium of offences attributable to others, who may be sufficiently *sroit* or powerful to procure for themselves secrecy and shelter under cover of an innocent initial? By such allowance, not only are the ends of justice perverted (often defeated) but crime is, in some measure, encouraged; for there is many a heartless fellow, who, had he no other tribunal to account to than his own indulgent conscience, would readily commit an act from which he would be deterred by the certainty of exposure, in the event of detection, to the rigour, not merely of the laws, but of public opinion. It may be objected, that this assertion is not strictly applicable as regards the graver offences against society, such as do really fall within the cognizance of the laws; and that no subterfuge is available to screen the authors of such misdeeds from the infliction of their merited punishment. Such objection is partially admitted; but there can be no doubt, that so far as concerns the commission of innumerable offences *contra bonos mores*, which do not come within reach of the arm of jus-

tice, the shelter afforded by an initial, an asterisk, or a dash, is to those who are not passionate lovers of Virtue for her own sake, a strong temptation to take a trip with her ugly sister, which they might be induced to resist, if their names, from the first letter to the last, were liable to exposure. In either case the injustice towards the poor alphabet is manifest. For instance: a drunken quarrel takes place between Captain Bluster and Lieutenant Racket, in the course of which sundry bottles, glasses, and waiters' heads are broken, three watchmen nearly beaten to death with their own staves, and the quiet inhabitants of a whole street thrown into confusion and alarm. The next day the affair is reported in the newspapers; but, instead of naming the real offenders, poor B—— and R—— are held up to public indignation, as a couple of drunken, turbulent rascals.—Mrs. Walker and Mr. Smith become enamoured of each other, as the phrase is: she abandons her husband and nine children, he leaves a wife and seven, to shift for themselves; the *interesting* pair, utterly unmindful of the serious duties they are bound to perform, resolve to live together, and off they go. The *occurrence* soon becomes known; but Mr. Smith is adroitly protected from the odium that ought to attach to his name, by throwing it on the shoulders of poor S——; whilst Mrs. Walker is merely announced as a W——! And for such outrageous attacks upon their moral characters, the unfortunate members of the alphabet are without redress. Now, had such a convenient mode of concealment not existed; had the parties alluded to been assured that they themselves must bear the shame of their own misconduct, and that they would not be permitted to transfer it to two unoffending letters; it is much more than probable that their dread of exposure would have operated as a restraint upon their inclinations. Hard is the lot of the poor alphabet! For such outrageous attacks upon its moral character, it is without redress! The letters have not their action for defamation; they are calumniated with impunity; and this is, perhaps, the first time that a champion has ventured to stand forward in their defence!

Another, although comparatively a lighter grievance, to which they are subjected by this unfair use of their names, is the constant disturbance of their peace and quiet. Not a day passes but the whole community is alarmed for their safety, or thrown into a state of consternation by the reported annihilation of one or more of their members, usually by violent or disgraceful means. Fire and water, the dagger and the bowl, (according to newspaper reports) have made such havoc amongst them, that one is astonished at finding a single letter well and hearty at the present moment. Last Tuesday the slaughter was, in appearance, terrific. Q—— was found drowned at Richmond, and C—— floating in the New River; the young and beautiful Mrs. A—— died in the straw; O—— was squeezed as flat as a pancake between a waggon and a wall; T—— scalded to death; U—— had put an end to a hopeless passion, by the gentle aid of garters and a bed-post; and I—— was poisoned by having swallowed a dumpling containing more arsenic than apples. Upon inquiry, however, it was discovered that not one word of all this, so far as related to the parties in question, was true; but that the real sufferers were Messieurs Quintin, Collins, Ommaney, and Ingram; Mistresses Ash and Upham; and Miss Tins.

The petty vexations and annoyances inflicted upon them are nume-

rous ; but too notorious to need, as well, perhaps, as of too little importance to deserve, a notice in a defence of so grave a character as the present. With one highly meritorious letter, who shall be nameless, whose complaints are unceasing, and seemingly well founded, I confess I have no sympathy. According to his own showing, the persecutions he suffers, through the hatred of the " Warwickshire lads and the lasses," and of those inhabitants of the capital who are emphatically denominated Cockneys, are not to be endured ; but I think that, in the long run, ample justice is done to him ; for if, as he says, he is even in one short commandment ejected from *house*, he is generously admitted into *or* and *ass*. Thus is he doubly compensated.

Again : the omission of some one of them, where his presence is essential, is so clearly the effect of accident, and not of ill-will, or of a deliberate intention to injure, that that also is unworthy of our serious attention. Take, for instance, the following paragraphs selected from the newspapers, the sense of which is completely altered by the omission of the initial letter of the word printed in italics :—

" The conflict was dreadful, and the enemy was repulsed with considerable *laughter* !"

" Robert Jones was yesterday brought before the sitting magistrate on a charge of having spoken *reason* at the Barleymow public-house."

" In consequence of the numerous accidents occasioned by skating on the Serpentine River, measures are taking to put a *top* to it."

" When Miss Leserve, late of Covent Garden Theatre, visited ' the Hecla,' she was politely drawn up the ship's side by means of a *hair*."

" At the Guildhall dinner none of the poultry were eatable except the *owls*."

" A gentleman was yesterday brought up to answer a charge of having *eaten* a hackney-coachman for demanding more than his fare ; and another was accused of having stolen a small *or* out of the Bath Mail : the stolen property was found in his waistcoat pocket."

" The Russian general Kachkinoffkowsky was found dead with a long *word* sticking in his throat."

" SMITHFIELD FESTIVITIES.—The *air* was crowded with people of all descriptions. At two o'clock the Lord Mayor drove through it in his state carriage."

These, however, are but trifling grievances. But the practice of casting upon the poor unoffending Alphabet the odium of offences committed by other people—of making the innocent suffer for the guilty—is not only grossly unjust in itself, but detrimental in the highest degree to the well-being of society at large ; for, to say nothing of high crimes and misdemeanors, it cannot be doubted that decency and morality at least would be less frequently violated, were the facilities of concealment diminished, and exposure rendered more prompt and certain.

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## THE WRECK OF THE COMET.

HARD by her native shore  
 Did that gay ship smoothly glide :  
 She ask'd no breeze to impel her o'er,  
 No sail to flout the tide.  
 Instinct with motive strength,  
 Her bulk on the waters lay,  
 And bravely she moved her majestic length  
 On her couch of ocean spray.  
 It was the midnight hour,  
 The jovial dance was done,  
 And sleep upon many a lid had power,  
 That saw not another sun.  
 And beauty and youth were there,  
 The lover and loving bride,  
 Affection too pure for fate to spare,  
 And hopes that should not have died.  
 And thoughts in silence bent  
 On children, friends, and home,  
 On life's port, where the voyager journey-spent  
 Looks for his joy to come.  
 The moon, a false friend, fled,  
 For her friendship's proof was nigh,  
 And darkness, from that which covers the dead,  
 Came over earth and sky.  
 And now the headland frown'd  
 A mark to the timoneer,  
 That the welcome haven to which he was bound  
 And rest from care were near.  
 When there broke a cry of woe,  
 A shriek of agony,  
 That pierced the darkness and stillness through,  
 And rush'd into the sky.  
 And crashing sounds of wreck,  
 That faint upon the ear,  
 And strangling sighs, and bubblings that break  
 As the drowning disappear.  
 And strugglings and splashings wild,  
 Convulsings 'mid his grave,  
 When, reason fled, like a wild-red child  
 Man grapples the faithless wave.—  
 Or grasps, in suffering,  
 At th' unsubstantial air,  
 And sinks to his death ere his soul can wing  
 A momentary prayer.  
 No sunken rock is nigh,  
 No quicksand lurks below,  
 No plank is sprung, and no foe is by,  
 No angry tempests blow.  
 Yet that gay ship, but now  
 Career'ing in her pride,  
 Like a drunkard reels, and her shatter'd prow  
 Buries beneath the tide,



And whirls into the abyss  
 That yawns to gorge its prey—  
 Hell black and greedy as the night cloud is  
 Drinking the last star's ray.  
 To death with her go down  
 Beauty, and age, and youth,  
 Love, courage high, and well-hoped renown,  
 And vows of faith and truth.  
 Some to their fellows cling  
 Amid their wild despair,  
 And their scream to the sullen midnight fling—  
 Ah, what avails it there!  
 Some bravely, silent stand,  
 As if before a foe,  
 That may do his vengeance with bloodiest hand,  
 Ere they a fear will show.  
 Some fear to madness—some  
 Spring o'er the vessel's side,  
 As if they knew that their doom was come,  
 And would dare it ere they died.  
 And pale is many a cheek,  
 That ne'er was pale till then;  
 And tears from many a hard eye break,  
 That never dry again.  
 There feeble woman stands  
 Unshaken and resign'd,  
 While he who has led on battle-bands  
 Betrays a coward mind.  
 The nervous swimmer here,  
 His garments flung away,  
 Plunging, shapes his course he knows not where,  
 Through the cold and ravenous sea.  
 A moment—all is o'er!  
 The living, where are they?  
 Health, courage, hope, and the bark that bore,  
 And their fear and agony?  
 Still'd as an eastern waste  
 The hot Simoom hath swept—  
 For the waters on which they triumphant past,  
 Upon their heads have slept—  
 In hollow smooth deceit,  
 In dark tranquillity,  
 Heap'd o'er the dreamless night of their fate,  
 Where the spoils of ocean lie.  
 Many a sigh and tear  
 Have follow'd that vessel's doom,  
 And many a heart o'er its timeless bier  
 Shall bleed for years to come.  
 But sorrow's drops are vain  
 Over perished mortals shed—  
 Oh stern is the law that exacts grief's pain,  
 Yet will not give back the dead!

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## A SCHOOLMASTER OF THE OLD LEAVEN.

THE good old race of flogging schoolmasters, who restrained the passions by giving vent to them, and took care to maintain a proper quantity of fear and tyranny in the world, are now perhaps nearly extinct; at least, are not replenished, as they used to be, with a supply of bad blood in the new ones. Education has assumed the graces fit for the calm power of wisdom. She sits now in the middle of smiles and flowers, as Montaigne wished to see her. Music is heard in her rooms; and health and vigour of body being cultivated, as well as of mind, neither master nor scholars have occasion for ill humour.

I knew a master of the old school, who flourished (no man a better rod) about thirty years back. I used to wish I was a fairy, that I might have the handling of his cheeks and wig.

He was a short thick-set man about sixty, with an aquiline nose, a long convex upper-lip, sharp mouth, little cruel eyes, and a pair of hands enough to make your cheeks tingle to look at them. I remember his short coat-sleeves, and the way in which his hands used to hang out of his little tight wrist-bands, ready for execution. Hard little fists they were, yet not harder than his great cheeks. He was a clergyman, and his favourite exclamation (which did not appear profane to us, but only tremendous) was "God's-my-life!" Whenever he said this, turning upon you and opening his eyes like a fish, you expected (and with good reason) to find one of his hands taking you with a pinch of the flesh under the chin, while with the other he treated your cheek as if it had been no better than a piece of deal.

I am persuaded there was some affinity between him and deal. He had a side-pocket, in which he carried a carpenter's rule (I don't know who his father was), and he was fond of meddling with carpenter's work. The line and rule prevailed in his mode of teaching. I think I see him now, seated under a deal-board canopy, behind a lofty wooden desk, his wooden chair raised upon a dais of wooden steps, and two large wooden shutters or sliders projecting from the wall on either side to screen him from the wind. He introduced among us an acquaintance with manufactures. Having a tight little leg (for there was a horrible succinctness about him, though in the priestly part he tended to the corpulent), he was accustomed, very artfully, whenever he came to a passage in his lectures concerning pigs of iron, to cross one of his calves over his knee, and inform us that the pig was about the thickness of that leg. Upon which, like slaves as we were, we all looked inquisitively at his leg; as if it had not served for the illustration a hundred times.

Though serious in ordinary, and given to wrath, he was "cruel fond" of a joke. I remember particularly his delighting to show us how funny Terence was (which is what we should never have found out); and how he used to tickle our eyes with the words "*Chremes's Daughter*." He had no more relish of the joke or the poetry than we had; but Terence was a school-book, and was ranked among the comic writers; and it was his business to carry on established opinions and an authorized facetiousness.

When he flogged, he used to pause and lecture between the blows, that the instruction might sink in. We became so critical and sensi-

tive about every thing that concerned him, watching his very dress like the aspects of the stars, that we used to identify particular moods of his mind with particular wigs. One was more or less peevish ; another Neronian ; a third placable and even gay ; most likely the one he wore on going out to a party. There was a darkish one, old and stumpy, which

————— From its horrid hair  
Shook pestilence and tasks.

Never shall I forget the admiration and terror, with which we beheld M——. one summer's afternoon, when our master nodded in his chair, and we were all standing around, make slow and daring approaches upwards between this wig and the nape of the neck, *with a pin!* Nods of encouragement were given by some ; *go it* was faintly whispered by one or two. It was an unknown thing among us, for we were orderly boys at all times, and frightened ones in school. "Go it," however, he did. Higher, a little higher, a little more high. "Hah!" cried the master, darting round ; and there stood poor M——, all his courage gone, fascinated to the spot, the very pin upright between his fingers ! I forget what task he had ; something impossible to achieve ; something too long to say by heart at once, and that would ruin the whole of his next holidays. So much for fear and respect.

I could tell tales of this man's cruelty and injustice, almost inconceivable in many such schools as we have at present. Our greatest check upon him, or hope of a check, (for it was hopeless to appeal against a person of his great moral character and infinite respectability) was in the subjection he himself lived in to his wife : a woman with a ready smile for us, and a fine pair of black eyes. She must have been the making of his family, if he left any. When she looked in at the door sometimes, in the midst of his tempest and rage, it was like a star to drowning mariners. Yet this man had a conscience, such as it was. He had principles, and did what he thought his duty, working hard and late, and taking less pleasure than he might have done, except in the rod. But there it was. With all his learning, he had a nervous mind and untamed passions ; and unfortunately the systems of education allowed : — an at that time to give way to these, and confound them with doing his duty. He was a very honourable man in his day, and might have been rendered a more amiable, as well as useful one in this ; but it is not the less certain (though he would have been shocked to hear it, and willingly have flogged you for saying so) that with precisely the same nature under another system of opinion, he would have made an inquisitor.

So dangerous it is to cultivate the antipathies, instead of the sympathies ; and so desirable for master, as well as scholars, are the healthier and cheerfuller roads to knowledge, which philosophy has lately opened to all of us.

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## END OF THE FOURTEENTH VOLUME.

## ERRATA.

Page 291, for *Piavella*, read *Giavella*.

— 402, for *surrounding aisles*, read *sounding aisles*.







